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Dominion Inlaid Linoleum is odourless and quick and easy to



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With the
**DOMOLAC
FINISH**

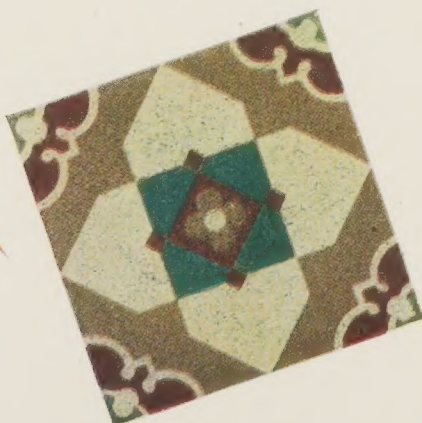
This wonderful lacquer finish is applied to all Dominion Inlaid Linoleum adding a lovely soft lustre to an already beautiful floor. Stain-proof, wear-proof, polishes with scarce an effort.

lay. It lasts a lifetime because the colours go right through to the back. Designs for every room. Convenient widths. Moderate prices.

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Design illustrated is Dominion Inlaid Linoleum No. 7057 available also in one other colouring, No. 7058.

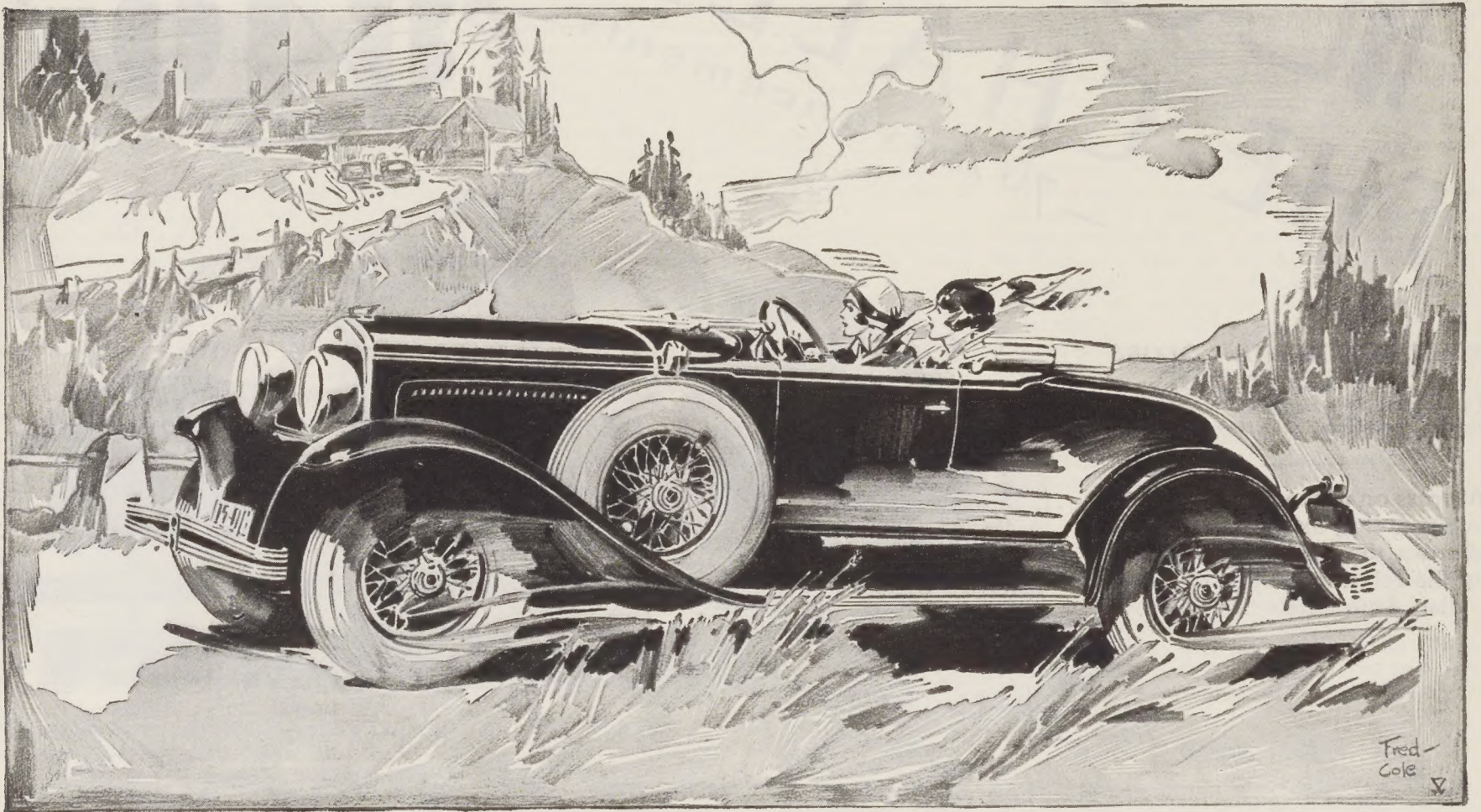


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ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

the secret of CHRYSLER'S

PERFORMANCE LEADERSHIP



CHRYSLER "65" ROADSTER (with rumble seat), \$1350. Wire wheels extra

THE very name of Chrysler denotes a new and finer performance—a dashing road-behavior that the best efforts of an aroused competition have failed to equal or even approximate.

From the very first, Chrysler performance has out-distanced all existing standards. That means not only speed, smoothness, acceleration and ease of handling and control, but also safety, durability, economy and long life.

This singular and significant leadership in performance characterizes Chrysler cars today—"75" and "65"—even more markedly than it typified the original Chrysler.

During five years, Chrysler engineering has been constantly widening the margin of Chrysler superiority. Not only in performance, but also in beauty and in value, Chrysler remains unequalled. Consequently Chrysler is daily winning added hosts of friends, as witnessed by the increasing thousands of Chrysler motor cars that are on the road today.



CHRYSLER "65"—Business Coupe, \$1325; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$1350; Two-Door Sedan, \$1360; Touring Car, \$1370; Four-Door Sedan, \$1460; Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1460. CHRYSLER "75"—Royal Sedan, \$1985; 2-Passenger Coupe \$1985; Roadster (with rumble seat), \$2010; Town Sedan, \$2140; Crown Sedan, \$2140; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat), \$2335; Five-Passenger Phaeton, \$2335; Seven-Passenger Phaeton, \$2425; Convertible Sedan, \$3050. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

CHRYSLER



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

ESSEX

THE CHALLENGER

—76 Advancements—

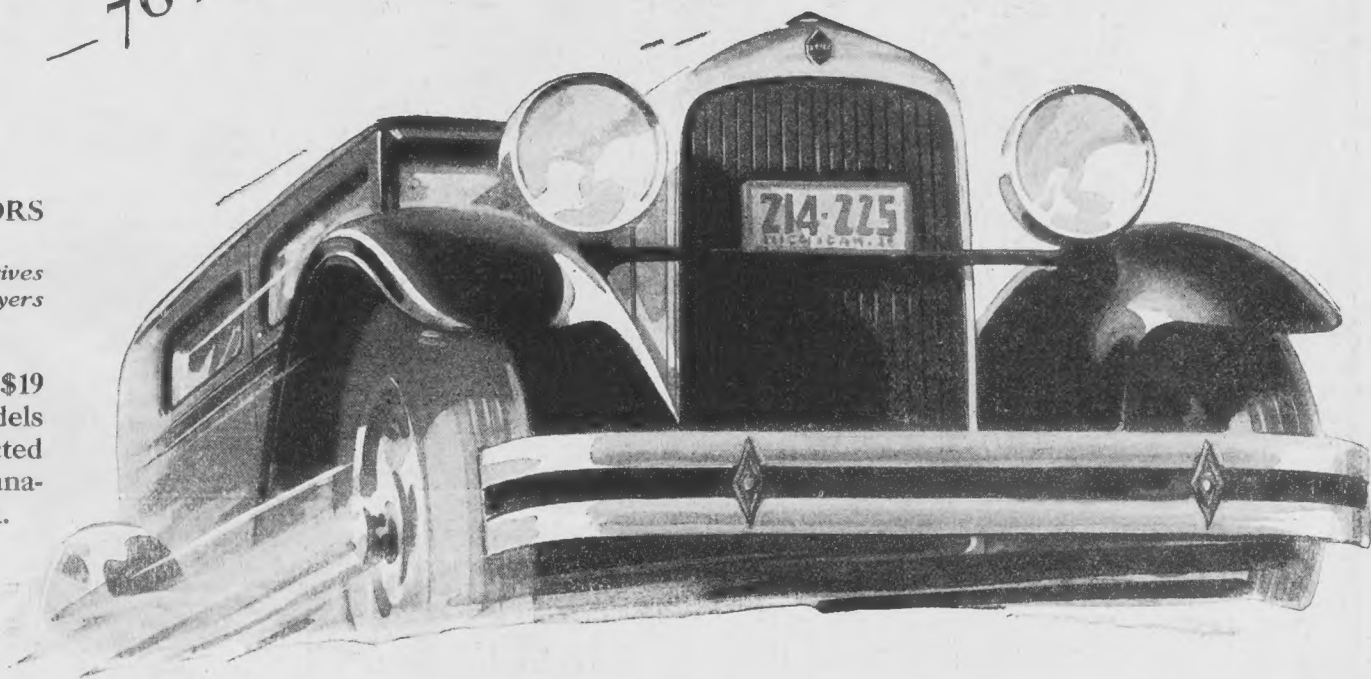
\$840 and up

All prices f. o. b. Windsor
taxes extra

A WIDE CHOICE OF COLORS AT NO EXTRA COST

*The variety is so great that it gives
almost individual selection to buyers*

We pass on to the Buyers the \$19
to \$25 saving on various models
of Essex the Challenger, effected
by the recent reduction of Cana-
dian Automobile Sales Tax.



The Big Swing is to Essex

In this Price Field, Too, the Super-Six Takes Leadership

Among 76 Advanced Features

- 4 Hydraulic shock absorbers
- New type double action 4 wheel brakes
uniformly effective in all weather
- Starter and electric gauge for fuel and
oil on dash
- Waterproof doors, rattle proof win-
dows, silent body construction
- Greater operation economy
- Adjustable seats, front and rear
- Radiator shutters for heat control
- All bright parts chromium-plated
- Patented Super-Six advantages eliminat-
ing vibration

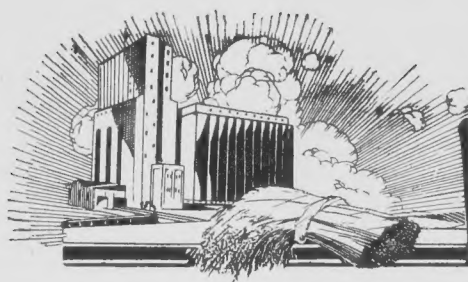
The swing to Essex the Challenger is of
such enormous proportions and sponta-
neous nature as to have the character of
universal endorsement. Thousands—from
every price and size field—are turning to
it on the basis of values that rightfully
challenge anything in motordom.

IN SPEED—anything the road offers up to
70 miles an hour. IN FAST GETAWAY
—any car regardless of size or price. IN
RELIABILITY—60 miles an hour all
day. IN FINE APPEARANCE, uphol-
stery and detail—compare with cars in
which high price is paid for just those
things. IN ECONOMY—compare with
cars best known for low operation cost.

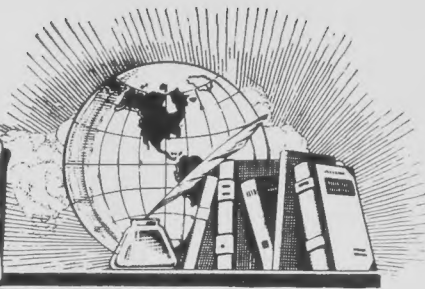
And with its superb chassis quality and
fine, large bodies—Essex establishes also
an outstanding leadership in obvious
VALUE. It offers an ensemble of fine
car equipment formerly identified only
with costly cars, and available, when at
all, only as "extras," at extra cost on cars
of Essex price. In Essex the Challenger
—a complete, fine big "Six"—these items
of course are standard.

The performance ability of Essex the Challenger is
due in no small part to its Super-Six motor. Thus,
while it is a "Six," no one who knows can regard
any other "Six" as being comparable in the power it
delivers in comparison to weight. The fundamental
and exclusive Super-Six principle—developed in one
million motors and over 12 years of continuous
service, stamps it as the unapproached "Six" in every
particular of performance, smoothness and reliability.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 5

Looking Ahead

IF MEN had foresight equal to their hindsight this would be a different world. They would have known, for example, that preparation for war is the surest way to bring about war; that political, religious and economic tyranny inevitably lead to revolution; that imposing a heavy tariff on goods from other countries leads to diminution of trade; that the indiscretions of youth lead to the troubles of old age. Everyone who recalls his own life experience will find himself saying over and over again: "If I had only looked a little bit ahead, I should have acted differently."

Perhaps it is well that the predictive power of men is limited. It might lead into endless trouble. Yet the power to think and reason was given to man to use, and there is no reason for failing to exercise it. Just now it is possible for anyone to forecast some of the changes that are likely to take place in Western Canada during the next ten years, and it would be foolish to drift along regardless of the inevitable trend of affairs.

First, there is the development of the Peace River district. It is going to mean the opening of a new province, probably richer than the others for purposes of agriculture, and it will mean that one of the ports on the Pacific will become a very great city. Then there is the development of mining in the district east and west of Hudson Bay. There is no doubt but that this will lead to a shifting of population and a new distribution of wealth. Next there is the opening of oil wells in many sections of the West. It is not to be imagined that Turner Valley is the only ground worthy of cultivation.

Above all the man who thinks must picture the probabilities when the new Hudson Bay Route is opened. It means that a great portion of the wheat will pass outward through Churchill, and the building of huge elevators there, since wheat distribution cannot be hurried. Part of a year's crop must be held over till the following year. It means also that the products of Britain and Europe will reach the plains, not by way of Quebec and Montreal, but by way of Hudson Bay. There will be a rapid growth of certain Western cities, and a lessening of trade with Eastern Canada. It cannot be otherwise, for a time. Then as the West grows the East will find itself called upon to minister to the needs of a greater territory. For a few years the transcontinental lines will have less to do, and it is conceivable that the National Railway in the near future may not have as fine a balance sheet to present as during last year. And as to the St. Lawrence canal-power scheme, it will have to be seriously reconsidered. If a great part of the trade of the West with Britain is going to be direct, the new water route may not be necessary. Who knows but that the Hudson Bay Route may be used by Minnesota and Dakota as they seek better markets and look for cheaper imports! It is certain that trade conditions are going to alter. Individuals and communities that look ahead show true wisdom.

There is another illustration which might be given. The use of improved machinery makes men almost unnecessary in factories and even on farms. There are not enough jobs to go round. Consequently there is unemployment. This of course applies to all countries. Now, how can there be peace when people—willing to work—are compelled to starve? Another ten years of economic distress is unthinkable. A readjustment of conditions of labor is imperative. It cannot be that one-eighth of the people shall own more than seven-eighths of the wealth. Nor shall we gain anything by blinking the facts. We must meet them frankly and fearlessly. It is one of the world's great problems. The blame for conditions, if there is blame, does not rest with any one class, nor is the solution to be found in communistic tirade.

This communism in Western Canada is real enough. It is a legacy from other lands. Poor men with families sometimes almost starving, and unacquainted with the language and ways of our country are unable to make their way. It is natural that they should come under the power of demagogues who hold out brighter promise. It is not to be thought that communism can be met by force. Any man who has a real stake in the country tends to become a good citizen. The only way to make men loyal is to treat them as if they should be here. We are not justified in asking for more people than we require to do our work, but those who are here should have something to do. As new work opens more men will be required. And capital is as necessary as men. There need be no misunderstanding. If co-operation takes the place of recrimination, all will go well.

Then he who looks ahead, will see that peoples from crowded lands everywhere are going to seek homes here. Already fifty-five per cent. of the people of Western Canada are said to be of non-English origin. There is a hopeful as well as a hopeless side to that. We must look ahead a little. What are we to do when more strangers come knocking at the gates, and what will happen if we refuse their entrance? We cannot afford to sit idly hoping that the fates will be kind to us. The wise man looks ahead. There is no world-problem so serious as that of disposing of the surplus population.

There are other illustrations which might be given to show the necessity of prevision. The depletion of forest wealth, the impoverishment of land, the closing of ranches, the new forms of entertainment, all challenge mankind. Every change in conditions means change in modes of living and working. Progressive people anticipate change. There are evidences that Canadians are sometimes satisfied to let things drift.

I'm Alone

CANADIANS will not have the least sympathy with the captain and crew of the "I'm Alone" They are not at all proud of men who engage in the business of conveying liquor from one land to another which legally cannot receive it. All this is said on the assumption that the "I'm Alone" was engaged in this business. We have only newspaper statements as proof. The Border Cities Star quotes an authority in saying the "I'm Alone" has been a nuisance and a pest for a long time. The Montreal Witness calls the vessel a bootlegger. The Stratford Beacon-Herald uses the term rum-runner. If the "I'm Alone" was in this class, the Canadians are not shedding tears over its disappearance. The fact is that thousands of Canadians take no pride in the fact that their country is making money out of the trade in liquor. Every province that has liquor depots is adding thousands of dollars to its income by selling to American visitors, which means that, whether they like it or not, Canadians are in the liquor business for profit. Yet they have no patience with bootleggers, and particularly none with a rum-runner.

But this whole question is more than the destruction of a vessel. It raises the question of the freedom of the seas, and the conclusion reached by nearly everybody in the Dominion appears to be that the coast-guard officers were hasty and headstrong. No doubt they were annoyed and had good reason for annoyance, but legally they seem to have gone beyond their rights. Canada is surely going to take a sane view of the matter. This one foolish act is not going to be repeated. The muddy understanding between the two nations will be clarified, and the good-will which happily exists will continue. Premier King has said and done the right thing, and there seems to be no doubt but that the government of the United States will do what is right under the circumstances. It will be a fine lesson to the world for two great nations to settle their differences amicably without too great a show of national dignity.

Sea Safety

AMONG the fears that many carry over from early days is "the dread of the sea." The mind recalls the loss of the Birkenhead, the sinking of the Titanic, the listing of the Vestris. We dread the sea. Yet it has come to this, that on the ships now being built there is as great safety as on land. It is the age of the unsinkable ship. Not even in war would an up-to-date modern vessel sink unless hit by five torpedoes at once. Nor would the shock of an iceberg sink one of the large vessels unless it made a gash 232 feet long. Flotation is provided by five great compartments, each separate from the others.

This is only the beginning of safety. Should there be the smoking of a cigar in the hold, the captain on the bridge could locate it in a few minutes; should there be occasion to know the depth of the ocean, a little instrument gets the information by sending a sound to the bottom and catching the echo. The exact location of the ship can be fixed by radio messages transmitted from two shore stations. And if by chance the ship should have to be deserted, the unsinkable life-boats can be lowered automatically with the passengers on board. Yes, the sea is safe these days, though most people may agree with the old darkey who said: "If you are thrown from a train, there you am, but if thrown out of a boat, where am you?"

Growth

MANY young people today are not regular when it comes to the matter of politics and religion. They refuse to wear party labels. It is not enough for them that their fathers voted in a certain way or attended a certain church. Nor is there, with one or two marked exceptions, the racial bigotry that once existed. The world is growing to be one. "Above the nations is humanity."

Leisure Time

MAN sleeps one-third of the day, works one-third, and uses the other third for enjoyment. At work he usually follows routine, in sleep his mind is inactive but in leisure hours he grows through varied activity. It is therefore exceedingly important what he does, what he reads, what he hears, what he sees, and with whom he associates. The Conference at Vancouver endeavored to open the eyes of Canadians to their possibilities. Some of the decisions reached were of highest importance. We do not protect ourselves and our young people from wrong literature, and do not provide that which is clean and wholesome. Along with good magazines of American production there are dozens of low-grade type, evil in suggestion, unworthy as to language, and sometimes anti-British in sentiment. Then we have not supervised radio broadcasting as we should. The English have much to teach us. Nor are the movies safe for children. Neither are they Canadian. It is almost impossible to find one that does not suggest marital infidelity. Producers seem to think that nothing is right unless savored with the spice of naughtiness. And our people have been fed on this so long their taste is now depraved. Surely a change can be made in music. The means were set forth at Vancouver. It is well that a Conference in Canada should emphasize the part adult Canadians can play in educating themselves and their families.

It was a great thing for Canada to have at its Conference so many distinguished speakers from all parts of the world. Though we have to depend upon ourselves for our own salvation, we are glad to receive suggestion from those who, in other lands, are making an effort to attain high ideals. All success to the Council.

SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, K. B. E., C. M. G., M. D.,

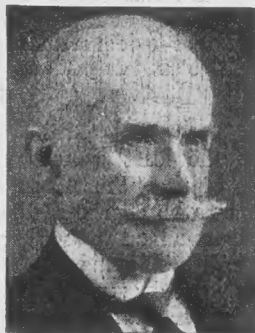
**advises Yeast as an aid
in the prevention of sluggish intestines**

"CONSTIPATION is an unnatural condition resulting from incorrect dietary and the cause of more misery than any other bodily condition. The lack of Vitamin B is one of the chief causes of this state. Even those who eat whole-meal bread will find benefit from a daily dose of yeast as an additional supply. Yeast is not in any sense a drug. It is a very valuable article of diet."

From a lecture by SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, M. D.

THE above is the opinion of Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.D., one of the best known of English physicians and a prominent worker in the field of preventive medicine.

Sir Bruce is as well known in America as in England on account of his labor for the benefit of humanity.



SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER
K. B. E., C. M. G., M. D.

Many doctors now say that constipation is one of civilization's great curses, that 90% of human ailments start in clogged intestines. Colds, sore throat, poor digestion, bad breath, bad skin, depression, "nerves," are some of the results.

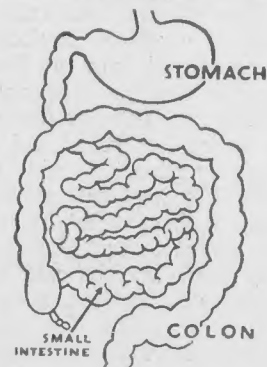
How easy to prevent all this and build greater vitality. Keep your entire intestinal tract clean, active and healthy with fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast—which helps eliminate the poison-bearing wastes. Half the doctors reporting in a recent survey in America said they prescribed fresh yeast as the natural corrective for constipation and related ills.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before or between meals—plain or dissolved in water, either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. Yeast is a food, as fresh as any garden vegetable. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass daily through the intestine they combat harmful poisons, purify.

To benefit fully you must eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly and over a sufficient period. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. S-11, The Fleischmann Company, 185 James Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

(RIGHT)

From throat to colon is one continuous tube. You can see at a glance why clogged intestines may spread poisons to all the rest of the system; why 90% of ailments start here. This is where yeast works. Doctors say, "For lasting beauty, health and happiness, keep this passage clean, active and healthy with fresh yeast." Start today!



(Diagram above from "Troubles We Don't Talk About," by Dr. J. F. Montague; J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila., Pa., Publishers.)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH



The Triumphal Arch in the Russian Capital, Moscow

Russian Foreign Policy

By Professor Watson Kirkconnell

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

THE importance of Russian foreign policy in the world today cannot be over-estimated. Many writers and speakers, in considering the future of the League of Nations or of the capitalistic states, tend to forget the U.S.S.R. (Union of Socialist Soviet Republics), the largest continuous unit of land under one government in this world, and full of great possibilities for good or evil. The Soviet Union, sprawled sinistraly across half of Europe and the full length of Asia, contains a population of some 145 millions, spread over an area comparable to that of North America. Its frontiers face Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, and Rumania in the west; Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan in the south; and in the east, China, Japan and Alaska, the most northerly of the United States of America. It is potentially one of the world's greatest sources of grains, minerals, timber and man-power. It is thus essentially a state to be reckoned with, and no real pacification is possible which does not co-ordinate it with world politics and world economies.

The present government of the U.S.S.R. is, however, one that differs fundamentally in principle from those in other states. Its founders, the Bolsheviks (the "majority" or Communist element of the Russian Socialist Party) assumed control in November, 1917, and though at first threatened with collapse through counter-revolution, they were set firmly in the saddle when invasions by the Allies in 1918-19 and by the Poles in 1920 made the Russian population rally round the Reds as their patriotic defenders. The basis of the new state which the Bolsheviks now built up was Marxian Communism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and the placing of all power and privilege in the hands of the working classes. The men who established this régime are not to be regarded as wolfish adventurers nor as haloed saints, but as intensely earnest doctrinaires who sought to eliminate the infinite misery and degradation of the industrial system by a new social order, inaugurated by violence.

The subsequent foreign policy of the Communist rulers has been the subject of so much controversy that it will be instructive to pass in review the best that its advocates can say for it and then to subject these statements to close scrutiny.

In 1917, at the very outset, the Soviet leaders renounced and denounced all secret diplomacy. By 1921, the stability of their position was so marked that they were recognized officially by Great Britain and ultimately by some twenty-five different states, with many of whom they entered into pacts of commerce or of non-aggression. In 1927, the Russian representatives took part in the World Economic Conference at Geneva, and later in the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, where Litvinov embarrassed the capitalistic states by proposing complete disarmament. On August 29, 1928, the Presidium at Mos-

cow authorized the Soviet's adhesion to the Kellogg Peace Pact; and Russia thus became the first country in the world to ratify its signature to that Treaty. On December 10, 1928, Litvinov, giving a speech on foreign relations to a Moscow audience which included members of the Diplomatic Corps, said that Russia's policy was inherently pacific and that the Government would agree to the disbandment of the Red Army if a peace conference to that end were called. Three days later, he despatched a letter to the League of Nations Preparatory Committee on Disarmament, complaining of the delay in convening the Sixth Session of that body. It is pointed out, also, that Russia has reduced her army from 1,200,000 in 1914 to 563,000 in 1928, and that her per capita expenditure on armaments is the lowest in Europe, while her appropriation for education in the current budget totals 800 millions of dollars.

ALL this may seem very reassuring to gentle souls as they clip their interest-coupons or hold a languid post-mortem on last night's bridge game; but there are underlying significances in this Soviet policy which should be clearly realized. Russia intends no ultimate compromise with the capitalistic system; the Soviet aim is still avowedly the world revolution; and shallow optimism on the part of others is wholly without justification.

To find the real meaning of Russian foreign policy, we must ascertain who are the real rulers of Russia, and what are the principles which they profess.

The government of the U.S.S.R. rests officially on the ballots of all workers, male and female, above the age of eighteen. These elect "Soviets," or local councils; and these soviets in turn elect representatives to a district congress; these congresses elect representatives to a Circle (i.e., County) Congress; and so on, pyramid-fashion, for the province, the republic, and the Union itself. At the top of the electoral system is the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, an unwieldy body of 1,100 members, meeting once a year. This All-Russian Congress delegates most of its powers to a Central Executive Committee (their nearest equivalent to our parliament) with 300 members, meeting four times a year; and this in turn appoints an administrative

council, the *Sovnarkom* (or Council of People's Commissars), comprising the heads of the various governmental departments, and an executive council, the *Presidium*. With these two small councils, numbering 18 and 21 respectively, the supreme authority of the state might be supposed to rest.

Actually, however, the whole governmental system is under the iron domination of an outside power, the Communist Party. Mr. H. W. Wood of the United Farmers of Alberta and Mr. J. J. Morrison of the United Farmers of Ontario have made us all familiar with the theory that parliamentary representatives should be directly controlled by the party machine in their constituency.

This control of legislators by the party machine is made absolute throughout Russia, with the additional qualification that there is only one party, viz.: the Communist Party. Membership in this party is a privilege granted only to those of orthodox Communist faith and tested loyalty. Half a million men constitute the Communist Party in the U.S.S.R. today. They control elections at every stage. While all the "workers" may vote, only members of the Party are eligible for election and the slate is provided by the Party. Supervision of every individual member is provided by a system of "cells" or inspectoral units, to some one of which each elected Communist is held responsible. At the top of the organized party machine is a Central Committee of 71 members, and its chief powers are delegated further to a group of nine men, known as *Politbureau* (Political Bureau). This *Politbureau*, consisting of Stalin, Bukharin, Rykov, Kalinin, Tomsky, Kuybyshev, Molotov, Rudzutak, and Voroshilov, is the real ruling power in Russia today. To it the highest authorities in the Soviet Government must bow, as members of the Communist Party. Decisions of the *Sovnarkom* and *Presidium* have been consistently supervised, modified, or annulled by the *Politbureau*. The rulers of the U.S.S.R. are thus an extra-governmental oligarchy of nine men.

IN ADDITION to the Soviet Government and the Communist Party, there is a third important organization in Russia today, viz.: the Third or Communist International, a propagandist machine whose annual congress, consisting of delegates from the All-Russian Communist Party (four-fifths of the whole Congress) and from the Communist parties of all countries, meets to consider the best ways and means for achieving the world-revolution and the world dictatorship of the proletariat. The decisions of these apostles of terrestrial Communism are then delegated to a continuing Executive for action and administration.

That the original gospel of Communism is still held in its integrity is shown by a Program adopted unanimously on September 1, 1928, at the final session of

the Sixth Annual Congress of the Third International, held in Moscow, and later published in "Izvestia," the official organ not of the Communist Party but of the Soviet Government. It adds to the significance of these unanimous decisions if we remember that most of the ruling officials both of the Russian Communist Party and of the Soviet Government were delegates to the Congress. The document says in part: "Within the boundaries of the

formerly homogeneous world there are battling at present two antagonistic systems, the system of capitalism and that of socialism. Class struggle is unfolding itself on a gigantic world scale; world labor is now in actual possession of its own state, the only real homeland of the international proletariat . . . The Communists consider it unnecessary to disguise their views and purposes. They openly declare that their aims can be accomplished only through an overthrow by force of the whole of the existing social order. The gain of government power by the proletariat is by no means a peaceful conquest of the existing bourgeois governments through parliamentary majorities. The hold of the bourgeoisie can be broken only by ruthless violence. The conquest of power by the proletariat consists in an actual annihilation of the existing capitalistic state machine—the army, the police, the bureaucracy, the courts, parliaments, etc.—and in putting in their place new organs of proletarian power, intended in the first place to serve as tools to suppress the exploiters."

The Program then proceeds to discuss the technique of sedition in countries at different stages of industrial evolution. In highly industrialized countries, such as Germany and England, the immediate aim is the dictatorship of the conscious minority of the workers. In countries such as Spain and Hungary, where agriculture is backward and oppressed, the campaign is to begin with a peasant revolution, and this is gradually to be brought under proletarian (urban) control. In India and China, the hatred against white exploiters is to be fanned into a flame of nationalistic revolt. In South America, the peons are to be stirred up against their heartless masters. And in Africa the negro populations are to be urged to exterminate their imperialistic tormentors. The greatest strength of the present program is felt to lie "in the prospect of unleashing on the imperialists the colossal human avalanche of the oppressed and subjected colonial masses."

IT HAS often been claimed, through ignorance or insincerity, that there is no real connection between the Third International, which thus breathes out threatenings and slaughter, and the Soviet Government with its protestations of pacific ingenueness. We have seen that the real power in Russia is vested in the Central Committee of the Communist Party and its Politbureau. This Central Committee also constitutes the spearhead of the Third International; and the four strong men of the Politbureau—Stalin, Bukharin, Rykov, and Molotov—are also at the head of the Executive of the Third International, of which Bukharin is President. Rykov incidentally holds the chairmanship of the Sovnarkom, the equivalent of the premiership in the Soviet Government. As a matter of fact, of the 71 members of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party over half hold high positions in the Soviet Government, including most of the commissarships in the Sovnarkom, while

eight are also members of the Executive Committee of the Third International.

It is thus perfectly obvious that the Soviet Government is simply a false face for the Communist Party, and that the avowed ideals of that party are still implacably adhered to. Why, then, has the Russian Government adopted so conciliatory an attitude towards capitalistic states?

talists. Yet in spite of all this subsidizing of industry, there is a serious shortage of manufactured goods. There are, moreover, ominous repercussions among the peasantry, for crop prices have been fixed at the pre-war level while the prices of "proletarian" manufactures have multiplied many times over, thus helping the city working population at the expense of the rural districts. Under such circumstances, the peasants have been reluctant to part with their crops to the state; and where compulsion was applied in 1927, they have in many districts in 1928 sown only enough for their own needs. Thus this winter Russia has been facing a shortage of foodstuffs as well as of manufactures. Stalin would therefore seem to be incontestably right in seeking a breathing-space for constructive effort.

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THE only opposition to the present régime in Russia has come from a group of fire-eaters like Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Radek, who do not want peaceful relationships with capitalistic states but insist on pressing belligerently for the world revolution. Those unthinking Canadian readers of newspapers who have

imagined that a successful revolt on the part of Trotsky would mean the end of the Communist rule should realize that the reverse would be the case. It would simply give control to a much fiercer group of Reds.

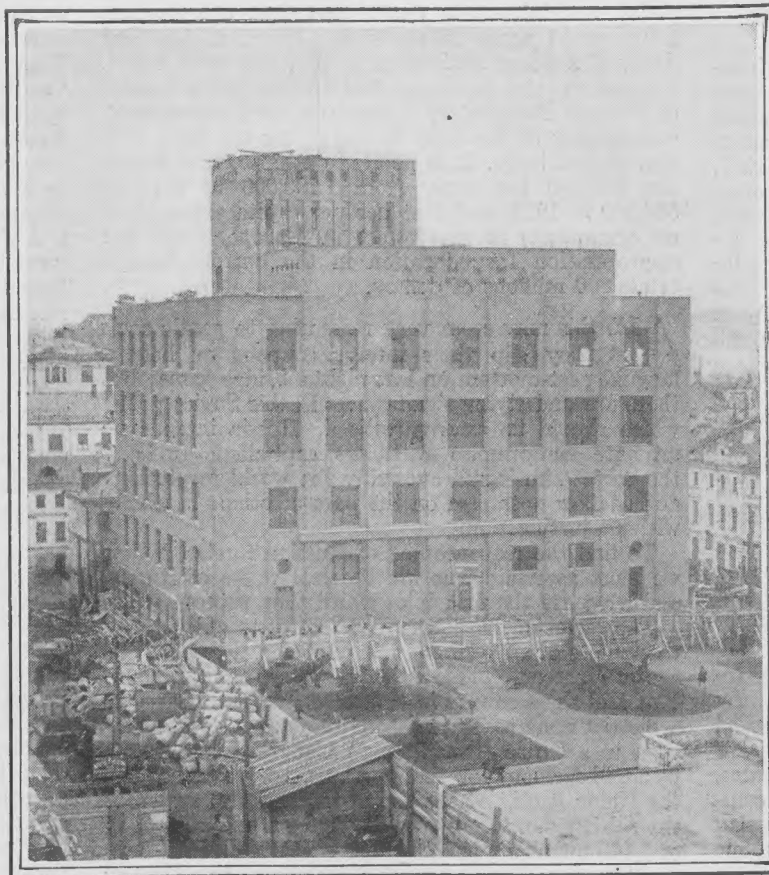
Let us recapitulate the factors in the present situation: (1) Russia today is ruled by a small Communist oligarchy; (2) all Russian politicians, whether in power or not, are incorrigibly faithful to the world revolution; and (3) the pacific gestures of the present are a temporary expedient forced upon them by their own economic problems. They are thus playing a waiting game. Any outbreak of war amongst capitalistic powers would almost certainly play into their hands and precipitate the world revolution. Peace, on the other hand, while strengthening them economically, is very likely to modify their policies more and more. It is a situation in which the nations of the world today cannot afford to play any mad pranks of war or international folly.

To play the prophet, under such circumstances, is a risky business. The Russian economic machine is too dilapidated to back up the Red Army in any great offensive war in Europe, and the prospect of other European powers cutting one another's throats (to the ultimate advantage of the Communists) is steadily diminishing. On the other hand, there have been grave signs during March and April of this year that the Red policy of fomenting trouble in Asia is meeting with success. The Nationalist government in China is finding Communism a hydra-headed monster of insurrection, while Red hands have cast dynamite into the very assembly of India. Japan has had to take drastic steps to deal with a rising tide of seditious violence, and Java is seething with unrest. To the Communists, Asia represents the weakest spot of the capitalistic system; and certainly, if they could succeed in breaking down constitutional government on that vast continent, the resulting dislocation in the life of the world would be staggering. Whether their disruptive efforts will succeed, only the years can tell. But in the meantime, all students of international affairs will keep intent eyes upon Asia as the battlefield upon which Communism is at present waging, unofficially but implacably, its deadly warfare against capitalistic civilization.



One of the newer buildings in Moscow—the Exchange

The answer was given by Stalin himself in a speech to the Congress of the Third International: "We need a breathing-space, our policy must be one of peace and we must buy peace from others—the capitalistic Powers—by concessions of all sorts and a peaceful policy." Russia has serious internal problems of economics to solve before an aggressive foreign policy will be possible. The progressive socialization of industry has involved a terrific cost. During the fiscal year 1927-28, the state industries were subsidized with a billion dollars in cold cash. It is significant that the Russian adherence to the Kellogg Peace Pact was promptly followed by the offer of a billion and a half dollars worth of industrial concessions to foreign capi-



Lenin's Institute: This building is mainly occupied by the Central Committee of the All-Russian Communist party

The Gentleman King Russell Davenport

By

Russell Davenport

Illustrated by J. Matanio

THIRD INSTALMENT

HAVING ascertained from the landlord that the gentleman was accompanied "by many attendants" and had taken the lady off in the direction of his own town, Monsieur de la Place ordered his troops to mount. He certainly had no time to lose over Peter, who was seated at a table of the inn with a glass of cognac in his hand. All Peter had said for the last few minutes was: "And she left no word? You are sure she left no word for me? She wrote nothing? She said nothing—not a word?" And the landlord, distracted by the simultaneous questioning of Monsieur De la Place and Peter, continued to rub his hands and bow his consumptive shoulders, and reply to Peter: "Non, Monsieur. Not a message, not a word." The landlord did not like this mysterious affair.

Peter decided that because Renée had left him no word she did not want him to follow.

"Did she go willingly with Monsieur?" he asked the landlord.

"Quite willingly, Monsieur — yes, yes, quite willingly."

He was doubtful about it, though.

"Did she leave that diamond ring, man?"

"Yes, Monsieur. The Monsieur had no money and left it for security."

"Come on!" cried De la Place hurrying for the door. Peter watched his back for a moment. Then he said: "I have business toward Morreilles, Monsieur. I will not go with you."

Monsieur De la Place, not at all sure of Peter's pedigree, stopped, and turned.

"Who are you, anyway, Monsieur?" he demanded.

"Well," said Peter, slowly, my true name, for the time being, must remain unknown. I am, however, intimately connected with Mademoiselle Renée Dupres. I have papers to prove my identity. But I ask you, Monsieur, as a gentleman, not to demand them of me. They are personal to the demoiselle. She has conjured me to keep them secret." For the first time, Peter remembered that he had not given Renée

the marriage contract with which he had bluffed the landlord. It was in his pocket.

"Well, very well," broke in Monsieur De la Place.

"A moment, Monsieur. These brigands took all my money. Mademoiselle Renée managed to rescue a diamond ring which she gave me to cover the expenses of my journey to Mareillo. This landlord has it in his possession. Will you please ask him to give me a reasonable price for it?"

"Oh but Monsieur," cried the landlord, "I cannot—"

"The devil you cannot, villain!" cried Peter. "You

can lend me fifty pounds for it! I'll pay you a hundred pounds for the return of it when I reach my friends. But mind you don't lose it!"

The landlord was overcome by the bargain. He rubbed his hands. "Yes Monsieur, yes. I can do that,

He turned to the landlord. "Did I not escort the lady hither, fellow?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Oh yes, Monsieur."

"Will you kindly drop the Monsieur," said Peter fiercely. "I am his lordship."

"Ah, pardon, my lord. Certainly, my lord."

"The lady had been in difficulty?" continued Peter. "Obviously, my lord."

And she showed you our papers from the King, did she not?"

"Yes, my lord; you showed papers."

"Where are those papers?" asked De la Place.

"She has them, Monsieur. They are hers." Peter eyed him steadily. He turned back to the landlord. "What was said, as nearly as you remember, about that ring, by the lady, or by the gentleman who took her away?"

"The gentleman said that the brigands had taken all his money, my lord; that he would leave the ring for security, and that it would be redeemed."

"Well, that's just what I've been telling you!" said Peter, expressing irritation. He was not the man to allow such a chance to slip by him.

"Yes, my lord."

"You are quite sure that I am no brigand, fellow? The lady did not act as if I were a brigand?"

"No, my lord—oh, I am sure you are not such a." The landlord was eyeing Peter and Monsieur De la Place; Monsieur De la Place was eyeing the landlord and Peter.

"Well, then," said Peter, give me pen and paper. I will write you a receipt for the fifty pounds and a promise to pay one hundred for the return of the ring within a year. And by this sword," he added, laying it openly upon the table, so that the expensive hilt was obvious, "you shall be paid."

The landlord produced writing materials. Peter wrote the contract easily, with a flourish. This and the sword were his last cards. They had their effect. He kept talking while he wrote. The two men were



Then Peter leaned over, taking one last chance for life. He looked intensely into the ambassador's eyes and said: "My lord the charge is substantially true, but but I knew he would forgive me!"

if Monsieur De la Place says so. Anything to please Monsieur De la Place and yourself," he said.

"I will write you a receipt for it," said Peter.

"But you can give me no proof of your identity, sir?" asked the governor.

"Monsieur," said Peter angrily, "under ordinary circumstances I would be offended by such a request. Yet I realize that you have some excuse to doubt whom the brigands have dressed like a scarecrow. The only proof that I can offer you of my connection with Mademoiselle Dupres is this honest fellow's word."

shifting uneasily on their feet.

"Now, Monsieur De la Place," said Peter, "I will ask you to take no responsibility beyond signing this as a witness to the transaction. This fellow here will possess the ring for security. But one moment—"

He took another paper and wrote hurriedly:

"Mademoiselle Dupres: Upon my return to the inn I was notified that you had already been taken to safety, for which I was profoundly grateful to your rescuer. I am off for Marseilles, to dispatch your business. I have taken the liberty to borrow a few pounds on the ring which you left at the inn for that

purpose and I thank you heartily for this assistance. The ring shall be redeemed when I pass this way on my return from Marseilles. Worthy Monsieur De la Place has rendered me every assistance.

"Your humble and obedient servant,"
"Peter Lord P."

"Now, Monsieur De la Place," said Peter, "you had better hurry after the lady at top speed and deliver this to her."

Since the governor still hesitated to sign the contract, Peter read aloud his message to Renée, folded it, and handed it to him. There was no hesitation after that. Monsieur De la Place signed.

"Is that all, my lord?" asked the governor impatiently.

"That is all," said Peter, not deigning to rise. He must play his part. "Except to thank you, governor," he added. "I shall report your courtesy and trouble to the King."

"That is good of you, sir, farewell, sir." Monsieur De la Place retired, puzzled out of his wits by this strange, bare-legged fellow. But Peter's worn clothes had been an assistance to him. They made his tale of the brigands more realistic.

"Now, my man," said Peter to the landlord, "I am in a great hurry. How far is the nearest town?"

"Five miles, my lord."

"Well, send one of your varlets over to that town to buy me a decent suit of clothes. Modest clothes, but good ones. Something in deep blue," said Peter. "Have you a barber here?"

"No, my lord."

"Bring a barber from town likewise. I shall go to bed now and sleep until those things arrive. Mind you, no loafing. I will leave here at one o'clock tonight. If I am not properly clothed and shaved by that time, I'll have the law on you."

"Yes, my lord. But there may be a delay. One of my men was carried off, you know."

"Carried off?"

"Yes, my lord. Forcibly. By the gentleman who took the lady with him."

"God of God!" Then, checking himself, Peter said: "But you must send somebody at once, villain! And wake me as soon as he returns!"

He gathered his aching muscles and limped toward the stairs. Then he turned:

"By that time I shall expect a horse to be saddled, and the fifty pounds in your hand."

"Yes, my lord. Is there anything else you need for your comfort, my lord? A perfume, perhaps?"

"Why, yes," said Peter. "If there is anything choice in the village, have him buy me a bottle of it."

Peter entered the room in which he had left Renée. He noticed that she had been on the bed. He crossed to it. He was careful to lie where it was wrinkled and creased. But she had left no word! She did not love him, therefore. Why the devil had she kissed him?

But she had left the ring.

Peter dropped off to sleep. The last thing he thought of was the landlord's servant. "Yes, my lord, Forcibly. By the gentleman who took the lady with him." What could Philippe have done to that servant? Had he forced Renée to go also? Yes, my lord. Forcibly. But it was not the Baron—thank God the Baron had not caught her—

He was awakened at midnight by a knocking on his door. He thought it was the Baron pounding on the door of the stable. Renée could not hear the danger. He leapt from his bed crying: "Renée, Renée!" Then he stared about the darkened room, passed a hand over his forehead and hair, said quietly: "Well, who's there?"

The door was opened by a little man with a round, bald head, who inquired whether his lordship desired to be shaved. Peter said that he certainly did. Candles were brought and the process of turning Peter into a gentleman was begun. Toward one o'clock he was descending the stairs of the inn, very haughtily, in a suit of dark-blue cloth, with lace on its sleeves. It did not fit very well. He was surcharged with a reeking perfume which the barber had insisted upon applying. His clean-shaven face, with the large bones

under his eyes and the contrasting delicacy of his chin, had a forceful, dominating expression. The emeralds of his sword glittered at his side. The landlord, at the foot of the stairs, rubbed his hands and was mightily impressed. Peter had "breakfast" and, after selling some of the brigands' horses to the landlord, mounted the other and departed for Marseilles. After he had left the inn several miles behind, he reversed his course, and struck out over the fields toward the road to Calais.

Peter had much to think about during that ride. He wondered by what right he had told all those lies at the inn, acted that part? But Renée would have wanted him to reach Calais; she had left him the ring—he was certain that she had left it for him. He had used it; and he would do his best to save it for her. Above all, he was glad that he had not betrayed to anyone the compromising fact of her marriage.

Peter believed that victory is to the strong. He loved power and he considered himself able to accumulate power. And he thought he had the right to use whatever power he could discover in himself. He was willing to meet any man, sword to sword, or mind to mind. That was the way God had arranged it.

After several days spent chiefly among the memories of Renée, Peter reached Picardy—for him a land of romance, because his father had been murdered there. The English were always ravaging Picardy—even now there were signs of recent warfare. Thinking of his father and Renée made Peter inexpressibly lonely. How easy it is to love! How easy to lose!

He discovered that whatever is turned into memory is already dead.

He pulled up at an inn, dismounted, turned his horse over to the boy that ran out to meet him. He had a particular affection for horseboys and gave this one a small piece of silver, enjoying the surprise on the dirty face that looked up to him. He slung his saddle-bags over his shoulder and entered the front door. Here were three men at a table, two of them facing a gentleman with a reddish-golden beard and a green felt hat where a large ruby was flashing.

The landlord bustled in and showed Peter a table. He sat down, idly watching the three drinkers. The man with the red beard was powerful, his nose somewhat blunt, his eyes blue. Several rings flashed upon rather thick fingers, which drummed the table beside his glass. He was a person of importance, obviously. The two opposite him were likewise well-dressed. Their attitude was hostile. Peter understood that they wanted an argument, a quarrel.

He finished an omelette and began munching some cheese. The voices of the two men became insulting. Presently one of them leaned over to fill the red-bearded man's glass. In doing this his arm jerked so that the wine was spilt on the other's sleeve. Instantly, Redbeard arose, dabbing his arm with a cloth. His face was calm but his eyes were flashing.

"Monsieur," he cried, "am I to take that as accidental? If so, I await your apology."

"You can take it as you will!" cried the other, thrusting his face close.

STORY TO DATE

On the return of Count Dupres from the war, he takes his son and daughter, Philippe and Renée, to the Court of France.

On her journey to Savoy, to be married to a great nobleman, while under escort of her father and brother, they are attacked by Baron de Riancourt and his Thousand Devils.

Riancourt is the sworn enemy of Count Dupres.

Peter, still a horse-boy at the fortress of the Thousand Devils, discovers an unknown and hazardous passage into the valley from the fortress. He plans his escape. To further his chances he becomes the buffoon of the band.

The robbers return with Count Dupres, Philippe and Renée as their prisoners. Riancourt flouts the Count, vowing to destroy him and marry his daughter with the consent of Philippe. The Count, proud and defiant, informs Riancourt that Philippe's consent after his death would not be legal as Philippe is but an illegitimate son.

The Count is murdered by Riancourt.

Peter watches and plans how he may assist Renée, who vows to Riancourt that she would sooner marry the filthiest of his band than become the wife of her father's murderer.

Peter steps up in clowning fashion and asks the Baron to take Renée at her word, claiming as stable-boy to be the filthiest of the band. He sways the crowd with the humor of his request. The Baron agrees to the ill-assorted union. Renée also consents on condition that her brother is released. Philippe is given his liberty. Renée and Peter are married amid rough jests and feasting, then Riancourt laughingly sends the pair off to make their beds in the stables.

Alone with Renée, Peter discloses his plan for their escape, giving into her keeping their marriage certificate. He makes it clear that he has no intention of holding her to such an agreement.

With the robber band at the door demanding Renée, she follows Peter through a hole in the stable wall and down the precipitous cliffs. They secure horses and make good their escape.

Grateful for all that Peter has done for her, Renée permits his embrace and kisses. They put up at an inn. Peter goes off for aid, and on returning with an old friend of the Dupres family, they discover that Renée has gone off in the company of a gentleman of the name of Philippe.

"So!" There was a quick motion of the hand, a flash of jewels, a cry as Redbeard emptied his glass into the other's face.

"Chien d'Angleterre!" shouted the first antagonist, whipping out his sword. His companion did likewise, crying: "To him, to him! An English spy! Pass him through, Gaston!"

Instantly chairs were overturned and the Englishman was holding the two of them at bay with his sword, crying: "That for you! Take that, Brandy-face!" The speed of it was bewildering. The two Frenchmen forced him across the room. He would get the worst of this Peter thought. He was no match for two such swordsmen. Another moment—

They were opposite Peter, who was standing upon a bench, a bit of cheese in one hand, a cup of wine in the other. He could look down at the Englishman's wrist as it flashed through its parries. They were cowards to go after him two at a time. Peter dropped his cheese. He turned, with his cup in his hand and threw its contents into the face of one of the Frenchmen.

"Take that, you!" he shouted. He drew his sword and jumped to the floor. The other, bewildered by this side-attack, stopped lunging at the Englishman, wiped his face with his sleeve.

"Well aimed! Well aimed!" shouted Redbeard, no longer retreating, but playing with his adversary's sword. "Have a care there, Monsieur. That scamp is a diller!" But his warning was already too late. Peter found his sword crossed by a man who had all the attributes of a panther.

The man rushed him, holding his sword straight outward, aimed at Peter's mouth. Peter retreated hastily toward the wall, tripped over a chair, fell, with the Frenchman's sword three inches from his face. There was no time to rise. Peter had managed to keep his hand in guard even while falling. He now met the adversary's blade and whipped it with his own. He whipped it with a high contre-septime, and at the same time raised his arm so that the sword of his opponent passed over his head. The man ran full upon Peter's extended weapon. It pierced his stomach. He fell over Peter with a cry, the sword leaving his hand and clattering along the floor.

"Admirable!" cried the Englishman, who had been watching out of the corner of his eye. He had not expected Peter to know the only way out of his predicament. "A cool fellow," he thought, as he saw him execute the difficult parry. And in fact Peter's coolness had alone saved him. He had never been taught this defence. His quick mind had worked it out while he was falling.

The wounded Frenchman lay upon his back, moaning and holding his stomach. Redbeard continued to play his antagonist, obviously reluctant to injure him seriously. At length, with a sudden lunge, he aimed at the Frenchman's hand and gouged it with his blade.

The Frenchman cried "Aie!" and dropped his sword.

Redbeard grabbed Peter by the sleeve and dragged him with great force toward the kitchen. He pushed Peter into the kitchen, where the cook and chambermaid, seeing two men bearing down upon them with drawn swords, thought the English had come, screamed, fled into the yard. Redbeard bolted the door into the dining-room and commanded Peter to bolt the one leading into the yard. Then he faced Peter, his hat on one side of his head, with the ruby in it.

"I have you to thank, sir!" he cried. "I could not have managed the two of them. But I say, we are in a nasty way, aren't we?"

"They are gentlemen of consequence?" asked Peter, motioning toward the door.

"Exactly. The knaves have large proportions. Look you, I can get out of this. I have the letters and the seals. But you? Who are you? Have you friends in this vicinity?"

Peter eyed him. "One," he said.

"Who?" What is his name?"

"His name I do not know," said Peter. "His person—" he waved his hand toward the Englishman and bowed.

"By my soul!" cried the other. "You have a pocket-full of address." He laughed and stroked his beard reflectively, with his legs apart. By this time the Watch was pounding on the door, crying: "Open up, Englishman. Open up in the name of the King!"

"In the name of the King, hold your tongue!" cried Peter's friend in a rich voice.

"We arrest you for disturbing His Majesty's peace," cried the sergeant, "and for the wounding of my Lord of La Roche!"

"That's your man," whispered the Englishman to Peter. "Villains!" he cried. "Do you know whom you are addressing?"

"An English spy!"

"Hold your tongue!"

He turned to Peter. "You are my servant," he said. "Stand before me before the door. We must open it. Look lest they puncture your guts." Then he cried to the sergeant: "We are opening the door for parley, dogs. Mind you don't cross the threshold!" He threw the door open and whirled his sword in front of him.

"Now if you will lead us to the governor, we will

go peaceably. Otherwise my servant has orders to kill everyone." Peter grinned. After a good many words they were conducted to the governor's, where the Englishman produced papers from the King of France as well as from the governor of Calais. He was well known at the French court, apparently, and was now engaged in secret business in Picardy, trying to allay the disturbances of that province.

"I am your typical peace-maker," he said to Peter, as they walked out of the governor's office, "creating brawls wherever I go."

Peter laughed. "You travel alone, my lord."

"Not ordinarily. The nature of this trip is such that I am forced to keep my servant at a distance. I have two in the next town."

They returned to the inn, chatting of their adventure. The wounded La Roche had been removed. Having made peace with the landlord, the Englishman ordered drinks for himself and Peter.

"Now my good man," he said, seating himself opposite Peter, "what is your name, and where are you going?"

"They call me Peter, my lord, and I am on my way to Calais."

"So? Peter what?"

"That is a secret I cannot divulge, my lord, since I do not know it myself."

"How; do not know? You should at least conjure a pseudonym from the imagination."

"You may call me Peter P."

"Ah; ridiculous. And your occupation?"

"My lord, I am a horse-boy."

The Englishman looked so puzzled and unbelieving that Peter had to grin. "May I be so bold as to inquire of you, my lord?" Peter eyed him under his lashes, wondering if he had found somebody of consequence who might help him to decipher his father's letter.

"I am Sir George Pentley," he said, without any flourish, but as if he expected Peter to recognize the name.

"My lord," said Peter, rising, "at your service."

"Sit down, my good man. I fancy you. I am at present engaged upon special secrecy for His Majesty of France. However, my residence is in Calais, whither I understand you to be riding. I shall return to Calais in a week and shall be pleased to repay you for the assistance with which you have already been so liberal."

"My lord," said Peter, "I can only repeat that I am yours to command."

"But I say, you must tell me something of who and what you are."

"I am not what I appear, my lord. Perhaps I am not even what I am."

"Indeed," said Sir George, "that is an enigma for the angels. You speak like a schoolman, and were it not for that sword of yours, and the fingers that guide it, I would have noted you down as such. Had I time for a few cups I would soon cure your tongue of its constipation. But my days are spent upon my legs. Apropos of which," he looked out of the door, stretching his neck, "there's that scoundrel William already."

Sir George arose, hastened to the door, and held a conference with a rider who looked like a messenger.

A few minutes later Peter had said good-bye to his new friend, who hastened off upon some business at a nearby town. Then Peter mounted his horse and rode a considerable distance toward Calais, that afternoon, congratulating himself upon this bit of luck. Suddenly he sat stiffly in his saddle, thinking of his lordship's name—George Pentley—George P! Of course it was a coincidence. But there it was, nevertheless—George P. Was Sir George Pentley the son of the man who had written Peter's letter? Peter's brother, therefore! Now why in heaven had he not questioned his lordship; whether, for instance, his lordship's family had ever had relations with the exiled Suffolk? Well, he would be able to question him in a week.

His thoughts turned from this subject and reverted inevitably to Renée. In spite of his pleasant encounter with Sir George he spent a cheerless night thinking of Renée. He could not be enthusiastic about anything, now that Renée was gone. And he was still thinking about her next morning, toward eleven o'clock, as he rode down the streets of Calais, in the rain, to learn English.

NO SOONER had Peter left her at the inn than Renée threw herself upon the bed. She was exhausted. Her mind worked as in a dream, and seemed barely conscious. The fact that she had allowed Peter to kiss her was among those things which her exhaustion was incapable of considering; she had done it, she scarcely remembered it.

She dropped into a profound but nervous sleep; a sleep so nervous in its character that the arrival of two dozen horses outside her window, and the racket



He spent several days among the memories of Renée. The Renée who had always been so gracious to him when as an awkward boy he had feverishly gathered flowers for her

they made, seemed to penetrate the most unknown nerves of her body, so that she jumped from the bed with a delirious cry and ran to the window. After a few moments of gazing at the noisy group, she realized that she was looking down at the pale, haggard face of her brother, just then on the point of riding on.

He had stopped to inquire the road, having gathered the remnant of his father's company, which had fled into the town near the foot of the brigands' trail. By his side was the sergeant who had served his father, a man with a great black moustache and large black eyes. They wished to find Monsieur the Governor De la Place. What? Eleven miles. Good. En Avant!

But just then Renée opened the window with a cry and leaned out. "Philippe! Philippe!" Everyone looked up. Philippe was at first too surprised to move. Then he cried, "Renée! You!" and dismounted and hurried into the inn. He met Renée on the stairs. They embraced. Renée wept nervously on his shoulder.

"How did you get here? How did you get here?" Philippe kept asking.

She outlined the story. The praise which she had to bestow on Peter. He did not believe it, he said. The fellow was a churl. "You offend me with that!"

It offends me to hear my sister speaking for a clown, exonerating a villain who has twice damaged me."

"No, Philippe, he has never damaged you!" cried Renée, putting her fingers to her ears, swaying back and forth in misery. "He never wanted to! I cannot stand this now, Philippe!"

"Yes! Now you regret it. I told you that you would regret it. If you had listened to me and married Riancourt you would at least have gotten out of this with honor."

"Honor"? She stepped back with her mouth a little open, an expression on her face almost equal to that of the night before when she had seen her father's blood on the Baron's hand. "Honor"? What did Philippe mean?

"Yes, honor. The honor of your body."

"Oh, God, Philippe! There has been nothing like that! There has been nothing!"

"Of course you would deny it!" He laughed. "I know women. They have to deny."

"Be still, Philippe! How do you dare!" She stamped her foot. Her face was scarlet. "I tell you there was nothing."

"I repeat, you should have married the Baron." He turned away with a shrug. "I could at least have extracted from that." But he turned too quickly. He

Continued on page 62



Why not give us another pure romance of the old days—the days when there was adventure in the world? The period say, of nineteen hundred to nineteen fifty?

*Illustrated by
John F. Clymer*

The Plunge

By George Allan England

Author of "Adventure Isle", "The White Wilderness", Etc.

WITH a sigh, the girl let both hands fall into her lap. The book she been listlessly reading escaped from her gloved fingers—fur-gloved, even as she herself was wrapped in furs. Though the month was June, and the stupendous aero-liner *Imperatrice* had only half an hour before de-magnetized its electro-magnetic disks and cleared from the Pacific Transport towers at Honolulu, the thin, cold atmosphere of more than two miles aloft nipped keenly.

The girl leaned back in her deck-chair, with the glow of the auroral induction-lamp above her, and gazed a trifle wistfully across the aft concourse, out beyond the rail, through the clear blackness of the night. Far, very far astern a dull reddish gleam on the horizon—a gleam that faded even as she watched it—bespoke the fires of Mauna Loa smouldering against the sky.

Hungry dark, below silvery cloud-masses on which the vivid whiteness of the full moon dazzled a mile beneath the liner as she roared on her appointed way, the Pacific rolled in terrible immensity. Across the deck, rhythmically swinging as the ship swayed and dipped along the Trades, sharply black shadows of the rail and of the stanchions supporting the upper deck cut the aluminum plates. The sky, a jetty void, sparkled with myriads of white spatters of flame. Lights and shadows contrasted with cold hardness on the passengers walking the decks or grouped along the rail. Through the perfect silence of the upper air, the gleaming *Imperatrice*, with suction-turbines shrilly whining, with hurricane-shields whistling in the empty dark, hurled herself at three hundred miles an hour toward Nagasaki, still nine hours' run to nor-west by west.

Tired and melancholy, the girl looked with indifferent eyes at the voyagers muffled in their furs, some strolling idly about, some leaning on the rail, some with night-glasses searching out the abyss or aimed at the splendor of the moon. The thought of Japan roused a slight, momentary interest in her world-wearied heart. Yes, the loom of the blue-pearly haze that marked its coasts at dawn, or the vertical shafts of radiance, by night, shooting to mid-heaven from the Nippon Republic's aero-light-houses, to guide the pilots peering from the hooded bull's-eyes of the conning-tower—these still possessed a certain lure for her. Yet only a little; for after many trips afar what real novelty could anywhere remain?

"Dear, dear, what a tedious old world this has become!" she yawned behind her glove. "I ought to have been born in the days when things really happened—the old days of real life—the days when people didn't have to content themselves with merely reading of adventure!"

She settled back still farther in her chair, listened to the zooming of the wind amid the wires and taut cables, and let her gaze wander over the many rows of life-preservers hanging under the deck roof, each a combination anti-gravity turbine and vacuum-belt. The glow, above, now more clearly lighted up her face. One could see that the girl was just a trifle pale, with wondering and contemplative gray eyes rather far apart; with tawny hair parted at one side and drawn away from broad brows; with full yet delicate lips, passionately red.

For a moment she lay there, lulled by the threnody of the gale, the shuddering vibration of the tremendous hull driven by its ion-motors, the sibilant hissing of the air-brakes as the vacuum-chambers adjusted their lift to the needs of the ship.

"A tedious old world, indeed!" she repeated, closing her eyes with resignation while the vast fabric of the liner, paced by the racing moon that fled before, roared westward, ever westward, swift and terrible upon the wings of the night.

THE scraping of a chair at her side aroused her. She turned her head and looked. A line of annoyance drew between her brows. To be interrupted by the intrusion of a stranger, just when she had been feeling most comfortably pessimistic, was annoying.

She was about to resume her meditation when something in the newcomer's face arrested her attention. Though it was shaded by a cap of silver fox-skin, she seemed to have recognized him. He looked undeniably familiar.

She studied him a moment. He seemed a man no longer young, nor yet old—a man "between two ages", as the French say; forty perhaps. The wrinkles at the corner of his eyes bespoke observation, world-wisdom, sagacity, tempered by a saving sense of humor. His mouth, holding a pipe, showed strong lips; his chin was moulded on

lines that might, perhaps, be just a little hard.

The girl appraised him with spurred interest. Indubitably a large man, well above the six feet that the human male now averaged, not even his heavy furs could conceal a certain lithe strength distinctive in an age of physical ease. Her eyes fell on his right hand, which was bare; a big hand, white, powerful, yet with fingers that bespoke the artist. He wore a single ring of dull gold; an unsymmetrical pattern—an eagle, one wing furled, one spread, with marvelously carved feathers. The eagle's eye was fashioned of a diamond; its claw grasped another. A strange ring, thought the girl. A ring that somehow singularly befitted that white, virile hand.

She leaned back again, piqued at herself for the interest she had felt. The book in her lap slid off; it slapped the deck sharply. Stooping, the man removed the pipe from his mouth. He picked up the book and glanced at it. With an odd smile, he looked at her—and then she knew him.

"Norford Hale!" she exclaimed involuntarily, angry at the quickening of her heart, the burning of her cheek.

"Why, you're my Romney girl!" said he. "How did you know me?"

"Oh, I've known you for years and years," she answered, seemingly without knowing just what she was saying. "Everybody does, I fancy. You are Norford Hale, aren't you?"

He nodded, smiling still; and now she noted his sun-tanned face and steady eyes.

"I can't deny it—Romney," said he.

"Why do you call me that?" she demanded. "How on earth can you know my nickname, the name my friends all call me?"

"Who could help it? I've had more than a few pictures of you, cut from magazines, these last few years. Who doesn't know Romney's portrait of Lady Hamilton? You must be a reincarnation of her, or something of that sort. At any rate, I've long been calling you my Romney girl. You don't know it, but you were the heroine of my 'Nights on Parnassus.' Romney reminds one of gypsies and

all that, too; I've always fancied you a wanderer, an unconventional, outdoor, woodsy kind of girl—are you?"

"Please don't let's get personal, on two minutes' acquaintance," she remarked, rather severely.

"I beg you a thousand pardons!" he returned, with just a tinge of mockery that by no means escaped her. He held out the book. "Allow me to give back my latest—and worst—piece of modern materialism."

"It's bad," she agreed, taking the book. "It's nearly put me to sleep several times. I call it my soporific."

He laughed heartily, showing fine teeth.

"Romney," said he, "you're the first frank and truthful human being I've met in years. My next book shall certainly be built around you."

"Not if it's going to be like this one!" she protested. "Jamais! Why do you write this way, when you can write so very differently if you want to? Why do you do it?"

"Why? Because I must," he explained. "The public demands it. Publishers are slaves of the public, and I am a slave of the publishers. That makes me a slave raised to the nth power. This kind of thing is only a symptom of a world gone into fatty degeneration as a result of a gross surfeit of creature comforts. Shall I knock out my pipe?"

"No, you needn't. Father smokes from morning till night, and doesn't even use cartridges. Still sticks to the untidy old habits of his grandfather and insists that loose tobacco is the only thing in the world, for him. I'm used to it. The only way you can really please me will be to stop your terrific materialism. Why not give us another pure romance of the old days—the days when there *was* adventure in the world, and romance? The period, say, of 1900 to 1950? Another book, for instance, like 'The Quarry' or 'Lewellyn'?"

He shook his head and for a moment kept silence, then drew at his pipe. It was dead. He slipped a fresh cartridge into it, pressed the knurl that set the rim glowing, and puffed the tobacco to ignition.

"Another book like those?" he queried. "Impossible! All that's dead now, and has been these twenty years past. The modern world isn't a romantic world, that's all. Fifty-odd years ago, at the time of the final war, or even thirty, when the United Republics were still fledglings, some romance still survived. But since then—"

Eloquently he blew a lance of smoke into the sheltered air of the 'tween-decks.

"You see," he added, "now that there's no war, no poverty, no crime, no misery, no peril, no accident, no struggle any more, to try men's souls, all the exciting elements of romance have disappeared. When there hasn't been a fatal accident of any moment, either on land or sea or in the air, for a decade or two, you can imagine the state of dull complacency into which the world has collapsed. It's magnificent, of course, but it's fatal to the state of mind that my particular brand of labor needs as a culture-medium."

"Literature has grown as dull as life itself!" he exclaimed. "The world of other times used to look forward to the actuality of today as to a wonderful ideal, never realizing that it was just the uncertainty and danger and cruelty of life that gave birth to powerful situations and real literature. Men were real men in those days; women were real women.

Today we're all a flock of tame, colorless, self-satisfied nonentities. All the zest of life, all the big powerful, primitive emotions are dead and gone, forever—and exit all excitement, all tension, all romance!"

The girl, leaning forward, looked at him with sudden enthusiasm.

"My own thought, to a T!" she agreed. "Only, I've never formulated it before, or tried to express it. I'm awfully glad you see things as I do, and understand. If I'd found you conventional, self-satisfied, smug, you don't know how you'd have disillusioned me, or how sadly you'd have destroyed an ideal—"

"An ideal?"

"I mean," she parried hastily, "I'd have been terribly disappointed. You and I both view the world from the same angle, that's evident. A world surrounded by every safeguard and choked with material comfort—why, it's a dead world! What could be more stagnating than perfection? What more deadly than secure monotony? I've wished all my life—oh, how I've wished!—that I might have lived in the old days when life meant struggle and achievement, when there were obstacles to

He cast a strange glance at her. For a minute the woman and the man looked into each other's eyes. Then suddenly:

"You're really Jeanne Hargreaves?" he demanded.

"Yes. Why?"

"How strange that I should meet you, thus!" he commented, ignoring her question. "So you're Linwood Hargreaves' daughter?"

"Yes. I'm on my way to meet him now, in Osaka."

The man kept silence. He pushed back his cap a little, and ran his fingers through his hair, still more black than gray.

"Let's walk a bit," he suggested. "The night's too fine for us to miss it, sitting back here in a corner."

She agreed. Together, in silence under the soft glow of the lights, they paced the deck, a turn or two; a deck reminding one more of a city street, so numerous the throng was, than of anything ever seen in the old days of surface navigation. A confused murmur of speech blurred the air, fused with the throbbing of powerful electrocons. Here and there the glower of burning tobacco and its grateful odor told of one habit, at least, which not even half a century of the New Order had been able to eliminate.

They paused, presently, by the rail just abaft the kinetogram office, and looked out over the world of cloud and sea, which under the moonlight seemed to hollow upward like a vast cup, its rim fading into inchoate vagueness. Far overhead, the black bulge of the vacuum-chambers blotted out the vivid pin-pricks of the stars. The creak and strain of struts and braces vaguely recalled sea-vessels of former times. Beyond the gale-breaks, the outlines of whose vast out-riggers loomed against the sky, a 300-mile-an-hour hurricane was raging, terrible beyond all words—a hurricane lashed into being by the hurtling trajectory of the ship herself, as she cleft the night—but on deck only a mild breeze was loitering.

A FAINT cloud-wrack, immensely high, now and then slightly tarnished the moon. A mile or more below, as Jeanne and the novelist bent over the rail, they saw the shadow of the *Imperatrice* that skimmed at terrifying speed across the shining fields of vapor—fields that, gaped here and there, showed the black abysses of the ocean spinning backward, ever backward, toward the east.

Very far to the northward, a fine, slim spear of white light stabbed upward through the night. On the horizon, quiverings of radiance reached out, fell into the void, leaped and died—tenuous arms of illumination shot upward from the great aerial centre at Port Howard, on Lisiansky Island. The woman and the man kept a moments silence, peering into the stupendous gulf of emptiness that rushed away beneath them.

Hale spoke first.

"In the old days," said he, blowing a trail of smoke, "even this commonplace scene, in itself, would have been considered romantic and exciting. Writers would have reveled in it and artists would have portrayed it. What an easy time they had, in those days, when there were still really new things in the world to describe! It seems hard to realize, doesn't it, that an aerial trip around the world was once something to talk about and make 'copy' out of?"

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Back toward the girl started Norford, but burdened by the cumbersome apparatus, he found the return far harder

overcome and sufferings to conquer, when at least a little of the primitive was left in men and women, and when romance meant more than a vague memory!"

Silence, a moment, between them, while the man smoked and seemed to weigh her words. Suddenly she spoke.

"Why write at all?" she demanded. "In your capacity as a surgeon you're of inestimable value to the world. The whole world knows you that way. Why not abandon your other work, which you've no heart in any more? Why drift with the tide, and follow the dull, modern current of materialism?"



Laplanders
of the
Arctic Sweden

A Mother of
Bunschofen Holland



A Japanese Family



A Singhalese Woman
and child
Ceylon, India



Delta Eskimos
MacKenzie River Arctic Canada



Milkwoman and child, Bolivia

Motherhood of

By M. Winston Pearson and

PARADOXICALLY, nothing so fascinates the inveterate globe-trotter as a glimpse of intimate family life in the various countries on the earth. Nothing is so delightful to the seasoned traveller as a peep into the nurseries where the world's children are cherished. The home-staying public also respond to the charm of tourist tales which take them to the door of faraway homes and show them pleasant, infinitely varied pictures of many lands. The Madonna motif is the favorite theme not only of art, but of the travelogue as well.

So we who had long ago turned our backs upon our native land and engaged in the laudable task of making the old world better acquainted with itself, found ourselves ardently collecting everywhere memories and photographs of home and mother. After all, this is only a seeming paradox, however, for were not we avowedly searching for those touches of nature which would "make the whole world kin," and where could we all grow neighborly and "folksy," if not beside the cradles of the world?



British East Africa

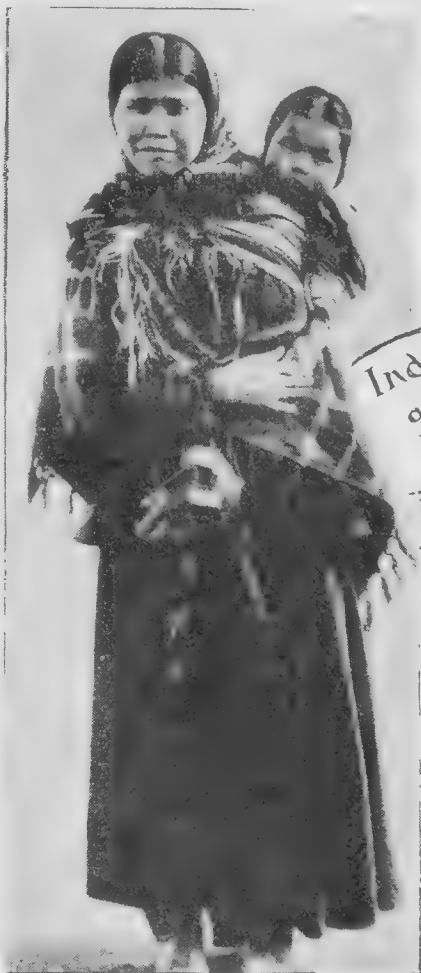
Many Lands

William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

The pleasant vistas of our happy memories reach back and back and show us such infinitely charming views of the child in the arms of its mother, the toddler clinging to her hand, the hungry brood gathering about her for food and comfort. The long and lovely procession of life wends its way through many lands for our delight. No barriers of alien customs, or atavistic suspicions, or polyglot complications could shut us away from that innocent paradise on earth where the mothers of the race hold sway.

So that was a red-letter day in our travels which we were permitted to spend in the cheerful home of a Japanese family. Pleasantly upon our senses fell the soft, gentle voices, the sweetly-flowing current of every-day life in the Flowery Kingdom. But most of all we adored the cunning, roly-poly brown babies, who were always happy, who never cried nor even whimpered. Why should they? Since coming into life, they had seen only loving faces; they

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Indian Woman and child Yukon



Berbers
A white race
who came
from Asia
to
North Africa



Hungary
Mother & child
of Mezo Kovacs



Algerian
Mother & child



Upper Class-Chinese Family

Folks in these families are wholly exempt from manual labor. They are great gastronomes, their food being thick & abundant, their days are spent in fondling pet birds and flowers.

A Tangle of Excelsior

A Story of the Kootenay in the Boom Days
as Told by Barney Nolan, Proprietor
of "The Nugget Saloon"

By Herbert J. Moorehouse



Illustrated
by
A. Eldraw

"My name's Crabtree—Cephus Crabtree," he condescends. "Permit me—my card."

ADDIN 'em all up an' strikin' a balance, noosepapers fellers is pretty good scouts. They has the double entry into sassiety, high or low, knowin' how to get into the middle o' what's goin on by way o' the wide front steps an' the grand salaam or the back door or through the pantry winder if they can't get in no other ways. Sometimes they gets in where angels fear to tread, all o' which I submits has a considerable widenin' influence an' smelts 'em down to gen'wine.

But frequent the human mind ain't reachin' golden conclusions without diggin' around considerable an' drivin' prospect tunnels into Old Mount Experience. The foundin' o' the Seven Shaft Booster by B. Birks is the first the camp's had to do with editors an' nobody's denyin' he was sure white an' a fine little feller. But when he sells out an' goes back East among the purlieus o' Art an' Fashion, an' we turns the page expectant to get acquainted with the new editor we uncovers the darndest specimen o' hungry-lookin' journalistic quartz any o' the boys has ever seen. We ain't none o' us sure whether he's a thin film o' bornite or a limestone band what's foundered into the diorite magma at the time o' intrusion.

As I sayd before, Seven Shaft aint had much chane't to study the habits o' editors; for it's only a little minin' camp back in the mountains. The Kootenay in them early boom days was attractin' considerable attention on the Outside, however, so't our population on the inside was pretty much *poose-caffy*—as bad mixed as a loud check' suit. Rich man, poor man, plain loafer an' one-time-cattle-rustler maybe—all lined up to have somethin'. There was a "dead-line" in camp an' below it you could find anythin' at any hour o' the night, includin' Bull Bellamy's all-night dance-hall, the which he calls it the "Upper Ten Theaytre" with a saloon an' gamblin' department adjoinin', laborin' under the designation o' "The Bucket." Above the dead-line in the decenter part o' the camp is the other an' main booze bazaar, named "The Nugget," the which yours truly runs respectable an' owns entire.

IT BEIN' just after the big gold strike over on Wolf Crick an' the development o' the copper group up on Toad Mountain, Seven Shaft sure is bein' taxed for accommodations. I've already run a second storey on the Nugget so's a few friends can

find a place to bunk an' work's proceedin' night an' day on a permanent dressed boards extension with sleepin' apartments for strangers passin' through or abidin' awhile. I'm intendin' to have a gen'wine hotel rotundary where said guests can register formal with a buzz-bell connectin' each an' every apartment with the bar for refreshment orders an' sudden ice-water calls. An' I'm goin' to move the dinin'-room inside out o' the wet, the same bein' at present operatin' in a tent alongside. I'm likewise plannin' to build a reg'lar theaytre an' call same "The E-Light."

Well, anyways, me'n Jimmy's on duty together an' keepin' mighty busy in the irrigatin' ditch, the which we has to hire a Swede bar-keep as a relief shift. Ole's just come on an' I'm untynin' my apron-strings when I hears somebody a-hemmin' in their throat an' there stands the longest, leanest, widest-grinnin' stringer o' skin an' bones I've ever seen breathe an' move.

He's the color o' the keys on Grandma's old melodeon an' he must've measured six-foot-six from tip to tip.

"Howdy, Doolin," grins this specimen, loungin' free an' easy acrost the bar, perfectly at home in them surroundin's.

"H'lo yourself," I says, lookin' closter to make sure I ain't passin' up a former acquaintance. But he's so peculiar-lookin' I knows right away I ain't never seen him afore.

"My name's Crabtree—Cephus Crabtree," he condescends. "Permit me—my card," an' he extends a ink-daubed how-d'you-do acrost to me to prove it. "I've just closed a little deal for your enterprisin' little noos-paper plant, payin' the small sum o' one thousand dollars for the privilege o' purveyin' to the citizens o' this progressive little city o' the mountains the noos o' the world at large an' the higher flights o' literary fancy in prose or verse, it bein' the sacred dooty o' the press to uphold the noble graces o' the Arts as well as directin' the thoughts o' our citizenship into the proper channels for the formation o' an enlightened public opinion."

His spigot is wide open an' the talk is runnin' out so smooth an' fast his Goblet o' thought is mostly dead.

"Why, that's very kind o' you, Barney," he breaks off. "I don't mind if I do. I'll try the rye, thanks."

I looks around to see if Jimmy has gave him the sign or anythin' like that; but Jimmy's at the other end o' the bar. I'm kind o' dazed and I shoves the drink acrost to him.

"I believe you an' me's goin' to be good friends Barney," he wanders on. "Wonderful thing—friendship. It's the on'y pearl to our oyster in this valley o' shadders," says he, wavin' a bony hand. "Here today and gone tomorrer! We shifts here 'n' there in the

wynds o' fate like yeller leaves, passin' an' repassin' other yeller leaves an' sudden we sees a hand outstretched an' catches a fleetin' smile an' that's Friendship. An' ere the shades o' night falls fast upon us an' we close our tired eyes in sleep them kind words we've heerd comes troopin' back upon us an' brings a wan smile to our lips. An' in the dead o' night our soul languishes an' we folds our tents like the Arabs an' as silently steals away—Nice place you got here, Nolan. You must be coinin' money."

He combs his tie, sort o' self-conscious, the which it is a big literary flowin' bow with the current sluggish, once black but now grey with dust. I stares at it fascinated an' wets my lips.

"Ye-ah," I murmurs foolishly.

"Do you mind if I steps around into the dinin'-room," grins Cephus. "I'm always interested in the culinary equipment o' hostelleries. I takes a keen delight in describin' 'em an' praisin' 'em in my col-yums," says he.

"Go's far as you like. Make yourself to home an' if there's anythin' you don't see, ask for same an' I'll have one o' the servants bring it around to you," I says sarcastic.

"Very kind o' you, Nolan. Thanks. Very kind indeed. I'll just do that," nods Editor Crabtree grateful an' I notes his Adam's apple slidin' up an' down as he makes for the dinin'-room.

I gets out a tape-line an' measures the distance between the marks o' his boots an' his stride is a yard-an'-a-half an' his feet runs fourteen inches by six!

I lingers around just to see what'll happen an' presently Jimmy looks me up.

"That lanky guy's been down the menoo twice, Boss, an' Olga says he won't settle up. Shall I—?"

"Not at all," says I. "He's eatin' on the house—tonight."

"He's askin' for cigars—"

"Ask him does he want the Flor de Fino or the Panatella de Gwotomalla?"

"He prefers the El Fino," reports Jimmy, comin' back.

"Here—give him the rest o' the box," says I, shovin' same into Jimmy's hand an' wavin' him hence.

When Cephus comes out with the cigar box tucked under his arm an' one o' the weeds atween his teeth I knows he's hopeless. He's proceedin' to make a farewell speech an' to make a farewell speech an' to move a vote o' thanks, when I cuts him short an' goes out into the fresh air as quick as I can.

"Shades o' Little B. Birks!" thinks I. "What have we in our midst?"

I proceeds to take a good long walk. I goes clean down the valley trail till the camp's behind me complete an'

then I climbs up to a little ledge an' gets out my pipe. I an't no more'n taken a couple o' puffs when I notes down in the crick bottom a little brown tent nestlin' back in the aspens with a thin column o' smoke curlin' up in front.

I ain't pretendin' to know all the prospectors an' miners an' Indians as happens to pitch camp in an' around Seven Shaft, an' I'm about to dismiss said



Cephus takes charge of the basket of grub and hand in hand the Crabtrees goes slinking past us to the door without a word.

brown tent from further attention in favor o' lettin' Cephus Crabtree occupy my thoughts exclusive when I notes said party himself stridin' straight for the tent, havin' just turned in from the valley trail.

An' while I'm lookin' a woman comes sudden out o' the tent an' stands waitin' for Cephus with her hands on her hips. There's somethin' so forbiddin' in her attitude that I can't help lookin' on an' presently they starts quarrelin' to beat four of a kind. An' the first thing I knowed she'd run back into the tent an' comes out with a fryin'-pan in her hand an' wallops that two-column editorial over the head. He lets out a holler an' legs it for open ground with her after him.

WHEN they has disappeared in the bushes I sits back weak an' grinnin' an' not begrudin' Cephus his little foray after a pail o' the milk o' human kindness. In fact, I begin to understand better how a human bein' could get all wore down to skin an' bones like he was. For when a woman goes kickin' around inside the corral that way it takes a cool an' nervy wrangler to bust her proper an' no yeller leaf passin' an' repassin' other yeller leaves is goin' to accomplish same. No wonder Cephus is talkin' about his tired eyes closin' in sleep an' kind words bringin' a wan smile to his lips an' his languishin' soul foldin' its tent an' hittin' trail in the dead o' night!

I goes back to the Nugget, ponderin' considerable on the sanded decks o' the Game o' Livin', an' I ain't much more'n got there when I hears my name bein' paged all over the place. I comes out from behind a Winnipeg noosepaper that's just hit camp to find myself gazin' intent at a little squat woman in a stained corduroy skirt an' a blue flannel waist. She has on a pair o' cow-girl's boots an' a greasy old Stetson; but I ain't mistakin' her for Little Miss Canada. I knows immediate who she is, for she has a cigar-box under her arm an' she sure does look assertive.

"Your name Nolan?" she approaches direct. "Is there any place here where I can see you private?" an' she glares around at the boys the which is one an' all pausin' an' starin' somewhat.

"Step this way, Ma'am," says I polite an' I leads the way into one o' the refreshment alcoves an' orders Jimmy to mix a plain lemonade; for she's hot an' dusty, the which there's streaks on her face where she's been perspirin' free. An' darned if she ain't got a moustache on her lip, the which I gazes at in awe, same bein' long enough to stroke.

She slams down the box o' cigars on the table, slams down her hand on top o' same an' gives it a shove over to me.

"He smoked six an' got four smashed; so I owes you for ten," says Mrs. Cephus Crabtree. "How much?" an' she starts fishin' out a little black purse, the which I waves aside indignant.

"Mr. Crabtree was my guest this evenin', Ma'am—"

"Mr. Crabtree is never the guest o' the licker interests!" she retorts emphatic. "Oh, I knows your underminin' methods, Nolan, an' we may's well understand each other right now. This here paper is goin' to be run independent," she emphasizes. "We refuse to be subsidized by governments or railroads or commercial pirates. The Crabtrees is neither Grit or Tory. We swings our influence accordin' to the highest thought in the best interests o' the people. We're goin' to change the name o' the paper to "Ex-cel-si-or," an' start a campaign—"

"Why not go all the ways an' call it "sawdust"?" I injects; but she passes me without takin' notice.

"—to clean up the cess-pools o' iniquity in this place. We shall drive the cohorts o' B. Elsie Bub into the Seas o' Uter Defeat. We shall smash every bottle o' devil's brew an' every man—"

"But lady, excuse me—"

"—every man in Seven Shaft shall wear the white badge o' temp'rance upon his breast—"

"But Ma'am—"

"—an' instead o' drunken brawlin' there shall be a new idear o' the responsibilities o' citizenship—"

"But askin' your pardon, Ma'am—"

"—an' the horny handed Son o' Toil shall step into a larger share in this glorious heritage o' ours—"

"Sure, I nods.

"An' I fully agrees with all you says, Mrs. Crabtree, an' I closes up the Nugget an' goes in with you hearty for the development o' silver linin's an' when we has rolled all them dark clouds away we'll sink a 12-foot shaft into the pay-ore, the which I hands over my entire poke and lives on ozone henceforth. An' we'll start a fac-t'ry for extractin' an' refinin' the oil from the knees an' elbows o' the young an' old hornets—"

I pauses, laughin', for I'm talkin' to an empty pew, the congregation havin' rose without a word an' filed out o' church. An' it's only after she's been gone some time that I sudden realizes she has ignored the collection-plate entire an' has been bluffin' pure about payin' for them cigars an' the dinner with which the licker interests was tryin' to undermine the freedom o' the press!

TIME passed, as they say in books. Six weeks of it went streamin' past the winder. Six tongue-tyin' tangles o' this here *Excelsior* was printed an' circulated in an' around camp till most o' the citizens was sore from laughin' an' the rest was likewise sore, but from bein' laughed at. For this here "Cassandra Crabtree, Editor," sure has took the bit in her teeth an' gone lopin' down the trail after B. Elsie Bub with a gun in each hand. She starts in to clean up them cess-pools o' iniquity she's talkin' about an' there's times when she seems to know so much what actual happens that she has some worthy citizens guessin' an' she has Bull Bellamy goin' around at the rate o' a couple o' hundred revolutions a minute an' threatenin' at each revolute to fly off the handle, boil over an' scald somebody, the which ain't worryin' the respectable element none.

Final Bull comes to my place o' his own accord an' uninvited and I ain't no more'n gettin' my wind back from the surprise o' the visit when I loses it again,

notin' the change in Bull. His cigar is back at a cock-sure tilt on one side o' his scarred mouth an' he's wearin' his thumbs in the arm-holes o' his leather vest. An' he proceeds to hit me a slap on the back like him an' me was old friends, the which I never liked the feller. He winks knowin' an' looks around for a corner where we can talk to ourselves.

"Why the undiluted spirits?" grunts I, signifyin' a table an' orderin' the high-ball he's wantin'. "Cordin' to last week's Shavin's you was all run down an' 'bout ready to crate up an' depart from our midst."

"You seen that damned eddytoral las' week? Well lamp the noo spiel," an' Bellamy hauls a fresh-printed copy o' the current *Excelsior* from his pocket an' leers at me with his good eye so triumphant I starts readin' eager where he points.

An' darned if it ain't a long apology for "misunderstandin'" Bellamy an' his cussed establishment, the which Cassandra proceeds to describe as an "amusement palace," so careful conducted that frequent disorderly inclined "patrons" was threw out into the

She comes out with a frying pan in her hand an' wallops that two column editorial over the head.



street for not behavin' theirselves like gentlemen. An' she's speakin' o' Mr. Bellamy, our worthy citizen," an' "Mr. Bellamy, our popular theaytre magnet," an' "Mr. Bellamy, who is performin' such yeomanry service to the citizens of Seven Shaft in enlivenin' the dull monotony o' mountain-town life."

"How'sat? Some class, eh?"

"There's only one thing she's left out," I remarks slow. "Well, she ain't said nothin' about your church connections."

Bellamy haw-haws, sarcastiness rollin' off him like water on grease. He turns a page an' points to another piece the which I reads thoughtful. For it's labelled "Judge Not," an' it's the doggondest line o' arg'ment in favor o' booze I ever heerd an' quotin' Scripture to prove a little wine for the stomach's sake is right an' proper. An' it tells what a feller named Martin Luther sayd 'bout the man bein' a fool who didn't love wine, women an' song. An' it gives a list o' some o' the world's great men who has been drinkin' wine ever sinst they was babies.

By this time Cassandra's warmin' to her subject an' the idear o' man drinkin' water like an ox when he can get wine seems to be the most ridic'ous thing she ever heerd of. An' she proceeds to offer up a prayer for them poor ignorant ladies which isn't sufficient grateful for the blessin's bestowed on mankind, objectin' to the cheerin' gift o' wine while they goes off on a toot of ex-extravagance in dress till their husbands is driven to suicide. An' she winds up with a complete exposure o' spiral springs an' cotton battin', false hair, false teeth, false colorin' an' false idears an' ideals.

Rememberin' all the things this Cassandra woman has been hammerin' at durin' the past five weeks o' her campaign against B. Elsie Bub, I'm absolutely speechless. I hands back the paper to Bellamy an' looks at him hard, the which he grins wider.

"Mebbe I ain't got them Crabapple people where I wants em, eh? Mebbe this old nanny editor o' ours ain't eatin' out o' my hand, eh?"

"How'd you fix it?" I enquires quiet, already suspectin' a thing or two.

"Coin," laughs Jake. "The little old mazuma. I pays her two hundred bones down, balance next week—a thousand altogether an' I'm to own the paper complete. And do you know what ownin' a noospaper means, Nolan? Politics! An' you know what that means 'thout me tellin' you."

"Now, let's get right down to cases on this here thing, Barney. I come up to offer you a chanst to get in right, y'understand. I's talkin' to McPhee not long ago an' it'll be a cinch to organize this here district to the King's taste. I offers you the chanst to come in with me on this proposition. We're both in this business together, y'understand, an' if we pulls together we owns the whole works. You can be the Member for the Provincial House or go to Ottawa, whichever you likes. I'll be the member for the one you ain't wantin' an' how's that for playin' the game square? There's my cards, face up, old scout, an' it's y'our lead."

I looks acrost at Mr. Bellamy, our worthy citizen

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She has on a pair o' cow-girl boots an' a greasy old Stetson; but I aint mistakin' her for Little Miss Canada.

Don't Budge



"Pardon me, sweetheart,"
Harry said, "but we will
use my book."

AFTER Mrs. Perkins Poth's lecture at the Westcote Country Club tea was served on the veranda under the awnings and, with the light dresses, the colored cane tables and chairs, the red tile floor and the widespread green of the golf course, the whole made a charming picture. The warmth of the day had caused the faces of the ladies to flush, which was becoming to all of them, and as there was an upward glow from the tiles and a gentle downward suffusion of green from the awnings, the result was delightful and the effect, due in part to the animation caused by the sea, was not unlike a scene from an unusually well staged and well dressed society play. The only regret was that Mrs. Perkins Poth had been obliged to leave immediately after the lecture. The lecture had been a great success and this was evidenced by the number of black-bound books scattered on the tables and chairs, for Mrs. Perkins Poth had sold, to any who had wanted them, copies of her famous household budget book.

If anything was needed to complete the likeness to the first scene of a pretty play it was the entrance at the right moment of the star, and at the right moment the star did enter. Dot Mortimer, the newest matron of them all, sitting near the railing, uttered a little cry of pleasure.

"Girls!" she exclaimed. "Of all people! Here comes Nell!"

It was quite like the "Ah! Here she comes now!" of the theatre, and by all stage traditions Nell should be the heroine of this drama, and perhaps she is. Or perhaps she is not. That is to be discovered.

Nell, a brand new fiancée, came to the veranda door, lovely and happy and beaming, and proud, too, and everyone greeted her and urged her to come and sit here and tell all about it. She went from table to table, grave with the older ladies and merry with the younger, and, as soon as she was able to disentangle herself from the little crowd that gathered around her, she went and sat beside Dot, who had hailed her with "Come sit here, you soon-to-be-wed person!"

"Happy, Nell?" Dot asked her, almost in a whisper.

"So wonderfully!" Nell replied, and pressed Dot's arm, and then came the flood of questions—when the wedding was to be, and where, and what the honeymoon trip was to compass. Between answering everyone and telling the waiter how many lumps and trying to be not too enthusiastic and being it, Nell

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.

Illustrated by R. Dorf

had a busy hour and it was not until she was seated in Dot's good little car beside Ella Ransome that Dot had time to speak of the lecture.

"My dear," Dot said, "You'll make the most exquisite bride! Just exquisite—there's no other word for it. I'll weep when I see you coming up the aisle—I know I will. And to think you are going to live in California! I envy you. And oh! I have one of your wedding presents already!"

"What is it?" Nell asked, smiling.

"Oh, I can't tell you that!" Dot laughed. "The idea!"

"I have one for you too," said Ella Ransome.

"Ella!" Dot cried. "You don't mean you thought of—"

"I did, though!" Ella laughed. "Who wouldn't?"

"What is it?" begged Nell. "Don't be so mysterious."

"Oh, well!" said Dot, laughing again. "Let's tell her. It's a budget book, Nell. To keep a budget in. So you'll be happy. You can't be happy unless you budge."

"Unless I *what*?" queried Nell in puzzled amusement.

"Unless you budge," said Dot. "That's what Ella says the women in her town call it. 'Budge'—short for keeping a budget of what you spend. Or are you going to spend. Everyone is doing it in Ella's town, aren't they, Ella? And it was Ella that got Mrs. Perkins Poth to come here and lecture for us. I'm so sorry you missed her lecture, Nell—it was wonderful; just wonderful! We're all going to budge."

"Who is Mrs. Perkins Poth?" Nell asked.

"For one thing, she is wonderful," Ella Ransome declared. "I do think she is the most wonderful woman I have ever heard. She's from Hexton, Ohio—she lives there—and she was suffrage, you know, until we got the vote; lectured everywhere. Then she began wondering what was the next great thing she

could do for women, and she thought of budgets. They're far more important than the vote, she says now. She sees it so clearly. She says nine-tenths of the unhappiness in the world comes because women don't budge. So she's giving her life to the work."

"It's one of the most noble things I ever heard of," Dot chimed in, "and we only had to pay her fifty dollars for the lecture. It was a reduced rate, because Ella asked her to come. You sign a pledge—"

"To pay her the fifty dollars?" asked Nell.

"No, a pledge that you'll budge honestly and faithfully. Like a temperance pledge," Dot explained. "You pledge for one year, because it is not a fair trial if you try it for less than a year. We all signed, Nell. We all begin to budge today, as soon as we get home. We're wild about it. I do believe she converted every woman that was there! It's the modern thing, Nell—not spending money any which way, like a drunken sailor and then being sorry afterward that you did, but having so much for food and so much for rent, and so much for everything. Like a government or a factory or men in business."

Dot was herself a bride, and a lovely one, and Harry was the dearest and finest of husbands, and they lived in a charming little house—nothing extravagant, you understand, and only three bathrooms, and the garage big enough for only one car, but a happy little home for all that.

"It sounds nice," Nell admitted.

"Nice!" Dot cried. "It's wonderful! I was positively thrilled when I heard Mrs. Perkins Poth explain it. And it works so beautifully. Harry and I have never quarrelled about our home finances, of course, but Mrs. Perkins Poth pointed out that that was because we were so newly married, but we would have quarrelled before long. Mrs. Perkins Poth pointed that out. It's the constant increase of costs of things. Husbands and wives who never quarrelled before are going to now, if they don't budge. But if you budge you don't quarrel, do you, Ella?"

"No," said Ella, "and her book makes it all so easy. Of course, we did have a little trouble living up to the sickness budget—"

"Did Joe quarrel about it?" Dot asked.

"Well, not to amount to anything," Ella said. "The only trouble was that the budget book sets aside so much for sickness and doctors, and Joe and

I am so healthy. It's shameful, but we are. And it did seem so ridiculous to have the doctor in when we were so well, and Joe just would not admit that a manicurist was a doctor. You believe a manicurist is a doctor, don't you, Dot? You'd better have Harry admit it immediately; it will save trouble. I just could not convince Joe that a manicurist is really only a finger-nail doctor. We almost had a spat about it and we were both rather coolish until he brought home Cubbins."

"Cubbins?"

"Our dog, Dot. Joe had the greatest luck in finding a really sick dog — mange, you know, and distemper. It was such a relief to have such a sick dog."

"My goodness! Why?" Nell asked.

"It gave us a chance to call in a veterinarian," Ella explained. "It was the only way we could spend what the budget book set aside for 'Care of Health'. If a person is going to budge, Nell, she must budge faithfully and honestly and according to the book. We promised, when we bought our books—"

"The budget books?"

"Yes, the Mrs. Perkins Poth Budget Books. She sold us books, after the lecture, just as she did here. Just too dear, Nell, and only three-fifty each, with places for everything. Here, look at this one of Dot's. Isn't it fascinating? See, even the \$3.50 is printed in the right place, under 'General Miscellaneous Expenses Not Otherwise Accounted For.' That just shows how thorough Mrs. Perkins Poth is, and how she has thought of every least little thing. She knows we can't budge properly without her book, and she knows the book costs \$3.50, so there it is, printed in italics in the right place—'1 copy The Mrs. Perkins Poth Home Budget Record\$3.50.' Do you know, Dot, I thought of you when I bought mine? I wished I had known of it when you were married; it would have made a lot nicer present than that bread plate."

"I loved the bread plate," said Dot faithfully, although she had received eight bread plates.

"Yes, but you'll be wild about your budge book when you get to using it," said Ella. "The tables in it! Just see the pages and pages of them. 'Table 69—Percentage of Average Total Family Income Spent on Amusement—Husband, Wife and Seven Children.' And then, 'Table 70—Percentage of Average Total Family Income Spent on Amusement—Husband, Wife and Eight Children'; see, 'Movies, once a week; Opera, once every three years; Circus, father and four children, annually.' It's wonderful to study it, Dot. She has foreseen every contingency. When you get ready to budge, Nell, you study all the tables first, and then choose the budge that fits you. You wouldn't, for instance, use right away the one that is Table 53—'Percentage of Average Total Family Income Spent on Amusement—Husband, Wife, Three Children, One Grandmother, Two Cats and One Canary.' You haven't any children, you see."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed the little fiancée, but she added hopefully; "But I have a Grandmother and I could get a couple of cats and a canary."

"Yes, but that's not the right way to budge," Ella explained. "It is best to go through the book until you find the budge that fits you. Yours would be 'Table 62—Percentage of Average Total Family Income Spent on Amusement—Husband and Wife Only.' And then, later, you could shift to 'Table 63—Percentage of Annual Total Family Income Spent on Amusement—Husband, Wife and—'"

"Yes, I understand," said Nell hastily.

"Yes," agreed Ella, "it is wonderful what that woman has thought of. There isn't a thing you have to spend money for that she has not thought of and made a place for. Take twins; when you come to the table 'Percentage of Average Total Family Income Spent on Care, Sustenance and Comfort of Infants—Husband, Wife and Two Children' and you find the item 'Estimated Annual Proportion of Cost of Baby Carriages' there is a note 'in case the infants are twins the annual amount estimated for baby carriage should be figured as two-thirds of above figure, two twins being able to use one double baby carriage.' And funerals. Here's a note that

says 'Funerals and General Burial and Tombstone Expenditures are not included in the Yearly Budget as they are not apt to be of annual occurrence; their cost should be provided for by Life Insurance, and the Premiums paid to the Insurance Company entered under Savings and Thrift, Tables 234 to 278.'"

"How horrid!" Dot exclaimed. "I'm never going to let Harry insure himself, because I never, never, never want him to die."

"But he doesn't have to die just because he is insured, you goose!" said Ella. "I certainly don't



"Suit?" he cried, "New suit? But you don't need a suit, you've oceans of clothes."

want Joe to die; I'd never in the world get my budge columns added correctly if he did."

"I can't add very well," Dot said, "does that make any difference?"

"Oh, I get along well enough unless there are too many nines and sevens," Ella told her. "Nines and sevens do unconcentrate one's mind so! Somehow, when I come to nines and sevens my mind just stops adding and begins to think of hats I've seen or what to have for dinner, and that makes it simply maddening because I get ten different totals out of ten additions of the same lot of figures. I do wish everything cost an even dollar! Ones and ciphers are so lovely to add. I call them 'The Tired Housewife's Joy.' It's cruel, after a hard afternoon at the Club, to have to see a lot of nines and sevens staring you in the face. I've found it so much simpler to weep."

"Weep?" cried Nell.

"Yes; when my columns won't add right I sit and look at them and think of how someone snubbed me, or something, and the tears come into my eyes, and then Joe says, 'Well! can't the dear precious get her figures right?' and he adds them for me."

DOT dropped Nell at her home and Ella at the Tullington's and then drove to her mother's house. She had been married such a short while that she still managed to see her mother once every day at least. Dot's mother was a charming little woman—when she wanted to be—and Dot was in many ways a second edition of her. Like most small women Mrs. Carter was trim and neat; she was erect and carried her head well; she had snapping black eyes and a petulant mouth.

Dot's mouth was a deliciously pouting cupid's bow but Mrs. Carter's mouth was somewhat too petulant. Those who said Dot's mother either got what she wanted or would not have anything were about right. If I were to say she was a little wilful you might strike out the words "a little" and do her no injustice. As Mrs. Tullington remarked, after slang became so smart, "Kate Carter has her husband buffaloed to a finish." "Yes, we all know she can be a cat when she wants to be," Mrs. Hendry had agreed. Dot was like a little brown kitten, but kittens, when sufficiently provoked, can scratch—and they do become full-grown felines, give them time.

Mr. Carter was a bag-of-pudding sort of man, bald and easy-going, forever laughing and lending ten dollars he would never see again, and his wife sincerely believed unless she went into a tantrum now and then and won a too costly hat or coat from him she would soon find he had no money to buy second-

"Begin right: use Mrs. Perkins Poth's book, and insist that Harry uses it."



hand rags for her back. She may have been right, Mr. Carter was so amazingly good natured that if his wife had not occasionally stood up for her rights by lying flat on the floor and screaming in mock hysterics he might have become as morally and financially shapeless as a tallow candle left too long on a warm stove.

"What Ella Ransome says is absolutely right, Dot," Mrs. Carter said, when Dot had shown her Mrs. Perkins Poth's budget book and had told her of the lecture. "I would budge, too, but you know your father! It's a feast of ready money one month and a famine the next in the real estate business, and one never knows whether the 'Average Annual Income' is going to be twenty thousand dollars or twenty thousand cents. He might as well be an author, his income is so miserably irregular. I have to get what I can get when I can get it, and it is too late now to drive your father into a business that will let me budge. I'm lucky he's in any business whatever. But, Dot, don't go through what I've gone through! Begin right; use Mrs. Perkins Poth's book, and insist that Harry uses it."

"I've signed a pledge to use it," said Dot.

"That's right. It is just as Mrs. Perkins Poth told you—not to budge is to commit economic suicide. It's worse! If you don't budge you'll find your husband—even if he is 'dear Harry' now—will get to expecting you to accept a hit-or-miss way of spending, and in the long run you'll discover he gets the hits and you'll have to put up with the missings. If you want to be happy, Dot, you begin the budge the moment you open your house door this afternoon—and then insist."

"I'm going to," Dot said, then added, "if Harry don't mind."

"If you have any sense," said Mrs. Carter, "you won't pay the least attention to Harry's minding or not minding."

"But he's such a dear, mother."

"So was your father," said Mrs. Carter, "and he would be still if I had taken him in hand soon enough."

ON the way to her own little home Dot thought over what her mother had said and what Ella Ransome had said and what Mrs. Perkins Poth had said. She must budge, not a doubt of it! She was pledged, for one thing, and Mrs. Perkins Poth was right. She had said "Decide to budge by my budget system. Decide now, and never let yourself vary one cent. Therein, and therein only, lies the economic safety of the modern home. Budge and be happy; do otherwise and disaster and wreck are sure, for this is the day of complex life, of card systems, of adding machines, of cash registers."

Considering the matter carefully Dot decided to begin to budge on the first of the month. This because the Poth budget book had a page for each month, with a line for each day, and there was really no sense in beginning on the ninth and trying to figure what nine thirty-firsts of everything came to. And the hurried wedding of Nell, who was going to be married on the twentieth because of her fiancé had to take the train on the twenty-first or

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The "Prisoner" of the White House

By
Ignatius
Phayre

Photographs by
Underwood &
Underwood

"IT IS a terrible tax upon the most robust of men to be President of the United States". So said to me the late Woodrow Wilson's doctor, Admiral Cary Grayson. Add to this the dictum of General Charles M. Sawyer, private physician to both Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge: "The duties of our Chief Executive"—he once told me in the Cosmos Club in Washington—are so exacting and continuous, that he has no privacy at all, nor a single moment he can really call his own."

I wish I had space to set out the President's incredible day. It is as though Britain's Prime Minister had no Cabinet at all, but "managed" the entire world-empire with his own head and hand, including all the Court and State functions that fall to the King-Emperor in Buckingham Palace.

America's Chief must needs bring supermanhood to a task that would wear out even one of the Westinghouse Company's new steel "robots"! Taft found the White House strain unbearable. That giant, Theodore Roosevelt, used to hire wrestlers and pugilists to keep him in trim; yet even his nerves went to bits at last. Wilson collapsed. Mr. Coolidge was determined "not to run in 1928"; he will one day speak his mind over the cruel burden which the old traditions of a smaller and simpler America have imposed upon what he rightly terms today: "The most important position in the world."

The "Prisoner of the Vatican" has been a classic figure since 1871. But the Sovereign Pontiff is free as air when compared with America's President. For apart from the never-ending grind of reading, signing, telephoning and cabling; interviewing, entertaining, smiling, hand-shaking, conceding and declining; travelling, public speaking, dictating, reconciling, arguing and battling, advising and initiating—apart from all this and more at all hours, night and day—the harassed Chief Executive is forever haunted by his Secret Service "shadowers". There is no escape from these.

They walk with him, talk with him, follow his steps, sit in his car, go with him to golf or the shops or the bank and the theatre. When he is worn out, they go along to "rest" with him. And when, often numb with fatigue of soul and body, he goes to bed in the small hours—a tireless



The White House



President Hoover

policeman without uniform, but with a loaded gun, slumbers with one eye open and a whole devoted mind upon the Chief's doorstep.

These ghosts he cannot get rid of. For an Act of Congress passed in 1901—after the assassination of President McKinley at a public reception in Buffalo—solemnly charged the Secret Service with the safe keeping of the sorely-tried Executive's person. And McKinley was the third President to be murdered in cold blood during

his term of this high office. The heroic Lincoln was shot in Ford's theatre, and General Garfield in the railway station at Washington; the assassin in his case being a man who had been refused an official job.

INSTITUTED in 1865 as a force against counterfeit money-printers, the Secret Service was legally charged with the President's welfare in 1901. Is the President to speak in Chicago? His advance-agent goes there first, to confer with the Reception Committee. This is Colonel E. W. Starling, a Kentuckian of uncanny gifts. He goes over the programme, and outlines all precautions. He sees the Chief of Police, too, and arranges with him. And if the President is to stay in a hotel, the manager must now explain his plans, and show the suite of rooms he has prepared. There must also be a private lift, an exclusive cook, a personal waiter and chambermaid. All these are interviewed and instructed. Finally, if there is an outside fire-escape to the Presidential suite, Secret Service men must be posted outside on it—even though a cyclone be blowing, or a blizzard of snow at all but zero temperature!

In the special train with the Chief, his Cabinet officers and other persons of rank may travel. But the Vice-President is never allowed in that train, for fear of a fatal wreck. And the "Vice", as we all know, is "heir-apparent" to the White House throne. Both Roosevelt and Coolidge "succeeded" on a President's death during his term of office. A pilot-train roars ahead of the fateful special by a full half hour. And behind it, all is kept clear for yet another half hour, by telegraphic instructions of martial severity.

Political cranks, petitioners and "grievanceers"; job-hunters, maniacs, photographers

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Follow your nose to a BARGAIN



WHAT, smell a bargain?

Certainly!—for Fels-Naptha's clean naptha odor says plainer than words, "Here is *extra* help"...and of course you know that the real bargain in laundry soap is not how many bars, but *how much help* you get for your money.

That's what makes Fels-Naptha such a find!—because it gives you the *extra* help of two effective cleaners instead of one. Not "just soap," but *good golden* soap, and plenty of naptha, the safe, gentle dirt-loosener used by dry cleaners.

So, when you wash with Fels-Naptha you get the *extra* help of these two active cleaners working together. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt-remover, joining hands to bring you

clean, sweet-smelling, home-washed clothes without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is gentle both to clothes and to hands. Use it in machine or tub—in hot, cool or lukewarm water; or for soaking or boiling your clothes, if you wish. Use it for household cleaning, too. But, *use* it—and discover for yourself the *extra* help it gives—the *extra* help that makes Fels-Naptha a real bargain in value!

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Order it from him today—by the bar or in the ten-bar carton so many women find convenient. Fels & Company, Philadelphia.



**SMELL THE CLEAN
NAPTHA ODOR**



"Miss Joycie, whatever is the trouble, tell Abbie please"

The Green Satin Hat

By Freda Graham Bundy

Author of "The Littlest One,"
"Reincarnation of Evangeline," Etc.

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

ABBIE slopped the grey floor-cloth up and down in the even greyer water and after vigorously rubbing the discolored lump of soap over it a few times, slapped it down upon the worn oil-cloth with such force that little streams of grey water ran in every direction and required her utmost alertness to prevent them from running in under the "parlor" door and being absorbed by the worn, red carpet.

"Fifteen dollars ain't enough," she ejaculated, "I oughta be gettin' twenty and board anyways, but she thinks I'm queer and don't need nothin' 'ceptin' just enough to cover me."

Her soliloquy was interrupted for a moment as the doorway was darkened by a tall form and a deep voice boomed: "Say, Abbie, how do you expect anyone to get across that sea of water?"

"Step across!" retorted Abbie, curtly, "your legs is long enough."

Sitting back upon the heels of her worn slippers, she derisively watched Mrs. Manders' star boarder execute a flying leap from the front door-sill to the first tread of the stairs.

Once more, Abbie dragged the grimy, black rag back and forth over the floor-covering until a semblance of a pattern appeared and she had reached the sill of the front entrance.

"I'm goin' to ask her for twenty this very day," she muttered to herself as she vigorously scrubbed the muddy tread, in fact, so vigorously, that the cloth slipped and her hand, running over the rough board was filled with tiny slivers.

"There! I knowed this was my off day," she cried, holding her paining hand, "I knowed it as soon as I seen them seissors pointin' at me."

"What is the trouble?"

Abbie glanced hastily up and reddened with confusion. "Oh, nothin' Mr. Peters, nothin' at all, jist a sliver—wait till I wipe the step off fer you," and despite her sore hand, Abbie rubbed the sill dry and proudly remarked: "There now, Mr. Peters, a nice clean floor fer you to walk over—don't be askeerd to tramp on it."

Dangling one red hand aimlessly in the pail of dirty water, Abbie watched the grey-coated figure as it ascended the stairs. A light of reverence akin to adoration lighted up the thin, sallow face and the flat, flannel-clad bosom fell even flatter as she sighed heavily.

"Sich a nice, fine young man, the only one that calls me Miss, and he has no signs of a lady-friend."

"Abbie! haven't you finished that hall yet—seems to take you an awful time. Dreaming again I suppose. The potatoes and turnips are ready to mash."

The busy hour of meal-time in a boarding house, left Abbie no time even to extract the offending slivers from her hand. As she scooped up the conglomerate refuse from the greasy sink she eyed her employer speculatively.

"Miz Collins," she began anxiously, "could you see yer way clear to payin' me twenty a month?"

"Twenty a month! Well, I should say not! This boarding house just about makes ends meet as it is. You're gettin' all you're worth."

Abbie took the rebuff silently, for her powers of expression were almost nil. She finished scouring the sink, hung the evil-smelling "sink-cloth" in the little, dark closet beneath, wiped off the greasy stove, brushed up the crumb-laden floor and after washing her face and hands, mounted the back stairs to the bedroom on the third floor.

It was a very small room, this bedroom, with discolored, sloping walls and tiny diamond-shaped window, but it spelled complete privacy to Abbie and she loved it for this reason.

After doctoring her hand, she opened the drawer of the decrepit dresser and drew forth an old cigar-box, that contained an assortment of money. Laboriously, Abbie counted it over—three dollars and sixty cents and the green hat with the soft, curly feather was marked at eight dollars. In the prime of its glory it had been boasting a tag of twelve, but the season was advancing, hence the reduction.

Abbie had hoped so much for the increase of five dollars to her monthly wage and having failed in this she could think of no way to enlarge her income.

The coveted hat sat gracefully on a "bodyless" form in the window of the "Bonnett Shoppe," and had held

the attention of Abbie Wilkins for a good twenty minutes of her last "afternoon off." It was a hat such as Abbie had dreamed of wearing some day—a dream hat that accompanied all the dream dresses and coats that she used to visualize as she lay every night on her little iron bed in the Children's Shelter. This had been ten years ago, but never

in all those ten years had there been enough left after buying cotton stockings, stout shoes, a cheap dress or the various needs, that each month seemed to call forth; to squander eight dollars on anything as luxurious as a satin hat.

However, it seemed that during the last two months Abbie had a surplus in her budget and this had been the inspiration of possessing the hat. Ruefully, she slid the box back into the dresser drawer, kicked off the worn slippers, slid the grey flannel dress up over her thin shoulders and prepared to enjoy a half-hour's rest. As she stretched her feet down over the coarse, dark blanket, a sudden thought seeped through her laggard mind.

Off the bed she got and disappeared on her stomach, far underneath and finally emerged, dragging a heavy cardboard box after her. Lifting the cover, she took out a bundle wrapped in clean, unbleached cotton and as she unwrapped it she crooned tenderly: "There, there, I come pretty near forgettin' you, so taken up was I with that new hat, but don't you mind, dear, I love you best—'ceptin'—" and her voice sank to a whisper—" 'ceptin' maybe Mr. Peters—and he don't know it."

As the final fold of cloth fell away, a baby doll with life-like head and face was disclosed. Tenderly, she folded it against her thin chest and passionately kissed its round, bisque head. "You dear little thing," she murmured, "you're the only one I've got to love and there ain't nobody goin' to know that you sleep with me every night, ner that I make clothes fer you and pretend you was my really baby."

AS THE kitchen clock struck four-thirty, Abbie was descending the back stairs and reached the bottom step in time to hear Mrs. Manders remark: "Yes, she's a good, hard worker and a splendid cook, but heavens! she's as crazy as a bat; not exactly crazy, but awful queer."

Abbie's hand was on the door-latch, but she hesitated—"crazy as a bat"—yes, she knew that she was

Lady Violet Astor



Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.



Lady Violet Astor is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in England. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

LOVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and a lady of mercy whose good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is

yet a woman of definite convictions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams! They keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected. And now the Freshener—refreshing as spring rain on the cheeks

—and filmy Tissues for removing the Cream—all four of them are practical—delightful—effectual."

THIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward, outward strokes.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

The finishing touch—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day, and always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissue.



Lady Violet in formal English habit leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.



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queer, or different from other folks, but she knew of no good reason why. Was it because she had been brought up in a Shelter?"

"Praps," she murmured to herself, "it's because I never had no father."

She heard Mrs. Manders continue: "I don't know why she wants her Thursday afternoon off; she never does anything; sometimes she sits up in her room the whole afternoon and evening."

Behind the door, Abbie smiled to herself—little did Mrs. Manders know of the happy times that she had on her "afternoon off." The new game that she had discovered after one of the boarders had taken a picture of her was a thing to give enjoyment at all times, the game of repeatedly dressing the picture up with all the lovely hats, coats and dresses cut from an old catalogue. The fascination of watching her "picture face" rise above a rose evening gown or peep over the fur collar of a costly coat would keep Abbie occupied for hours and of course, there was her lovely baby doll, Kenneth—Kenneth was Mr. Peters' first name—she could spend hours sewing for it and on the last "afternoon off" she had discovered the wonderful green, satin hat.

Fortune favored Abbie and during the next week she made three deposits in her bank. Three of the male boarders had asked her to press their suits and had rewarded her with a dollar each.

The flame of hope was kindled once more and Abbie made another trip to the window of "The Bonnett Shoppe," there to try and visualize her thin, little face under the brim of the green, satin hat. The monthly fifteen dollars would be spent in purchasing a green flannel dress, black slippers, cashmere stockings and a pair of cotton gloves. Never before had Abbie aspired to such finery, but never before had she longed for the admiration or even attention of anyone as she yearned for the casual glance from Mr. Peters. Surely all the new wearing apparel, set off by the green satin hat, could not fail to bring her to his notice.

On the other hand, Kenneth Peters was quite oblivious to the fact that his room was given a little extra care each day—the pillow slips and sheets were the ones without the patches, the water pitcher and basin boasted an amazing pattern of blue roses and were without a crack; he did, however, notice that quite often his dresser bore a glass of fresh flowers, but took for granted that every dresser in the house flaunted the same. He also noticed that his waste-basket was emptied every day, yet was ignorant of the fact that a discarded silk tie, a full memorandum book, a broken silver pencil and many other cast-offs were hoarded as treasures in the cardboard box far under the bed in the third-storey bedroom.

"Miss Rogers!" said Abbie, stopping one of the three school-teacher boarders one morning, "ain't you and the other girls got any of yer silk underwears I could wash and press fer you; I'd do them fer fifty cents a week fer each of you. I can do 'em real good, and I'll mend, if they need it."

"Well, Abbie, that is a wonderful idea; I should say that you may do them and I know that the other girls will be only too glad to be rid of the bother of doing them on Saturdays."

Thus, all in a minute, the fate of the green satin hat was sealed; soon she would have enough to buy the beautiful thing—that is, and the thought sickened her—if no one else had bought it before her.

Poor Abbie; in all her twenty-three years she had had very little to look forward to, and now a new life seemed to open up. She sang about her work in a weird minor key that finally brought an admonition from Mrs. Manders.

"Abbie, for any sake, stop that awful noise; it is a cross between a Russian chant and a funeral march; it gives me the creeps."

"All right, Miz Manders, do you mind if I whistle?"

"Well, if you must make a racket, I guess you had better whistle; you'll get out of breath quicker that way."

"Miz Manders, was you ever so happy that you thought you'd bust?"

The woman eyed the young girl sharply and cried: "What on earth ails you, Abbie? Whatever have you got to make you happy?"

"Oh, lots of things. Just lovin' anybody is grand, ain't it? Don't you suppose, Miz Manders, that if you loved a person a heap, that after a while they would jist have to love you back?"

"Abbie Wilkins! You are not struck on some fellow are you? I suppose it would be just my luck to have you up and leave me just when you are of so much use to me."

"No, Miz Manders, you don't need to be askeerd that I'll leave. Wild horses can't take me away from here, not less some of your boarders move." With a knowing nod Abbie continued scraping out the slimy porridge-pot and accompanied her work with a wheezy whistle.



At the sight of him Abbie nearly dropped the plate, and her heart thumped like a trip hammer.

IF ABBIE'S cup of happiness had been full, earlier in the day, it certainly ran over in the evening. Supper was over, Mrs. Manders had gone out car-riding with a friend and Abbie was alone in the kitchen scraping and stacking the dishes, preparatory to washing them. As she stood by the coal-scuttle, noisily cleaning the meat scraps from the plates, the swinging door came back allowing Kenneth Peters to enter the kitchen. At the sight of him, Abbie nearly dropped the plate and her heart thumped like a trip hammer.

"Good evening, Miss Wilkins. I have just come to thank you for being so thoughtful of me these last two months. I had no idea that I was the only one that had a warm brick at the bottom of the bed every night; I thought that that was just a little kindness of Mrs. Manders to all her roomers, but accidentally I found out that I am the favored one and I believe that you are the one that I must thank."

"That ain't nothin', Mr. Peters; Miz Manders don't know I done it; I used to put the brick in the oven

after I washed up the dishes and any time I knew you was out in the evenin' and would be cold, I jist slid it into yer bed. You looked so peaked when you came back after Christmas and you coughed so, I took to doin' it then. 'Taint worth thankin' me fer, Mr. Peters, and anyhow I aint used to bein' thanked."

"Well," said Kenneth Peters, "just to show you how much I appreciate it, here is a little gift," and he drew forth from his coat pocket a box of chocolates, and handed it to the confused Abbie.

After the door had swung to behind him, Abbie stood still, transfixed, holding the box before her. Suddenly she hugged it to her cheek and cried softly to herself. "Oh, ain't it jist grand! He give me a really truly present. Tomorrow afternoon I'm goin' down and git that hat for sure and the dress and things, he ain't goin' to be ashamed of me if he asks me to go out."

She could hardly wait to finish washing the dishes, so eager was she to gain the privacy of her room. As she passed by one of the rooms on the second floor she heard the sound of muffled sobbing. She stopped in amazement as she located it, for it came from the room of Joyce Palmer, the gay, happy little stenographer who always kept the boarders in gales of laughter with her witty remarks.

Without stopping to knock, she softly opened the door and entered. A small, disheveled figure lay face down on the bed, stifling heart-rending sobs in the pillow. Abbie's child-mind was immediately touched and kneeling, she put her arm about the shaking form.

"Miss Joycie, whatever is the trouble; tell Abbie, please."

The girl on the bed raised a swollen, tear-stained face and cried: "Oh, Abbie, I'm glad it's you and no one else. I'm in terrible trouble; oh, I wish I could die!" and sobbing anew, she threw herself down on the bed once more.

Abbie was terrified; she could imagine no reason why a young girl as pretty and lively as Joyce should ever be unhappy, let alone wish such a terrible thing as to die. She had beautiful clothes, many admirers, and a good position. Gathering the girl into her arms she held her close, begging her to explain.

"Oh, Abbie, I'll have to tell you; I have kept it to myself so long and oh, I feel sick and so afraid. I am nearly crazy trying to think of what to do. I'm in trouble—I can't hide it much longer."

Abbie's eyes opened in wide amazement. "You don't mean, Miss Joycie—you ain't—you ain't goin' to have—?" She stopped in confusion it seemed too impossible to utter.

"Yes, that's it, Abbie," replied Joyce, miserably, "and what in the world am I going to do; it would kill my mother to know."

Abbie was stunned. Never before had she been brought face-to-face with a problem as serious as this and she was depressed at the responsibility of solving it.

"Could you go to the city?" she asked. "Nobody would know you there."

"I have thought of that," said Joyce, becoming calmer. "I could go to a charity hospital there and put the baby in a Shelter afterwards, while I got work, but Abbie, I haven't enough money. I can pay my board-bill up to date, but I haven't got enough to take me to the city; the train fare would be about fifteen dollars."

Abbie listened in amazement. "Why, I always thought as how you had lots of money, your things is all so nice."

"Yes," cried Joyce tearfully, "that is why I have no money. I spent it all on clothes and having a good time. Good clothes don't bring happiness. Abbie, do think of something. I could never go to anyone for a loan."

"When would you have to go?" queried Abbie.

"I'd go tonight if I could get the money. I resigned my job this afternoon, because I felt that they were all looking at me and if I don't get away from here soon, I'll do something desperate."

Abbie felt the awful reality of the girl's words and yet she tried to shut out from her mind the thoughts that were crowding there. Thoughts that caused her to turn faint with the fear that they might dominate her actions.

"Jist a minute, Miss Joycie; I'll be back in a few

Continued on page 52



Perhaps the biggest fact in the motor car business today is the startling difference revealed by stepping into a Fisher Body car , , and then into any other

No specialist or expert or salesman is needed to point out Fisher Body superiority—the greater richness and beauty and quality stand out so sharply and convincingly that all argument is ended.

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you get for the purchase price.

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car is worth several hundred dollars more. ¶ Keep this contrast—these points of superiority—in mind. Consider the many hours you spend in your car and how much of your ease and comfort and satisfaction and pride depends upon the body of your car—and you can come to only one conclusion.

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GENERAL MOTORS
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CHEVROLET

Western Game Protection

By C. A. Hayden

Photographs by Courtesy of W. J. Oliver and Donald Gillingham

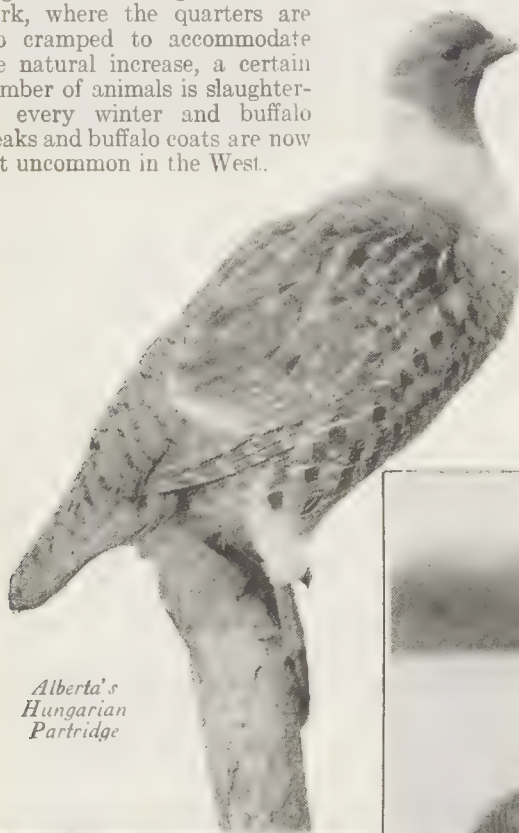
WHEN Sir Cecil Denny, Bart., one of the commissioned officers of the Royal North West Mounted Police, 55 years ago, first viewed the wide, level valley where the business section of Calgary now raises its serrated sky line, the plain was a moving mass of buffaloes.

"So far as I could see," said Sir Cecil, a short time before his recent death in Edmonton, "the hills and valleys were black with buffaloes."

That was in 1874, and what was said about numbers of the buffaloes at that time might with equal truth have been said about the antelopes, the sharp-tailed prairie chicken, the ruffed grouse and the wild waterfowl.

As the pioneer and his plow cut their way westward, this wild life disappeared. It was crowded out, almost as much by civilization itself as by rifle and shotgun.

Actually the buffaloes were exterminated and the fact that Canada now has between 20,000 and 25,000 of these noble animals is due to the sagacity of the Federal Government of twenty years ago, which bought the Pablo herd in Montana and thus assured the permanent existence of this species. Not only in the great park at Wainwright, but far to the north, in the Fort Smith territory, these buffaloes are flourishing. In Alberta's hinterland they have been released on the range frequented by the big wood buffalo and government reports reveal that both types are getting along splendidly, that they are strong and healthy and that the natural increase is large. At Wainwright National Park, where the quarters are too cramped to accommodate the natural increase, a certain number of animals is slaughtered every winter and buffalo steaks and buffalo coats are now not uncommon in the West.



Alberta's
Hungarian
Partridge



The Canadian Goose
at close range



Alberta's New Game Bird—
The Chinese, beautifully marked, Ring Necked Pheasant

So with the antelope. These graceful creatures were doomed to extinction when the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company took measures to prevent this calamity. Hence the antelopes may be seen today in large flocks on their preserves in Southern Alberta.

But it was not with the buffaloes nor with the antelopes that this article was to deal primarily.

It was with the general game conditions in Alberta, Eastern British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba—with the creative plans, under way now, proposed or potential, in respect of restoring the game situation to somewhat of its former value and attraction.

A little bit of the West's game life history is therefore necessary in order that the urgent needs may be more thoroughly understood.

In the first place, it will be agreed that game life, which includes big game, waterfowl and upland game birds, is one of the most valuable natural assets which a country may possess. It is valuable from the point of view of the residents, and it is valuable from the point of view of tourists and sportsmen. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon this factor.

It has also been demonstrated that game life can be restored where natural conditions are favorable—as instance the thickly populated state of Pennsylvania, which a few years ago was denuded of its game, but which today is literally a sportsman's paradise.

So with the Western Provinces of Canada. Once they were almost unbelievably rich in game—today several species have almost vanished and ultimately will possibly vanish entirely. Other species can be retained and their numbers increased and new species

cameras, with field glasses and with the naked eyes. And what is more beautiful than wild life along the highways in our national parks?

Let us examine what has been done and discover what can be done. Twenty-two years ago, a small group of Calgary sportsmen, viewing with alarm the

disappearance of the prairie chicken (sharp-tailed grouse) and ruffed grouse (bush partridge), raised funds among themselves and imported several hundred Hungarian partridge (European grey partridge). These birds were set out mainly in Calgary district.

Today the progeny of these birds are to be found in Montana to the south, Lake Athabasca to the north, British Columbia to the west and Manitoba to the east.

There is no known parallel to the success of this stocking effort, and not only have the Hungarian partridge spread over so tremendous an area, but they have grown bigger and stronger than the stock from which they sprang. During the fall of 1928, a number of the "Huns" were weighed, and they averaged almost two ounces each

above unusually large birds of the same species, weighed on English estates.

Undoubtedly the Hungarian partridge have found Western Canada to their liking and so hardy are they, so well able to look after themselves, so fast on the getaway and such good parents that they will continue to multiply, and eventually they will be the great upland game-bird of the Prairies.

They have many virtues. They are the farmer's friend, to begin with, for they live almost exclusively on weed seeds and they love to lurk about the farm buildings. They are companionable, if not disturbed, and they are lovely in appearance.

Both male and female are the most devoted of parents, and they raise large broods, as many as twenty-four being found in a single nest.

For hunters who use dogs and who get as much pleasure through seeing their setters or pointers work as through the actual shooting, the Huns are almost without equals and fortunately, too, for these birds, they are very snappy when flushing. Hence bags are not heavy with the average sportsman and extermination at man's hands is not to be feared.

Where the Hungarian partridge have not been stocked in Western Canada, sportsmen should lose no time in getting a few and setting them out. They will thrive from the outset.

Their greatest enemies—and also the enemies of the other game birds—are the crows, magpies, great horned owls, great white owls, falcons, certain hawks and coyotes. The crows and magpies do their damage in the nesting season. The owls mentioned and the falcons raid the coveys during the winter. In the last two winters, when rabbits have been scarce in the north, these owls and the falcons have come far south to forage and they have inflicted heavy damage. This winter further depredations by these birds of prey have been reported and, when advised, the Alberta Government has issued permits to shoot them. The British Columbia Government is considering bounties on the owls because of the damage they do among the grouse.

However, even with all their natural enemies, the Hungarian partridge will flourish and, as noted, there is no finer game bird in the world.

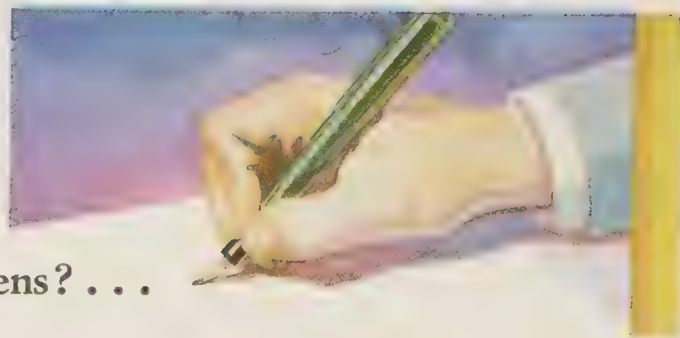
Alberta is especially fortunate in possessing this new species, but even so, her sportsmen are not running risks of deterioration by inbreeding, although this is not in evidence so far, and hence are arranging for new blood.

Nor are they content with this one experiment. Last summer, the Calgary Fish and Game Association, the pioneers in the stocking enterprises, raised funds by popular subscription and set out 1,800 ring-necked (Chinese) pheasants in selected districts adjacent to the city. They also interested other fish and game associations throughout Alberta and altogether nearly another 1,000 pheasants were liberated at various points. Some of these were imported live birds and some birds hatched in Alberta. The Provincial

Continued on page 54

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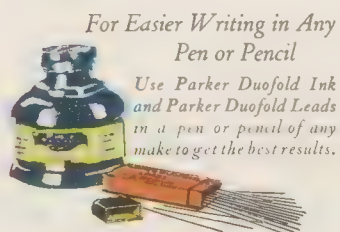
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Add jelly to your Puffed Rice and half-and-half for a delicious breakfast change.

Amazingly Rich Nourishment *is concealed in these delicious grains*

Dieticians find these fairy grains offer virtually the same food value as hot cereal—yet children love them because they're "so especially good to eat."

HERE'S welcome news for people who think that cereals, to be nourishing, must be dull and heavy. These crisply delicious Quaker Puffed Grains, which make breakfast so attractive, have all the rich nutrition you get from heavier foods. In fact, investigations show them comparable in energy value to hot cooked cereals.

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His mother worried when Richard Murphy wouldn't eat his cereal. Finally she tempted him with Puffed Rice, and now it's the mainstay of his breakfast. "He is improving wonderfully, physically," she writes.

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opening every cell, releasing rich stores of protein and carbohydrate. Thus Puffed Grains become the most completely digestible and nourishing of cereals.

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Always keep a supply of Puffed Grains on your pantry shelf. Serve them with whole milk; with your favorite fresh fruit. Or crisp them in butter like popcorn. You will find these zestful morsels always delicious. At all grocers'.



A Fool's Paradise

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by
W. F. Irwin

WHEN, returning from ptarmigan shooting, the party of sportsmen went through the ice of the hill loch and two of them were drowned, Ewen McGill, the ghillie, was accused of insobriety which led to the mishap, and of subsequent cowardice which contributed to the loss of life.

"Ye ken, sir," said McGill, addressing the Procurator-fiscal, "if I was drunk it wasna entirely my blame. It was bitter cauld on the hill, and all the gentlemen had their flasks. We needed a dram now and then to keep us going."

This attempt to transfer the blame from himself to those who were the victims of the incident did not improve McGill's position, and at the next question he passed his hand wearily across his forehead as though striving for recollection. Was it a fact that after the breaking of the ice he had, in effect, run away?—made for safety, and never so much as raised a hand to help those who had gone through?

McGill could not rightly mind what had happened after the crash of the ice. It was so unexpected and overshadowing that it left him dazed. Almost daily for some time he had crossed the ice at that same place; he had even taken his pony across when hind shooting, and no man on earth could have foreseen the likelihood of mishap. The treachery of hill lochs was beyond man's understanding, and drunk or sober, he would never have hesitated in crossing there.

"But, had you been sober, would you have acted differently after the ice broke?"

McGill hung his head, then, distinct and fearless, his answer came: "If I had been sober I would have acted differently."

His employer said that the accusation of cowardice was not consistent with McGill's war record, adding that his experience might prove a warning to other ghillies to guard their own sobriety when on duty.

So McGill went his way with his name eternally shadowed in that glen, but the loss of his job was nothing compared with the slur upon his manhood. The laird booked him a passage to Canada, and before McGill left he went to see his Maggie, whom he would have married that summer. He bade her be of good cheer, promising to make a home for her in the new country, then he left the land which a month ago had held such bright promise for him.

From the first McGill had no difficulty in paying his way in the new country, for he was not the man to stay about the vicinity of the paved sidewalks. Six months found him in the far north-west, where he quickly established himself as a hard traveller, a hard drinker, and a hard fighter. Even to the Yukon the story crept that this man had led his party through the ice and deserted them, but those who knew him simply did not believe it. Cowardice was about the last thing of which they would think him guilty, and at all events they did not care. What did it matter anyway?

For McGill, in the glorious prime of his manhood, the bitter pinch of the North meant nothing. This was a man's life in a country for men, and—what did it matter anyway? That was the very keynote which found an easy response in the dare-devil spirit of the man who had drifted thus to the outside edge. Bit by bit he fell into the easy swing of it, bit by bit he thought less of the Old Country, till his memories lost their fragrance, and he chose to recall only the little-ness of the life he had lived along the prescribed boundaries of respectability. Here, among the snows and ice; here, with the long white trail ahead and the deadly cold clutching with crooked fingers ever behind; here, where men's souls were rudely naked to the all-prevailing call: "Mush-hi, mush on!" where only

there was enough land on earth for a man of moderate tastes? What did it matter anyway? What in hell did anything matter when one had the whole earth at one's feet and no one cared two straws?

But there came to McGill the knowledge that the first leaves of autumn were beginning to fall. He had developed a hacking cough, and he found himself no longer able to put the long distance records on the trail which had previously been so easy. The country was not prospering, and money was not so easy to earn. At first he merely cursed his luck, for he had not salvaged much from the general wreckage of the previous years, and he began to learn now what was very bitter learning—that the North is glorious only for those who can uphold her glory. That creeping dry rot which undermines her social fabric feeds on those who fall below the level of the fittest, for the law of the North is the primeval law of the survival of the fittest.

Thereafter McGill drifted from one blind alley occupation to another, and from the dancing halls and drinking hells it was an easy step to the creeks at night-time. He rose to the distinguished reputation of having bootlegged more hootch into the two per cent. area than any man alive, but from the dregs and the dump-heaps of those who did not care, the damp and the cold were getting him down, and next he drifted into hospital.

While there he had time to think, and ever his thoughts veered along a single line. He thought of his own land—of the breeze-swept heather-clothed slopes, of the moist and misty evenings when the deer loomed dimly on the brae, and now and then the crowing of moor-game stabbed the quietude. He heard the tinkle of the burns and smelt again the scent of the pines in the dusk of an August noon. His Maggie—she was married now. She had settled down to her poor humdrum little life away in the shelling, happy, he hoped, in simple things, and with her bright-eyed weans about her. Somehow it brought a great hunger to his soul—no: the hunger to possess, but the hunger for

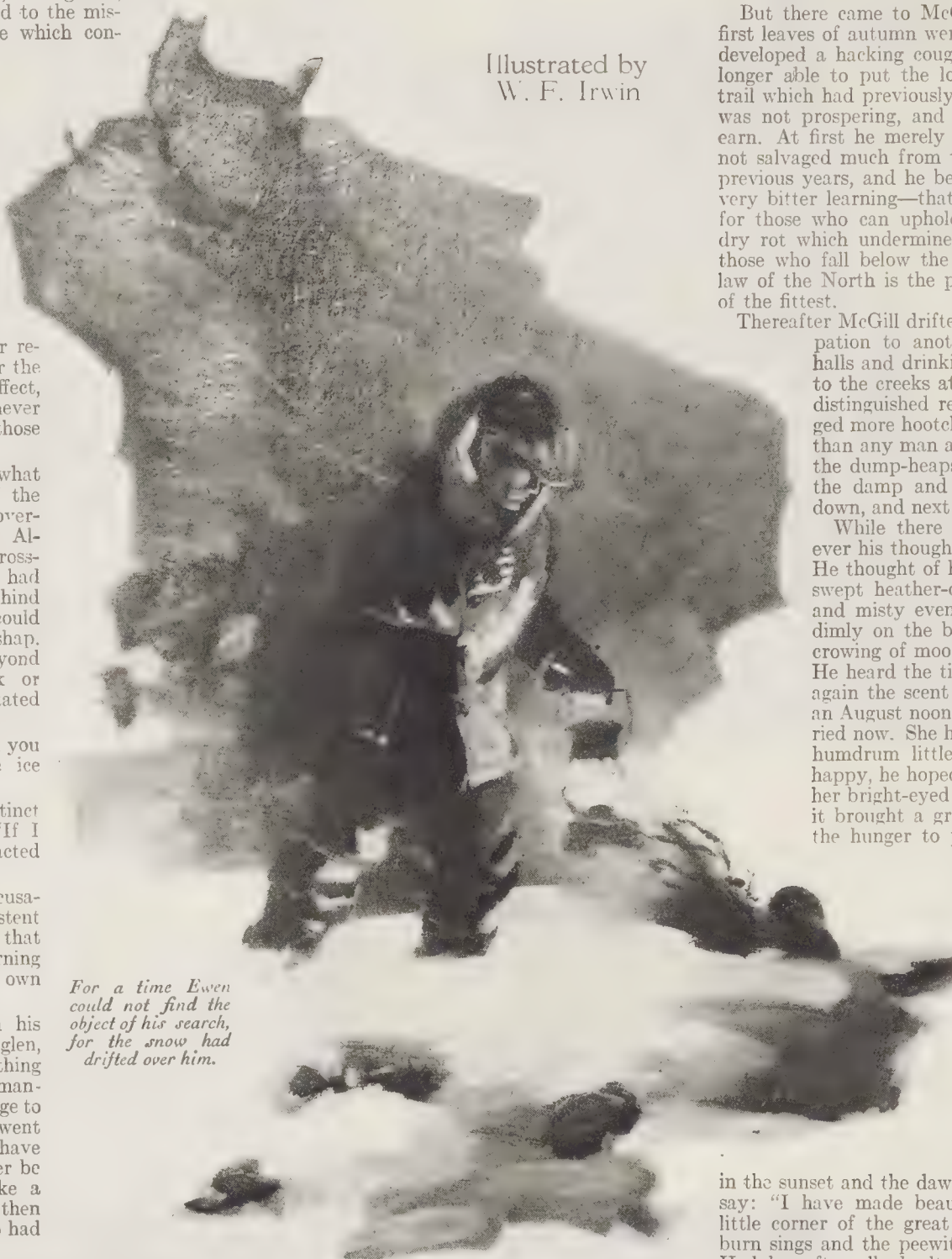
something gone and irrevocably lost. His Maggie—God keep her! for now there came to him the thought—was that life over there so small, so cramped, so crowded with puny things that he, who had seen the greatness of the world, could afford to scoff at it? Was it not life, after all, to live each day in simple measure about the scenes one loved, to perform each day its simple tasks, glad

in the sunset and the dawn, and so turn at length and say: "I have made beautiful and fruitful just this little corner of the great earth, and here, where the burn sings and the peewits call, I will take my rest." Had he, after all, dwelt in a fool's paradise, where, from the white wastes, there rang only the boom of rotten ice, or the rush of mighty waters pouring unharnessed to the sea—a life of hollow echoes, which rose to the heights then down across the timbered slopes, coming and going, growing and fading, but assuredly fading at length in the face of so great and empty a silence?

The yearning grew and grew, and when finally McGill left hospital under a solemn warning from the doctors, he had but one thought left.

IT WAS Hogmanay when he arrived back in his native glen, and he found things had changed a little. It was a welcome change, for people no longer seemed to care as they used to care, and the cause of his departure no longer mattered. Old friends greeted him cordially, and for so long as the glamor of his stories lasted, he was feasted on all sides. There was no need for him to tell them that his face was towards the hill road, and it was probably for this reason that he was granted permission to return to the old, tumble-down shelling where he and his widowed mother had lived in his boyhood. It was only for a little time anyway, they said, and willing hands helped him re-thatch the roof and plaster the crumbling masonry.

Continued on page 106



For a time Ewen could not find the object of his search, for the snow had drifted over him.

manly things were of count, McGill had found a new world and a new understanding.

SO THE home for Maggie did not materialize, and the desire to achieve it slowly died. McGill drifted into the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and would have done well but that he drifted out again. He went east and joined the forest rangers, but, after eight months with the muskeg and the black flies, he returned to civilization, got so roaring, fighting drunk that he nearly broke up an entire city. So that prospect also went west, and McGill went with it. He joined a survey party which experienced ill-luck, but he was one of the survivors. He set up as portage agent, more or less married a young squaw, and that spoilt his chances. After a year he sent her back to her own people, which was the best thing for him and for her, and subsequently he and another Scotsman sank their all in an old, oil-propelled vessel in the hope of trading with the Eskimo. The boat was worth exactly what they gave for her, for it was her last voyage, and having safely conveyed them into the heart of the Arctic, she gave her last shuddering kick. McGill lived the thick end of a year on whale blubber, then, having regained civilization, he decided that



The House of the Ingle

By V. W. Horwood, *Registered Architect*

Written for The Western Home Monthly

IN THE planning of a home the architect should bear in mind the social conditions governing the life of those for whom the building is intended. In the house shown the focus is the Ingle Hall with its tiles and wide boarded hardwood floor; but while this is the nucleus from which the house evolves, yet the disposition and grouping of the various parts are well studied to the smallest domestic details which receive the most careful consideration. The house gives proper facilities for entertaining your friends, while giving privacy. The small corner called the book nook may seem unimportant but all lovers of books know what a delight it is to be able to sit aside and yet not be out of the family group. It is not intended to be a study but just a charming retreat where a loved book can be read.

It is the aim to design a house plan having few passages. In every plan only those halls should be planned which are essential to the service. The main entrance and staircase at the end of the hall with the arched opening into the Ingle Hall form a central architectural feature, the importance of which should be appreciated. The staircase is a combination giving entrance from the kitchen over the landing either to the front hall or up the stairs. I debated for a long time whether to place a door in the partition back of the seat in the Ingle as a service entrance, but in doing this the whole scheme would have been destroyed: that of a secluded pleasant corner where all could gather. The sketch shows an interesting treatment of the Ingle. It is simple, but I think this very simplicity will give pleasure. In its planning rest is one of the chief motives, and any room which will

give us pleasure in a simple contemplation of its arrangement, without any definite and direct exertion of our critical faculties, I should call beautiful. Why we receive pleasure from some arrangements and colors is rather a difficult thing to answer. The utmost subtlety of investigation will only lead us to ultimate

instincts for which no reasons can be given except mayhap our training. The Japanese or Chinese who draw their houses without aid of perspective would call a perspective a distortion, and yet some of the prints of the Japanese are beautiful, if interpreted in the right spirit. In the early days of painting when the Angels and Archangels, Cherubim and Seraphim and all the glorious Hosts of Heaven were the fruitful sources of inspiration to the old painters, the canons of the today painter were more or less outraged, yet those paintings have an element of beauty which we cannot explain. The point I wish to make in a house planning is, that what is beautiful and satisfactory to one is not to another. In the disposition of our plans we use judgment, but in providing the soul of the home we use taste or instinct.

I WAS in a home recently where the decorations you met on the threshold were like a new acquaintance whose high-handed brilliant cordiality only served to emphasize the secret assumption of superiority. The angles caught the light sharply, turning the shadows to dramatic arrangements. Everything was deliberate and arranged. All the shapes of mouldings and furniture were a part of a brisk emphatic scheme.

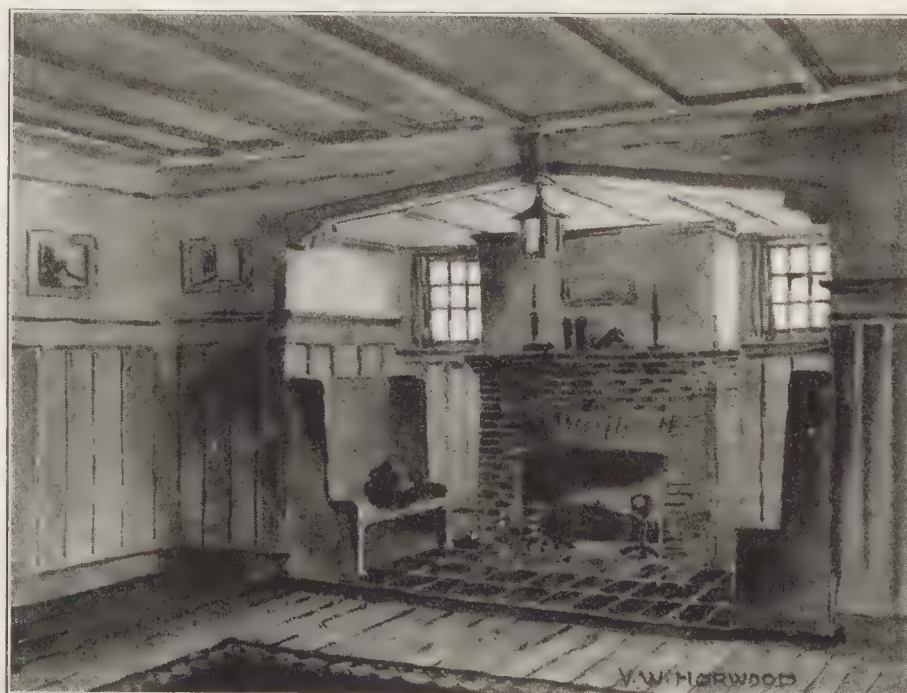
It was clever.

It was modernistic.

The wall-papers shouted dynamics. The curtains were hung to express action, and oh! how tiresome it became. I might as well have been in a museum of Egyptian antiques of which curiously the shapes were somewhat reminiscent of King Tut.

This was the extreme, and was really no worse than going into an

Continued on page 50



The Ingle Hall forms a charming retreat for the book lover

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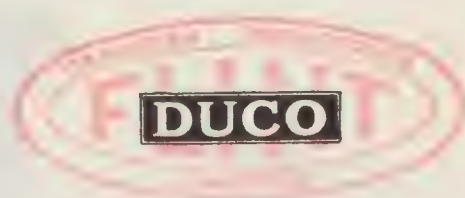
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The Strangest Job in the World

From the Evolution of An Idea

By Francis Dickie

THE strangest job in the world is surely that of H. Malorey of Paris, France, official recorder of the "Committee of the Flame," a unique society formed to do honor to France's one and a half million soldiers who fell in the Great War and who are represented by "The Unknown Soldier" buried under the Arch of Triumph on the Champs-Elysees.

Curiously enough, though the resting place of "The Unknown Soldier" is very often mentioned in press dispatches in connection with ceremonies held there, the peculiar circumstances surrounding the selection of "The Unknown Soldier," the remaining of the coffin for some time in a room in the Arch of Triumph, the final burial, and the various "perpetual flames" experimented with, out of all of which happenings finally resulted a world-famous ceremony and the strangest job in the world, have never been fully related until now as set forth in this article.

Shortly after the close of the Great War, popular opinion in France grew in favor of paying some signal honor to the soldiers who had fallen. After much discussion it was decided this should be done in the following manner:

On November 10th, 1920, a private soldier, named James Thin, was selected at random from the entire army, and ordered by his colonel to go and get outfitted with a new uniform, as he had been delegated by the authorities to pick out from among the eight coffins containing the remains of unidentified soldiers fallen in battle the one destined to receive the homage and reverence of France as symbolical of all those who had passed in battle.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon of that day soldier Thin came to the Citadel of Verdun, following the cortege to the underground room where eight coffins covered with flags and flowers were lined up

two by two. The Minister of War said: "Soldier, here is a bouquet of flowers picked on the battlefield of Verdun. You are going to put it on one of these coffins. The one selected by you will be that which will repose in the Arch of Triumph in Paris."

The story of how soldier Thin made his choice is



Kindling the Flame

The number of my regiment is 132. Adding together the numbers of my regiment also gave the number six. So I decided to choose the sixth coffin. I walked in the underground room counting first the row on my right, then to the left. And strangely enough I chose the poorest of all the coffins, one of simple white pine."

The coffin thus selected was brought to Paris and placed in a room in the Arch of Triumph. To this room people began at once coming bringing flowers daily. Their number ever increased as time went on.

This marked the first stage in what truly may be called the "evolution of an idea." After this homage had been paid by thousands of people for nearly a year, it was finally decided to build a tomb in the pavement beneath the arch where it would be more readily accessible to the people. Some weeks after this was done and the coffin removed from its first resting place with fitting honors, the idea again expanded. The custom of the ancients, who had perpetual fires burning in many of their temples, was recalled, and it seemed fitting that a similar flame should flare over the tomb of "The Unknown Soldier."

A circular metal platform with a bowl-like depression in the centre, very much in appearance like the wheel of an automobile with spokes radiating from the centre, was placed beside the tomb. The flame flared up through the centre of the bowl, and was fed at first by a series of chambers containing different kinds of solidified alcohol. This proved unsatisfactory, the flame continually going out. Then the city's regular gas supply was experimented with. This worked perfectly, and by August, 1921, the "perpetual flame" had become an actuality.

But from this the evolution of an idea still further developed. A society, known as the "Committee of the Flame" decided that every day at sunset—six o'clock in summer and from four to six in winter—daily honor should be done to the "perpetual flame" which symbolically represents the spirit of the country and the sacrifice of her soldiers. Throughout most of the day the flame burns low, but at the hour of sunset it is daily "revived" with fitting ceremony by someone of rank who approaches holding a special sword. The point of this sword he places on one of the indentations of the bowl which act as release valves. For a moment or two the flame flares high. This ceremony is known as "The Reviving of the Flame."

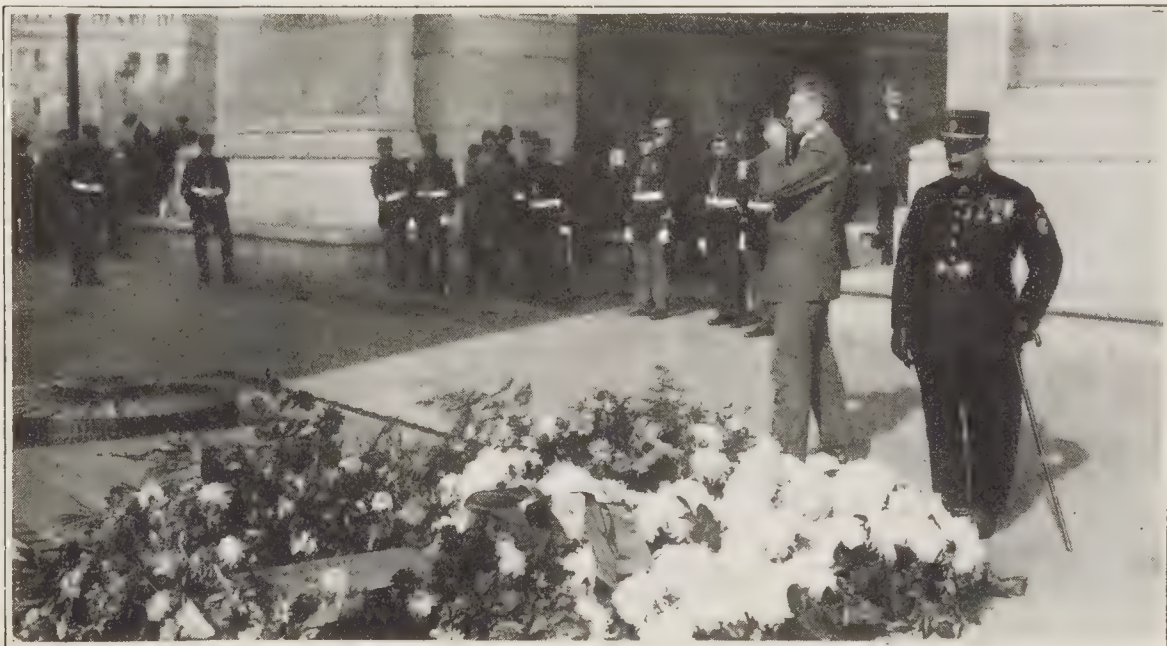
At first the society thought of having one of their numbers perform the act. But in Paris and all over France were hundreds of organizations that had been formed during the war or after it. In every country in the world also were new societies which were directly fostered by the war. It became the aim of all the French ones to have a member at least once a year revive the flame. Foreign organizations, learning of the matter, were moved by a similar desire, so that, through the gradual evolution of an idea, the "Reviving of the Flame" gradually became known so that at present societies around the globe have participated, and many more will in the near future.

Kings and Princes, South Sea chieftains and potentates from the farthest East, Caids and Sheiks from the loneliest desert outposts, mounted policemen from the Arctic, presidents of the greatest and smallest



Sons of the Desert at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Paris

peculiar: "I had thought it all over before I dressed," Thin said, when asked recently why he had picked the sixth coffin. "They were all soldiers of France, and all merited to represent the million and a half men who had died. Which one will it be? Then I thought of a very simple plan. I belong to the Sixth Battery.



Ready for the daily photographing of the "Renewal of the Flame"

Continued on page 84

The Young Man and His Problem

Asbestos

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

What to Study

ARTICLE No. 7—The seventh pocket manual in the common commodities and industries series published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, deals with Asbestos, by A. Leonard Summers, and includes many illustrations and photographs by the author.

In this manual, asbestos is spoken of as the world's most wonderful mineral. "When one comes to inquire," says the author, "into the qualities of this truly wonderful mineral—one of Nature's marvels—and its multitudinous uses of today, how surprising it appears that thousands of years have been allowed by civilization to elapse between the present time and the period when the ancients first made use of it, before finally giving serious attention to its immense possibilities.

Asbestos (from the Greek, meaning indestructible, unquenchable, eternal) has been found in almost all quarters of the globe, including Italy, Canada, the United States, Southern and Central America, China, Japan, Newfoundland, Australia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Hungary, Russia, Central Africa, the Cape, and Wales. The sole kinds hitherto found to be of any commercial value to the manufacturer are Italian, Canadian, Russian and South African; and of these their respective qualities are in the order named. Canada, it will be seen, stands high in the list.

In his thirteenth century travels, Marco Polo refers to a fire-resisting material which he believed to be made from the skin of the Salamander—the little animal popularly supposed to be immune from fire—but which proved to be asbestos cloth. The word "Salamander" (signifying indestructible) has been adopted as a trade-mark for various articles in the asbestos trade.

"Looking at an ordinary lump of asbestos in its raw or natural state—a mere piece of stone or rock in most instances—one is amazed to find how little of its possibility is presented; and the fact is not easily grasped that such an awkward-looking mass can be spun into the finest, strongest thread and woven into cloth! It has truly been called a "physical paradox," being both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and brittle, and yet able to be carded and so converted as to be spun and woven like flax, wool or silk. It would appear to possess the characteristics of mineral and vegetable, while being different from either; light and feathery as eiderdown, it is yet as dense and heavy as the rock it resembles."

The important place occupied by Canada in the asbestos industry is recognized in the manual in which it is stated that today Canadian asbestos occupies a very prominent position in the world's supplies—eighty per cent. of the total commercially used, in fact, is claimed for it.

You'll Be a Man

"**YOU'LL Be a Man, My Son**," is the title of a new book by Jason Gurney, which is being sold at one dollar by the publishers, Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited, Toronto.

It contains a foreword by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, of which the following is a paragraph:

"We parents owe a debt of gratitude to the author of a book such as this which presents in popular form the ideals and suggestions which every father feels that he should be giving to his son.

The volume was started when the author was a prisoner under close arrest in a German prison camp and takes the form of twenty-three letters written from a father to his son. The writer is evidently anxious to take the boy into his confidence and to explain the why of things. His letters have the merit of being positive rather than negative in statement, and express a number of thoughts that many a parent would like to impart to his son, but might find difficult to express in words. The book will therefore appeal to the parent as well as to the young man.

On the question of careers, the author says:

"I should like you to realize that every man who does a job well is on active service for his country.

"It was seen in the great European War that work and wealth are just as important to a nation as fighting. In fact, fighting would be useless without the power to work and gain wealth as fully developed proportionately as the power to fight.

"Through most of the war, Britain provided half the world with supplies, shipping and genius for organiza-

tion, without which the allied armies could never have been victorious.

"Then, again, foreign competition has become so great in recent years that we have to give the best work that we are capable of turning out to retain the mastery of our wealth-producing factories, and various commercial organizations in our own hands.

"I am sure you will understand how necessary this is. If we were to cease to be the controllers of our own businesses, they would cease to be directed in our own interests—in other words, our national interests. To let the control get into foreign hands would be like giving the reins to someone who wanted to drive to his home, when you wanted to return to your own.

"So you must realize that the man who makes good British stockings, curtains or what-not; the man who runs a farm well in Canada or Africa, and, in consequence, is an influence in his district; the keen school-master who prepares boys for a useful life in the world; the financial man who succeeds by strength, straight dealing, and a freedom from panic, such as those who have built up a name for British shrewdness and integrity, and whose praises you hear sung even to the anti-British parts of the earth; the engineer whose dependable work acts as a recommendation for his country; all these and others like them are doing work, in varying degrees, as gallant and as useful to the Empire as ever was done by state servant."

On the question of emigration to the colonies and Dominions, the author makes the following interesting observations which it is hoped may stir the ambitions of many a British boy, and may Canada reap some of the benefit!

"There is always hesitation about letting a boy go to the colonies when he is young. There is a fear that he may starve before his parents hear that he is in want, and so forth. In reality these fears have little foundation. I can assure you that if you were to go abroad, I should suffer far more in losing you than you would in not having my protection. The younger a boy is when he goes abroad, the less he suffers from homesickness; the less he misses home pleasures, the more kindness he receives, the more quickly he fits in with the ways of the country he goes to and the better he gets on in every way.

"And so abroad one sees English boys of every class getting the utmost encouragement and help at the hands of business men and foremen alike, so long as they are sufficiently modest and good-humored.

"The ideal thing for you to do, if you want to have a big success abroad, is to make up your mind definitely, at as early an age as possible, where you want to go to; then you should finish off your schooling by a term or two of the universities of your chosen country. There you get into intimate touch with the ideals and better qualities of the men you are going to make your life with.

"All told, there are few things I should like better to do for you—whatever you are going to do afterwards—than that you should put in a short term at one of the universities in some part of the fresh Young World; but it is of no use sending you there unless you will respond to the idea."

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 19—Actuarial assistant.

Duties: Under direction to carry out work in the actuarial branch in the Department of Insurance at Ottawa, and as may be necessary in other branches of the Department; to become familiar with office methods and procedure with a view to qualifying for more responsible work; and to perform other related work as assigned.

Qualifications required: Education equivalent to university graduation, with specialization in mathematics and statistics, including higher algebra, analytic geometry, calculus; knowledge of actuarial science as evidenced by having passed at least some of the examinations of, say, the Institute of Actuaries, London, the Actuarial Society of America, or the American Institute of Actuaries; willingness to continue actuarial studies outside office hours with a view to completing the actuarial examinations; office experience in actuarial work the equivalent of two years in work of the standard required for actuarial clerk; good general health and especially strong eye-sight.

NO. 10—Why study psychology? Psychology is the science of mental life. It treats of feelings, sensations, understandings, reasonings and decisions, and the relation of mental processes to conduct. It investigates memory, will, attention, interest, suggestion, fatigue, habit, association of ideas, and all the phenomena by which the world becomes subject to consciousness. The physiological parts which are most intimately connected with the mental acts or processes also receive attention; especially the brain, nerves, and the sense organs of sight, hearing, smell, touch and taste.

If it is worth while for men to study physiology and hygiene in order to understand their physical functions and to preserve their bodies in a state of efficiency, it is certainly worth while to study psychology in order to understand the mind and how best to use and preserve it in full vigor and usefulness.

The serious study of mental phenomena is not without interest and the knowledge gained is of value in many directions. Among other things, psychology is helping to an understanding of delinquency and crime; it is useful to the physician in the handling of certain types of nervous diseases; to the clergyman and social worker in knowing better how to influence the minds and conduct of others; and even to the business man in writing his advertisements and in selling his goods:

On Answering Questions

THE following question is copied exactly from a paper set at a recent public examination in England. The examiners took pains to emphasize certain words by the use of italic type:

Choose any *five* of the following *pairs* of words. Write five sentences, each containing one of the five pairs you have chosen, so composed that there can be no mistake about the meaning:

Recourse	Resource
Anomalous	Anonymous
Deprecate	Depreciate
Venial	Venial
Elicit	Illicit
Pose	Poise
Adapt	Adopt

In spite of the italics, many candidates wrote ten sentences; for example, the first pair of words might give rise to—

The surgeon had recourse to tracheotomy.

As a last resource he applied to his father.

Thus the point of the exercise was entirely missed by these particular candidates, to whom no marks were awarded in spite of the fact that they thought and wrote a great deal.

We wonder if our Canadian examiners would be so severe? True, the candidates went astray, but is not this clearly a case where justice might be tempered with mercy? Perhaps readers of this page who are still attending high school may be interested in discussing the situation with their instructors.

But

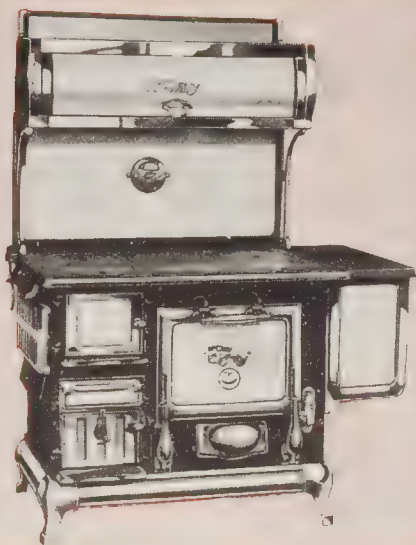
SHOULD a sentence begin with the word "but"? This question is asked because it has been noticed that from time to time students are warned that it is not correct to begin sentences with this word. Perhaps an answer may be furnished by reference to Macaulay's Essay on Clive. It is noted that in this essay ninety-eight sentences begin with "but." A student drew the attention of his teacher to this fact but was told that while it might be all right for Macaulay to begin sentences with "but," students should not do so until they become as great as Macaulay. If this be a reasonable defence, then students will continue to suffer reprimands for using "but" at the beginning of sentences, because few of them can expect to become as great as Macaulay.

But should we be so strongly bound by the rules of grammar? One writer has remarked that the mission of English grammar is to provide a little law and a lot of liberty. The experience of many students is that it provides a lot of law and a little liberty.

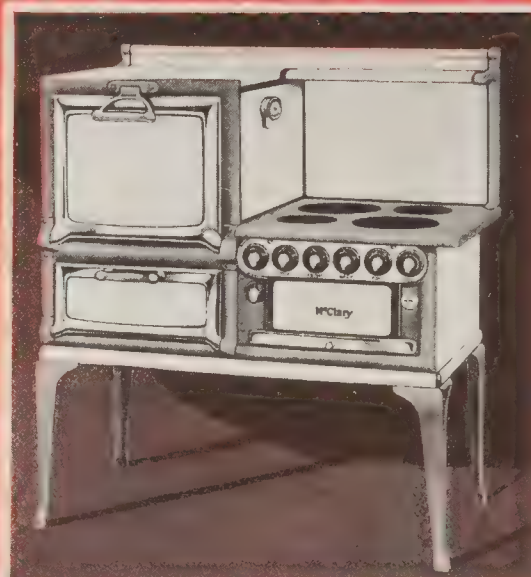
Another old friend is the preposition. Students are told that a sentence should not end with a preposition. In fact, it has been remarked jokingly that a preposition is a poor word to end a sentence *with*. Ernest Raymond, the distinguished British author, who visited Winnipeg recently, points out that in Hamlet's Soliloquy, the line "The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" would be quite ruined if it were made to read: "The thousand natural shocks to which flesh is heir."



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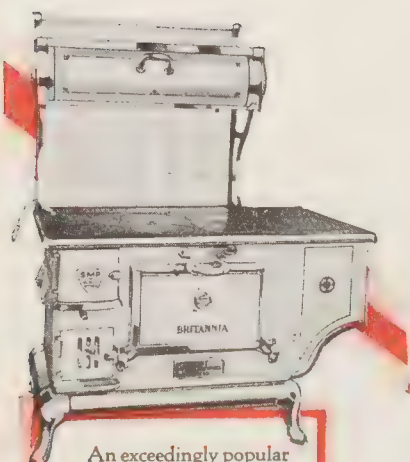
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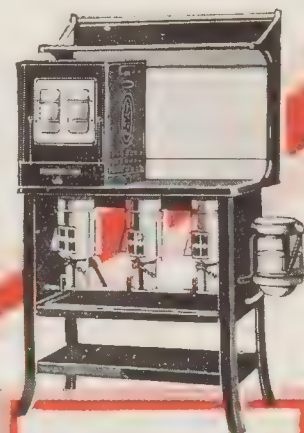
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What Have You Been Reading?

By Sheila Rand

DEAR John and Janey Canuck: Is there anything so exasperating as having to put a book aside and say: "Well, I really do not know what it means"? I thoroughly enjoyed part one of "Children In the Wood," Naomi Royde-Smith's latest novel. So brilliantly has she portrayed the family of Vynings that one cannot fail to live with this mother and father and delightful children, an uncle and several other friends. I began to feel worried in the middle of part two. In part three, I knew that I was wading out of my depth, and by the time I had reached page 308 I knew that I was lost. I read the remaining two pages without any hope of being saved, and I am still wondering what it means, and hoping that some cleverer John or Janey Canuck will read this book and send me an explanation.

If you want to read a book that is entirely different from any English novel, at least of the last twenty-five years, secure a copy of "Little Fadette," by George Sand, who was, as you know, one of the greatest French novelists of the nineteenth century. "But I cannot read French!" I hear some of you exclaim. Nor can I; at least, not beyond such phrases as: "have you an ink-pot? No, but I have a dog." But then, I was lucky enough to come into the possession of a translation of "Little Fadette," by Hamish Miles, which was published a few months ago. A short time before, I had read this translator's masterly version of Maurois' "Disraeli," so naturally I was very eager to read "Little Fadette." Nor was I disappointed. The story itself is so simple, so far removed from the hurly-burly of twentieth-century London, that I felt as if I had been on a holiday, living a pastoral existence among French farming folk. Hard-working, ingenious people who believed in the efficacy of herbs and in the evil powers of witches. I was about to say that there was no tortuous, psychological problem in "Little Fadette." This would not be quite accurate. There is a problem—a very serious one, for M. and Mme. Barbou, who were the parents of twins, but with such sweet reasonableness is this problem placed before the reader, discussed and solved, that one really cannot feel harassed, though Sylvinet almost dies when separated from his twin brother Landry! Once again, Hamish Miles has proved that a book may be translated without losing any of its flavor and atmosphere and may even (for the English reader) be enhanced by the beauty of the English language.

Having left the peace and simplicity of the French countryside seen through the eyes of the 19th Century novelist, George Sand, I turned and walked backwards into the turmoil and sophistication of Tudor England, into the period when Court life was naught but intrigue, petty jealousies, dominated by that most extraordinary of all royal personages, Elizabeth. No, I have not been re-reading James Anthony Froude's "Life of Elizabeth." Those five volumes in the Everyman's Library were read throughout a long, lazy, and beautiful summer on a Western Canadian prairie. Lytton Strachey has contented himself with one volume, and this I have been reading. But then, Lytton Strachey has confined himself to one comparatively short period in Elizabeth's long reign—the rise and fall of the handsome Earl of Essex. Writing not as a historian, but just as one of the reading public, I can only say that this new publication is an enthralling piece of work. When reading Froude, it is as if one were looking through a telescope at things very far off; and, as the telescope pivots, you are enabled to see not just Elizabeth and her London Residents, but the whole of England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and Europe, and a continuous panorama of all the different personalities whose fates were interwoven with that of Elizabeth. Lytton Strachey holds a huge magnifying glass on a little spot in the world's history, and tells us to peer through and observe Elizabeth and her relationship with Essex. This, so it seems to me, is at once the book's strength and its weakness.

Because of its concentration, one's feelings are tremendously excited, just as they would be with any well-written love-story concerning two such remarkable personalities as Elizabeth and Essex. But when the book is closed, one has a sneaking feeling that the excitement has been perhaps a little childish, that Lytton Strachey has over-emphasized the importance of those years when a young and brilliant man fooled an old queen to the top of her bent; and when an old queen, with an amazing mentality, played with a young man as if he were just a pawn on the chess-board. It made me gasp to realize that the lives of men and women, their progress or stagnation, their success or failure, yea, their life or death, were controlled by a pair of wrinkled, bony talons that had once been the lily-white hands of the Virgin Queen. I could not help thinking as I read this book what on earth would Queen Victoria have said had she been

found it possible to have avoided the 1914-1919 years, and to have continued her story so that we might have seen the result of that furniture exhibition.

A very different book indeed is the one that I read immediately following Marion Bower's novel. "Lady What Of Life"? is its provocative title. Lesley Storm is its author. It reminded me throughout of "The Constant Nymph." The three young girls in "Lady What Of Life"? have had no upbringing; or rather the upbringing that they have had has been of a deleterious character. Like the Sanger girls, Olive and Virginia grow up un-moral. Like the Sangers, these girls have no control whatever over their emotions. Virginia, like Tessa, also grows wings, but too late in the day for flight. Virginia, like Tessa, escapes through death from ugliness. But there is this difference to note: We lived with the Sanger family, drew breath with them, rebelled with them, rejoiced, even though

at times we censured them, but were ever greatly concerned for their welfare. Olive and Virginia never claim our sympathy. One feels that they did not really live, but, like Topsy, "just growed" and became marionettes whose wires are held in the skilful hands of the author. Lady, what of life? Both Olive and Virginia were too young to answer this question. We might have felt the same sorrow for them that we felt for Tessa, but somehow we did not. We would like to spank these children and tell them to wait a little until life herself called them into the adult arena.

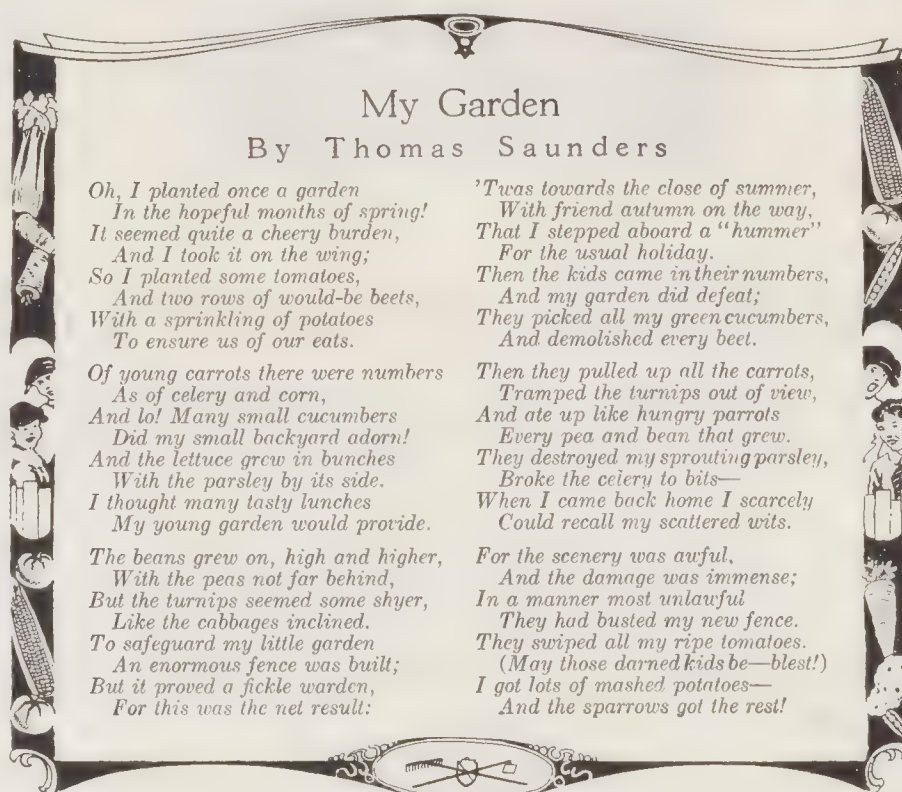
From tragedy to mystery. From "Lady, What Of Life"? to "Juggernaut," by Alice Campbell. I was quite sorry when Esther, the heroine, was drugged and carried away to a top storey and kept prisoner. That is one of the stock incidents in most modern detective stories—almost as usual as underground passages with wonderful electrical wires and devices. "Juggernaut" is miles better than the majority of detective stories. One must rank it in that class because it is concerned with a crime—its detection and punishment—and a happy ending for those who escaped being the victims. But the crime was not of the usual kind, and there were no detectives either clever or stupid to help solve the mystery.

Almost from the beginning you suspect the unemotional doctor with his scientific methods and his saturnine manner. Technically, Miss Campbell makes no mistakes—her knowledge of bacteriology—of enteric fever and tetanus is wonderfully correct and convincing and it is no small achievement for the author to have employed so many unusual methods of criminality without a single error in technique.

A WEEK

FOR one week we witness Gregory quarreling with Lois in "Quarreling with Lois," by Catherine Freeman. But we never see Lois. Oh, no, for Gregory has left her, left her in a fit of temper and travelled to his old home to see his mother, whom he had not seen for many years, and his little daughter, Nellie, whom he had not seen since her birth.

From Sunday evening till the following Sunday morning, we live with Gregory, his mother, Phillipa, his daughter Nellie, his sister Joan, his father-in-law Biddolph, his chauffeur Birkett and his old nurse Mattie; with all these and more, but never with the only person with whom he is concerned, the person with whom he is quarreling—Lois. And the quarrel is all about Nellie. It seems rather absurd when one remembers that Gregory had not seen his little daughter, nor endeavored to see her, for the twelve years of her life. But no sooner did he imagine that Lois would not like to have Nellie in the house that he made up his pig-headed mind that he would have his daughter, Nellie, with him, so they quarreled. But no sooner did Gregory realize that his mother was quite willing for him to take the child away than he made up his pig-headed mind a second time that he did not want her. It is a very clever book from the point of view of character delineation, but it is terribly depressing. There is no life in it.



able to read it. I mean from the point of view of how a biography used to be written and how it is written today. What would Queen Victoria have said to Lytton Strachey for bringing Freudian sex theories to bear upon the Virgin Queen! There are some very realistic bits of writing in this biography. The execution of Lopez the Jewish physician, made me feel ill for hours. This is a biography one should certainly read. I have never forgotten the closing chapter of Lytton Strachey's "Life of Victoria." The closing chapter of Elizabeth's life is equally moving and memorable.

Whenever I walk down Queen's Road, Bayswater, I always peer into the numerous shops selling second-hand things, and I wonder ever and anon where all these articles have come from and who will eventually buy them. In "Gotobedde Lane," by Marion Bower, published six months ago, one sees the rise of a genuine antique shop in East Anglia. From the very opening of the story this factor fastened my attention upon it, for I could not remember ever before reading a story whose background is provided by old-oak furniture. All the chapters and passages connected with the business part of this country delighted me, so does the portrayal of an honest dealer, Job Orme, of his skallywag brother Benjy, and of Keturah, his daughter. But I got a little bit tired towards the end. I think it is rather long drawn out and a trifle conventional in the war incidents. I was fearfully disappointed that the War was allowed to intervene just when the Orme display of modern furniture was to be made at a great exhibition. I loved every bit of that furniture, designed and hand-painted by the morose Adelard, and I did so want the public to buy it and make Adelard as famous in his day as Hepplewhite was in his. That is why I do wish Marion Bower had



The lovely design shown above is "CONCORD," Congoleum Rug No. 605.



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All the unique colour tones of the hooked rugs of pioneer days are splendidly brought out in the newest and most sensational of present-day rug patterns . . . the new "Concord" pattern, Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 605 . . . illustrated above.

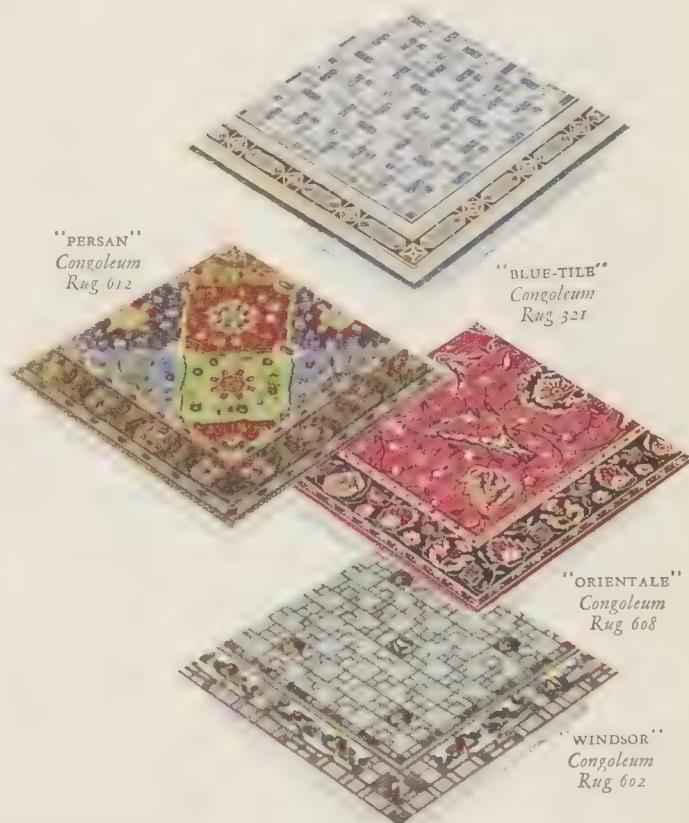
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Just fill in your name and address below and we will send you this colourful booklet free.

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The davenport bed no longer betrays its double purpose

EVERY graceful line of this luxurious Kroehler Assured Quality living room furniture follows the smartest vogue of the day. Its rich fabric, distinctive design and simple elegance confirm the fact that this is, first of all, fine furniture.



So obviously is this davenport designed for distinction and charm that no one would dream it answered a dual purpose. Yet one simple, easy motion converts it into a full-size, comfortable bed—with ample space for mattress and bedding.

Because of this charming artistry of design and fabric, coupled with the practical "extra-bedroom" feature, Kroehler Davenport Beds grace living rooms of the *finest* homes and apartments today.

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Yet there is another significant reason why Kroehler Assured Quality living room furniture is used in the greatest share of homes today. This superior quality and beauty are *built into* the furniture *inside* as well as outside. The famous Kroehler Hidden Qualities assure *long-lasting service and beauty*.

A new, improved All-Steel Spring Underconstruction replaces the old-fashioned webbing, resulting in greater comfort and longer service.

All frames are made of selected hardwood, kiln-dried to remove moisture. To insure permanence, corners are doweled, glued and strongly braced. Contrast this with *soft wood merely nailed*.

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The Invisible Bedroom

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This Kroehler Label



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YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST — AND YOUR LIVING ROOM FIRST OF ALL



In this room, rosy tones predominate, with, of course, other harmonious colors in the fabrics

The Bedroom Gay With Blossoms

THE freshness, the restful charm, the harmonious blending of quiet comfort and interesting individuality, which we consider contribute to the successful furnishing scheme for the bedroom, have always found happy use for the floral motif. In the reproductions of old designs in fabrics and papers, we find any amount of flower patterns; in recent years, with our growing liking for lovely colors, we have made tremendous use of flowery chintzes and cretonnes, and of floral wallpapers, and have even used conventionalized or gaily natural flowers to decorate bedroom furniture.

Now, with the advent of a new feeling in all matters pertaining to decoration and furnishing, we might fear for our fondness for bringing the garden indoors. But no; even the contemporary designers who are doing such interesting things in establishing a practical and beautiful modern style expressive of our own times, find plenty of use for the flower motif.

At this time of year, the thoughts and hopes for our outdoor gardens inspire fresh interest in the blooming of the floral bedroom. I have for some weeks pursued it in its various forms and have selected from what I found, the most successful treatments to pass on in the form of suggestions to the readers of The Western Home Monthly. I have seen such charming bedrooms, in the course of this special investigation! And they have ranged from the limit of luxury, to a success that has been achieved with a minimum of money outlay but with no less careful thought and discriminating taste.

Knowing that many of my readers would already have bedroom suites of walnut or mahogany in styles greatly favored of recent years, I turned first towards treatments which would accord pleasantly with such furniture.

Let us assume first that we are to give background and accessories to a suite of polished wood in possibly

The Floral Motif is Carried Out in the Spirit of Yesterday or Today

By Katherine M. Caldwell

a fairly elaborate design, including such pieces as double or twin beds, chiffonier, dressing table, with the smaller bedside table, chairs and any incidental pieces. If considerable interest attaches to the furniture itself, by virtue of veneering with beautifully grained woods, or of inlaying or carving or applied decoration, a plain wall will set it off very well. Let us elect, then, a painted wall or one with a plain paper, probably in a fabric effect, in a light tint of one of the colors chosen to feature your color scheme. With this, we might use a rug with a plain centre and a rather deep flowered border. Assuming that there are large windows, a cretonne, flowered generously in the English manner, might be used for either full length or sill-length side curtains, over sheer glass curtains of finest voile of marquise, in ivory or a very delicate pastel tint to match the walls. All such curtains should be made full enough to be drawn at twilight, and fitted with brass rings that will readily run along the brass rod.

On the bed, if it is itself at all elaborate, a plain spread of taffeta or one of the celanese or rayon fabrics, would be very good. The chintz used at the window might cover the small arm chair that is such a favorite in the bedroom. The electric lights might be shaded with a flowered silk drawn taut over a lining silk of bright color—a rose or flame, pumpkin or yellow or a strong gold, whichever will best fit into your color scheme. Covers for dressing table, etc., might be made of the same material as the bedspread with perhaps an appliquéd decoration of the flowered silk used to shade the lights.

This same general scheme would be quite attractive

with furniture of simple lines, plain or possibly with the colored floral panels that we have seen a good deal of late. Or it would lend itself to the furnishing scheme built around a lacquered or enamelled suite.

Another type of room that I think will be of interest, furnished in a similar key but without quite the same silken note, is shown in our illustration. Here, the floral note appears in the background—and although it is repeated often, it still gives no feeling of over-patterning (always the danger when a motif re-appears in many different phases). In this particular room, rosy tones predominate, with, of course, other harmonious colors in the fabrics.

The rug has a taupe ground with very soft rose predominating in the design. A big round slipper-stool of plain taupe, lies outside the range of the photograph.

The curtains are of fade-proof casement cloth, with a band of chintz which exactly echoes the colors of the wallpaper. It is quite possible today, to buy wallpaper and chintz which are identical, and where there is opportunity to use them wisely, the effect is very charming. The wallpaper again finds a faint echo in the fabric covering the little armchair—the tiny floral design being given the same diamond setting. A harmonizing fabric, correspondingly small in pattern, is used on the dressing stool and side chair—which in this instance, has a particularly attractive shell back.

The furniture is all attractive in design. The bed shows the lack of a high footboard, an idea which is increasingly liked; in this case, there are short posts recalling those of the head-board—sometimes even these are dispensed with.

The bedspread is an interesting detail. Its very conventional little motif is in the usual candlewick embroidery—but in this case, the embroidery is done on one of the new colored sheets, a delicate rose.

Continued on page 38



Are your meals News to the family?

*They need never be dull with
Del Monte Peaches to help you*

What good cook doesn't like smiles of approval when her meals are put on the table?

Well, here's a prediction—if you'll try an experiment with us! No matter how well the family likes many of your favorite desserts and salads NOW, they'll like them better if you'll add DEL MONTE Peaches.

For variety, newness, NEWS, is part of America's interest in life—and our liking of something different to eat is no exception to the general rule.

Right there is where peaches play their big part. They're much more than a delicious dessert by themselves—or a favorite in cobbler, pastries and pies. They are also the finest kind of "dress-up" addition to almost any other standard dessert or salad. They supply essential fruit balance—and a brand new flavor, too.

Even a bread pudding, baked with peaches, is about as delicious a dish as you can imagine. Or custards! Or rice, steamed with peaches! Or floating island, shortcake, or jelly roll, with peaches added! Or simply cottage cheese salad! To *any* or *all* of these favorites, DEL MONTE Peaches bring just the needed touch of new flavor to give them life and zest.

And once you get this easy habit of adding DEL MONTE Peaches, how often you'll use them! You, too, will agree that they are "the handiest fruit on America's pantry shelf."

You'll find, for instance, that they're packed in just the sizes of cans to meet your everyday needs. DEL MONTE Peach Halves, full-flavored, luscious fruit, may be bought in the No. 2½ (large), No. 2 (medium) and No. 1 (small) cans—fruit graded in size to fit the container. Also in Buffet cans (just 8 ounces) a handy service when planning for only one or two. DEL MONTE Melba Halves (extra



large) and DEL MONTE Banquet Halves (colossal), special fruit for special occasions, are available in the No. 2½ can. DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches, packed in all four sizes of cans, are a most convenient form, especially for preparing made-up dishes.

In all of them, however, you are sure of the same juicy, tree-ripened fruit which has made DEL MONTE Quality famous! And that's equally true of all DEL MONTE Products—the best that Nature offers of each particular food. Under this one label is the widest assortment of canned fruits and vegetables, canned fish, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins and prepared foods—all waiting to bring new variety and flavor to everyday meals.

Why not insist that your grocer supply you with a full selection of this well known brand? You'll certainly find the added quality-assurance well worth your while.

Let us send you these cooking helps

Just as a suggestion of the almost endless simple ways to use DEL MONTE Peaches, let us send you our booklet "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Use Them!" Also a collection of other valuable cooking helps. A post card will bring them—free of charge. Just address Dept. 37Y, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Packed two ways—Del Monte Peach Halves and Del Monte Sliced Peaches.

Many delightful ways to serve them—above, a Sliced Peach, marshmallow and prune salad and a Del Monte Sliced Peach cocktail; below, Del Monte Sliced Peach roll.



The Bedroom Gay With Blossoms

Continued from page 37

These colored sheets lend themselves to quite a number of bedspreads of embroidered or appliqued type.

I MENTALLY planned another treatment for this room which I felt would be very successful with this particular furniture; this scheme would feature linen, the charm and freshness of which are always appealing in a bedroom. Like all fabrics which will be exposed to strong light, a tubfast and sunfast linen should be selected; it is available nowadays in such lovely colors—but I planned here the use of a deep creamy tone, working in wool embroideries of deep, golden yellow, a little tan, soft green tones, dull blue and violet—getting entirely away from the rose shades; a very simple type of crewel work would be used to carry out a floral design, employing such simple embroidery stitches as the chain, the long and short buttonhole and darning stitches. Linen would fashion the spread, full length curtains and table runners. Over either that part of the spread which would actually cover the bed, or on the deep hanging borders (leaving the centre plain), I would place at set intervals single flowers, spacing them quite widely—a good fifteen inches apart; I would choose rather stiff conventionalized blossoms, each with its own leaves and an occasional bud. The use of three distinct flower designs would give opportunity for working in a number of soft colors; or a single motif could be given variety by putting the blossom (with its relieving leaves and brownish stem) now in a deep tone and again in a lighter one.

A row of the same flowers, similarly distanced, would be placed along the inside edge of the curtains and across the bottom; the curtains would just clear the floor, and would be full and hang straight without tie-backs; this style of decoration, employing the conventionalized motif geometrically placed, requires straight lines and a rather tailored effect.

The scarves for bureau, chest of drawers and so on, would be quite plain (all the linens having a good hem, say about two inches deep), with one of the flowers at each end, if the scarf is to lie entirely on the table top, or a flower at each end or in each corner, if it is long.

For the armchair, I should choose a chintz in an all-over Jacobean design showing quaint flowers of many hues.

All this might be planned against a similar wallpaper to the one shown in our illustration, but there again I should try to keep to a rather stiff little flower and hold the quite modern diagonal lines.

PERHAPS you like a draped dressing table, in combination with a bed and high chest of polished wood or of colored enamel. Such a dressing table may be quite the most important interest in the room—it is possible to make it so charming!

You can drape your table in a plain fabric, such as taffeta or organdy or one of the artificial silks; or ruffles and ruchings of a similar material gaily flowered, may trim the plain material. Or your entire drape may be a crisp flowered organdy, silk or chintz. The last effect would require a plain wall to set it off, whilst a plain table would look very well against either a flowered or an unpatterned paper.

Curtains of plain material with a flowered band as trimming, or if the plain walls are used, a gay chintz at the windows and perhaps in an incidental chair, will help to balance the proportions of plain and patterned surfaces.

SUPPOSE you would do your bedroom in a cool, crisp style, with painted furniture of very simple lines. We will assume, too, that the room is rather small, requiring all the pattern to be small also. We might paint the furniture a very pale yellow, and plan the room around it.

A paper with a very light ground spotted with individual tiny blossoms rather like large polka dots placed in diamond design, is a compromise between the plain and the patterned background; the pattern is so light and small that it is quite possible to use a certain amount of pattern against it; you will have observed, too, that a design which is absolutely regular, in a geometrical sort of way and which does not introduce much color contrast, partakes considerably of the feeling of a plain or perhaps a two-tone effect.

With the paper I have in mind (the little flower being yellow on a creamy ground, a cretonne in a latticed foliage design would be attractive at the windows, and an armchair pretty well covered with little yellow moss roses, would be quaintly charming. I should like hooked rugs or domestic woven rugs that have much the same atmosphere, to show a floral design; the floor might be painted a soft green.

FINALLY, let us consider what might be done with a room planned on frankly modernistic lines.

Our flowered wallpaper is quite as possible here as elsewhere; among the newest wallpapers are many that employ a flower motif, but they usually place it in quite vertical or markedly diagonal lines; there is an effect of much cool space in these papers, for the pattern is applied at well-spaced intervals; very often the background, instead of being entirely plain, shows groups of fine lines in two-tone or softly blended colors.

The furniture, without being extreme, might follow the very straight lines which are characteristic of what is being called the "architectural style." Painted furniture seems to lend itself especially well to these new shapes, a certain amount of relief coming from the use of two tones of the color employed, or two contrasting colors such as silver-gray with blue or rose or green; green with soft cream and perhaps a line of gold in a moulding.

Curtains in two-tone silk relying for its pattern on lines laid on in geometrical design, would be attractive against a flowered wallpaper. I saw, too, some new modernistic rugs in the loveliest bedroom colorings—deep-piled but washable, and with the captivating conventionalized flower beloved of the modern designer, tossed casually, as it seemed, into a corner. A modernistic chintz on a chair or the more luxurious chaise longue, might be relieved, particularly in the latter case, with small pillows in square and triangular shapes, covered with plain tints blending in bouquet fashion, each pillow piped or corded with one or two of the other colors.

Spring Voices

By Maurice Calnek

Over all the waking prairie
Crocus lays her purple mist;
While her sleepy sisters tarry,
She the children's hands has kissed.

Where the poplar image launches
In the brown slough's brimming tide,
Seems a sound comes from the branches,
As the unborn leaves had sighed.

Golden catkins point the finger
At the buds who shyly peep:—
"Shame on lazy leaves that linger!
Blackbird's coming while you sleep!"

All the tiny folk are trying,
Trying hard to do their best;
Each newcomer seems decrying
Tardiness in all the rest.

Where the April sunrise blushes
All the gray hills glorify;
Soon a song impulsive rushes,
Comes a loud defiant cry:—

Straight and proud upon a fence post,
Clear and shrill, that all may know,
Meadowlark pours out his old boast:
"I-was-here-a-year-ago!"



Film Clings to Teeth—

In it are the acids of decay.

Film-free teeth are white and healthy.



Remove FILM
daily—scientifically

You must remove film to give teeth gleam and sparkle—to combat serious tooth and gum disorders. The new way urged widely by dentists.

SOONER or later teeth get that discolored look. Then be careful, for that is likely to be the day when serious tooth and gum troubles get their start.

That is because dull teeth mean *teeth covered with a film*. And film, it's found, is the source of the commoner dental diseases including pyorrhea, bleeding gums, decay and many others.

How to remove film is the most important dental problem of the day. To do it scientifically the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent is urged.

You will be sent a free 10-days' supply to try. Please mail the coupon before you forget.

Film—What it Does

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the New Way Removes Film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Try This Way—Free

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try. Do not delay. It will work wonders with your smile.

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MADE IN CANADA
Pepsodent
The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice



World Favourite of the Millions who eat for Happiness!

GRAPE-NUTS is a breakfast-time favourite the whole world 'round. Millions have found in this wonderful food the key to delicious breakfasts.

Crisp, crunchy, *delicious* Grape-Nuts is a great favourite with the children. And it's so good for them—in so many ways. Helps build teeth, good digestion, strong healthy bodies.

Grape-Nuts has a delicate, nut-like flavour. It is *crisp*—to give healthful exercise to teeth and gums through enjoyable chewing. It is one of the most easily digested of foods. It supplies *five* essential elements of nutrition. And it costs less than one cent a serving.

Serve it often. Order the wax-wrapped package from your grocer. No cooking needed—just serve from the package, with milk or cream.

Very economical, too—less than one cent's worth is a helping—four teaspoonfuls.



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The Prisoner of the White House

Continued from page 18

and social climbers—all these have to be forestalled by quick, wary Secret Service agents. Roosevelt's carriage was once all but destroyed by a runaway tram full of enthusiasts, that crashed downhill out of control. In this affair, Bill Craig, of the Secret Squad, was mangled beyond recognition when the inevitable crash came. He sat on the box with the coachman; and seeing the peril, Craig could easily have saved himself. The President escaped by a miracle, very pale and severely bruised.

Mr. Taft, again, all but lost his life while standing on the deck of a revenue-cutter in the river at Savannah (Ga.). Here a saluting-cannon exploded prematurely in a roar of orange flame. With a shrill screech, the big iron ramrod went hurtling between the President and James Sloane, the leader of his bodyguard. One white man was blinded and crippled for life and a negro spectator lost his right arm.

President Harding, too, had a narrow escape at Cincinnati, where a trip up the Ohio River had been planned to the birthplace of General Grant. An old side-wheel steamer had been chartered, and a palm-garden retreat prepared for the Chief on the foredeck with armchairs and flowers and Persian rugs. At the last minute Colonel Starling of the Secret Service, took alarm, for the local committee, with "business" in view, had thrown open the vessel to all who would pay \$5 to "travel with the President". A Government tug was chosen for the trip instead.

Next day Mr. Harding heard of a serious accident. So huge was the throng embarked on that excursion-steamer, that the top deck had collapsed, hurling its heavy timbers and iron girders together with thirty screaming passengers down into the bower which had been got ready for Mr. President.

It will therefore be seen that these Secret Service warders—however irksome they may be to the "Prisoner of the White House"—are very necessary indeed to prevent disaster and contretemps of all sorts, whether at home or abroad in a vast land. During the Great War the famous Mansion was more closely guarded than any gunpowder factory. Even the footways around the grounds were patrolled by sentries with loaded rifles. "Special-card" rights of entry, usually granted to Senators and Congressmen, were now suspended.

Motor-cyclist guards followed the President's car within five feet, and six more Secret Service men, formidably armed, rode behind him in another motor. These were at Mr. Wilson's elbow when he swung a golf-club; so that persons who failed to recognize him, after watching his game, went away murmuring:

"What a pity that a man who plays like that should be out of his mind!"

IT sometimes happens that the President's "ghosts" get arrested themselves by suspicious local police. This happened once to Joe Murphy, who was rescued by Secretary of War Dickenson from a rough-and-tumble in the lobby of the opera-house at New Orleans. Murphy is now assistant to Mr. W. H. Moran, the Chief of the White House Secret Service.

All saddle-horses ridden by a President—and this exercise is commonly prescribed by the personal physician—are first tried out by an expert Secret Service jockey, to see if they have any vices that might imperil Presidential life or limbs. Even in the case of Roosevelt, a born horseman and "rough-rider", his mount would be tested before dawn in Rock Creek Park. Mr. Coolidge is no great equestrian; but the same precautions were taken in his case, also.

Rarely, of course, does America's Chief venture into foreign lands. But not even Abdul Hamid in the Turkey of old was so fenced from danger as was Woodrow Wilson in Paris. A grandson of the murdered Garfield was then the head of his "shadows". Armoured plating was fixed behind the railings of his house. On one side of this marched French soldiers, and stout "doughboys" on the other.

His private custodians dogged Wilson everywhere, leaping off their car like firemen when he knocked at anybody's door. Only with great difficulty did Sir William Orpen persuade these faithful fellows not to swarm into his studio where the Chief sat daily for a portrait by this famous artist.

However superfluous these measures of security may seem in Europe it is certain that they are prudent at home in a huge land where cranks abound, and where notoriety is sought by any and every means. A bold youth, calling himself "Everett Harding", once came east from Chicago in grand style so as to greet his "kinsman", the President. First came a bogus cheque for £500 to the railway company for a special private car on the train. On the way to Washington notables courted this impostor who promised them Government jobs. He did "shake-hands" at the White House; and returning home, started building hotels, establishing magazines and chains of "Harding Candy-stores" with the money of his dupes. Everett's sister, Pearl, was—he gave out—now formally adopted by the President and his wife as "the White House Baby". But at this stage of the hoax, Mr. James Sloan of the Secret Service went out to Chicago (1,000 miles away) and laid the bogus "Cousin of President Harding" by the heels!

The Call of the West

By E. Gardner-Smith

Don't you hear the voices calling, calling you to-day
To pack your old kit bag once more and come out West and play?
Then bid good-bye to office, to store and thronging street,
To workshop, bank and warehouse, and give yourself a treat.

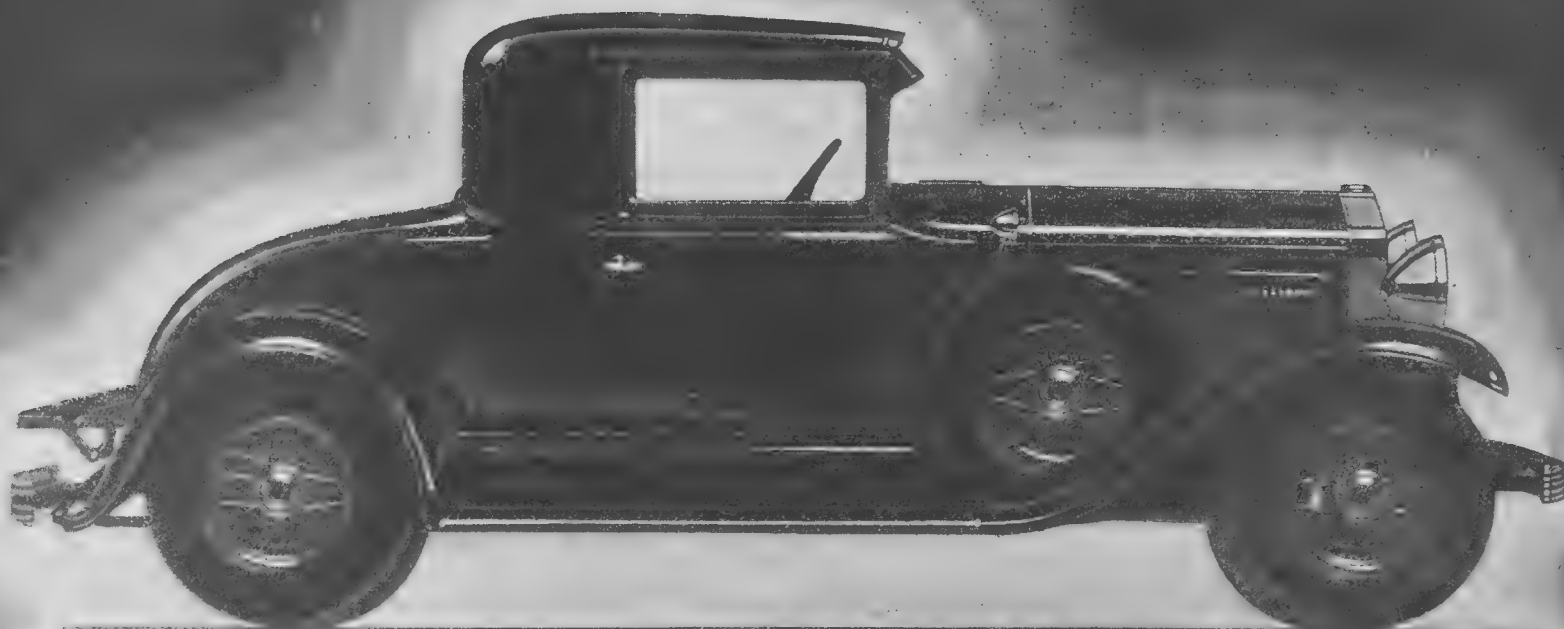
Follow trail of setting sun past where it sinks from view,
Roam o'er the far-flung prairies where horizons merge in blue,
Here see the Empire's granary—it spreads a thousand miles—
With forests, lakes and rivers, too, deep canyons and defiles.

Don't you hear the voices calling, calling you to-day?
Then hesitate no longer, but come—come right away!
Come, bask in radiant sunshine, inhale the champagne air,
Enjoy the thrill of living, the urge to do and dare.

And oh, the peerless Rockies, with glistening, pearly peaks!
Still pools of jade and sapphire, mad cataracts and creeks!
Here your soul exulting will cry out in sheer amaze
As on bewildering wonders you stand enthralled and gaze.

Don't you hear the voices calling, calling you to-day?
A call to God-made playground—oh come, you must obey!
Come, scale the shining glacier, breathe incense of the pine,
And view from heaven-kissed summit vast handiwork divine.

The West is free and friendly, not ruled by sect or caste,
A man's appraised for what he is—unfettered by the past;
Then come along and join us and make the West your own
As came our royal rancher, heir to an Empire's throne.



Designed by the Industry's Foremost Style Specialists

The masterful design, the beauty of line and color of the new-style Willys-Knight "70B" distinguish this attractive car as the outstanding creation of the country's leading style specialists.

Only among the costliest custom-built cars can you find adequate comparison with the artistry of finish and perfection of appointment which characterize this new and inexpensive Willys-Knight Six.

"Finger-tip Control"—the greatest advance in driving convenience since the self-starter, is an outstanding feature of this new "70B".

There are thousands who have always desired a Knight-motored car but until now have been restrained by the necessarily higher cost of the patented double sleeve-valve engine.

By them, this distinctive new Six will be welcomed as the industry's finest example of costly-car style at average-car prices.

Willys-Knight 70-B Coupe \$1420, Coach \$1420, Roadster \$1420, Sedan \$1545, Touring \$1325. Willys-Knight 56-A Coach \$1220, Sedan \$1345. Prices F.O.B. Factory, Toronto, taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.



WILLYS • KNIGHT



Danger lurks behind white teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

**the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums
and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims*

WHITE teeth are attractive. Their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And however white they may be, danger lurks behind them.

For certain prevalent diseases-of-neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat. And as the penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health. A needless sacrifice!

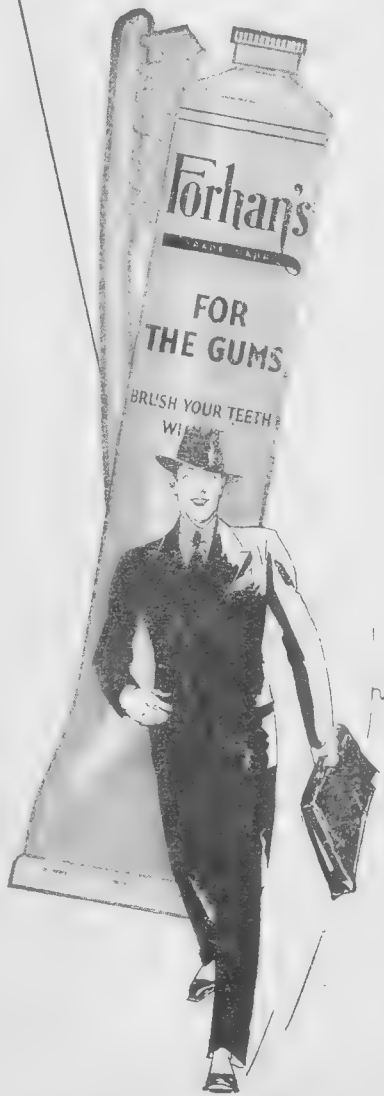
These odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, but use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.

Start using Forhan's, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary tooth-paste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant
It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.



Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

The Plunge

Continued from page 11

"Just imagine!" Jeanne commented: "And now—"

"Of course. Now that China and India and Thibet are week-end excursions, on tourist schedules, what can be left to wonder at or be romantic about?" He stifled a yawn, with difficulty. "Not one uncivilized or semi-civilized place in the whole world—even the very Esquimaux and Patagonians sophisticated and selling post-cards—bah! In these days of motive power drawn from the sun or from polar currents streaming to it, these days of synthetic foods, etheric energies, and all-embracing mechanism, what part is left for the personal equation?"

"Civilization? Ugh! I detest it! I'd give a year of my life—five years—for a touch of the real, the raw, the primitive! Life has become as dull as men and women themselves. Are there any real women in the world today? I've never met one. That's why I've never married—"

He gestured outward with his hand despairingly. She smiled with a certain bitterness.

"Real women?" the girl exclaimed. "Show me a real man first! Extinct! I've always thought so; but until tonight I've always been too polite to say so. Somehow, with you, politeness and subterfuge seem as stupidly unreal as all the rest of this super-civilization. I wonder, now—"

A sudden flare of light, far outshining the moon, interrupted her speech. The brilliance flooded the whole sky, dazzled upon the spinning clouds below, and for a second glared with noonday radiance. Every minutest detail of the ship stood out in startling relief.

A wailing, screeching note cleft the high air, grew swiftly louder as the light brightened, then ended in a thunderous crash that shook the liner from lookout to extremest rudder-plane.

Then, instantly, the light glared below. The novelist, leaning over the rail as the staggered liner heeled sickeningly far to port, saw a swift streak of bluish flame—flame that roared, that coruscated—plunge like a rocket into the enveloping fleeciness of the clouds, and vanish.

A DULL concussion shuddered through the "Imperatrice"; then two more in quick succession. Flames gushed, aft. Confused cries, shouts, and tumult rose on the night. Everywhere echoed that most terrible of all sounds, the shrieking of women. Came the trampling of feet running along the decks, which already—as the stupendous aircraft slowed, drunkenly swaying—had begun to slant at a perilous angle.

Flung against him by a jostling of terrified passengers, the girl caught Norford Hale's arm. She sensed how hard and rigid that arm was, as he stiffened himself to shield her and braced himself against the bending, creaking rail to meet the shock.

Still another detonation, aft, shivered through the mangled liner, now yawing off in a wide, descending spiral. All at once the lights died. The frozen moonlight stared in on a panic-maddened mob driving along the promenade past them, as the two clung to their sheltering corner behind the kinetogram-house.

Groaning, suddenly splintering, a whole long section of the rail ripped outward. With a gasp, Jeanne buried her face on Norford's breast to shut away the horrifying sight of more than a hundred human beings hurled in fantastic gyrations into black space. That sight she did not witness; but not even her gloved hands, when pressed tight against her ears, could shut away the screams of the lost wretches—screams almost instantly muted, far below, to silence.

"A meteor!" cried the man, staring aghast. "Everything provided for—foreseen—but this!"

Scrambling away from the horrible void, clutching with mad hands, tearing at one another, grappling anything that promised any slightest hold, the stampeded horde of men and women—with all too many children, God knows!

—fought away from the blank vacancy where the rail had vanished.

On hands and knees they scrambled up the steeply-slanted deck, in the moonlight, utterly brutalized by sickening panic. No traditions of self-restraint and heroism controlled them, such as had prevailed in the old sea-days. All pretence of organization and authority was instantly swept away. Discipline there was none, in that lax-fibred multitude. In one moment of time, decades of calm, sleek, full-fed civilization, civilization perfectly balanced and urbane, civilization poised, confident, and self-satisfied, had all been starkly swept away.

The primitive in man had instantly surged, hot, brutal, raw, to the surface.

Unheeded now were the perfectly futile commands of such few officers as still strove to restore order. The shouts of the stewards—themselves paralyzed with terror—made no slightest impression as they tried to direct the donning of the life-preservers crying that there was no danger—a palpable lie, since already the "Imperatrice" was staggering to her death.

Hale shuddered with a profound horror as he sheltered the half-fainting girl in his arms. He heard her crying out some unintelligible thing.

"There, there, Romney! Don't look—there, there!" he mechanically tried to soothe her, himself transfixed with fear. Fear, yes; but still he stood his ground. He remained there, steadfastly, shielding her from the surge and thrust of the mob. By the hard moonlight and the waxing glare of the flames now licking the after decks, he watched the panic-stricken wretches tear at one another, crawl swarming over one another, push and crowd and fling one another back to death. A certain wondering pain filled his analytic soul that such things could be. He, all his life a physician, used to the follies and weaknesses of human beings, had never yet witnessed such anguished selfishness. For many years a writer and an imager of things, he never once had imagined anything like this reality.

The man was afraid, horribly and agonizingly afraid, yet he retained his self-command. He knew, even, it was not death he feared. He had lived richly and fully. Death, as such, could not terrify him. Yet he too sensed the clutch of panic. Men can face the slaving sea that rolls to engulf them, and with some composure yield themselves to its embrace; but to feel an air-craft—a speeding aircraft that bears one through the emptiness of space—suddenly stricken helpless, to sense its reeling fall, to see the hungering abysses of the sky yawn black and void beneath—this thing no man can experience without physical nausea and a profound and agonizing torture of the soul.

Yet the man fought it back. He struggled to clear his brain and senses. Pale to the lips, with the sweat of anguish on him and with staring eyes, he still sheltered the hysterical girl. He still kept from her the wildness and mad, futile deeds; still forced himself to reason and to think. Swiftly he tried to plan what he must do to save Jeanne Hargreaves.

For the moment their peril was not deadly; barring, of course, any general explosion that would hurl the wreck into the sea, a mile and a half below. The "Imperatrice", though punctured, might still survive a while. The swarming stampede, now rapidly thinning as some climbed up through doors and windows, and as dozens and scores of screeching maniacs slid and dropped away from the almost vertical decks, could not reach them in their vantage-corner. This constant lightening of the ship, too, might delay its plunge. The horrible jettison of human lives might help to save their own.

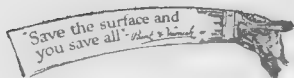
The "Imperatrice" had now heeled over almost directly on what in the old days would have been called its beam-ends. Lying on its side, the shattered hull staggered in drunken spirals vast and

Continued on page 44

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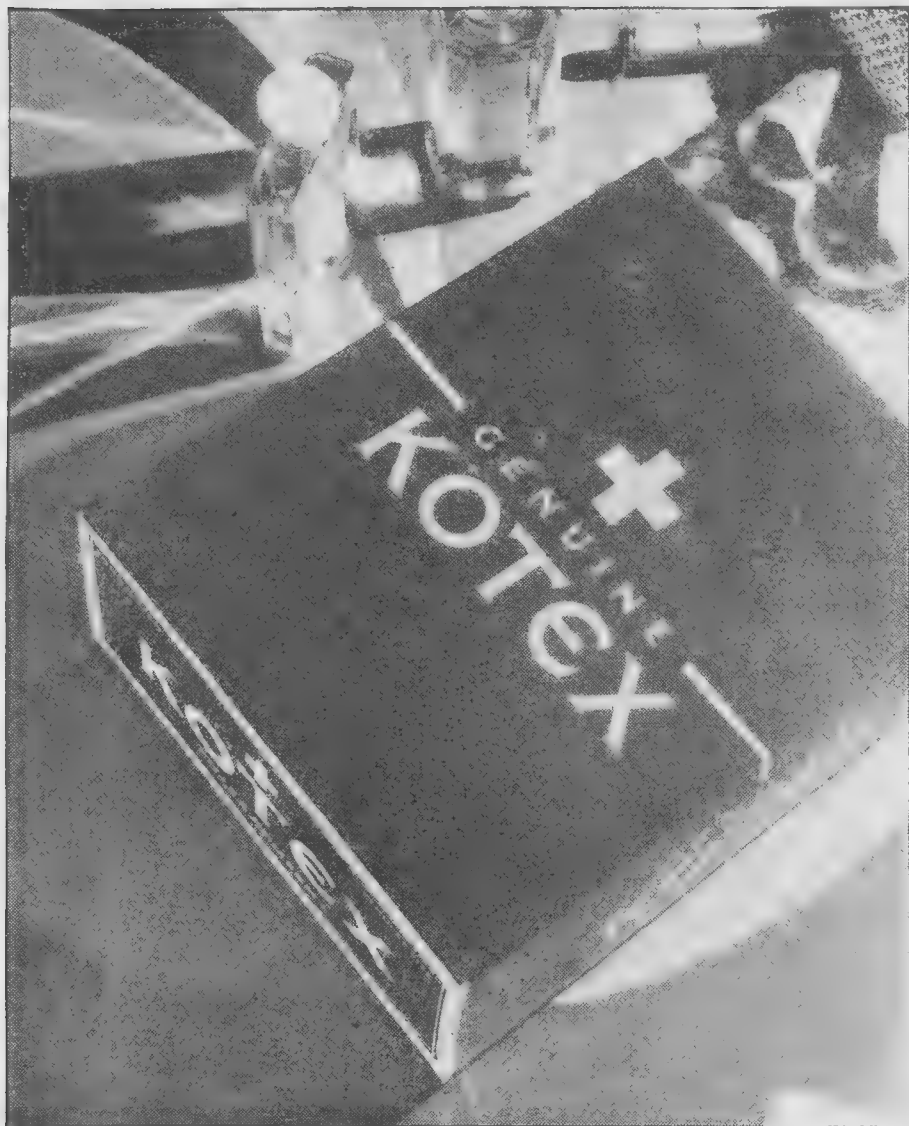
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The Plunge

Continued from page 42

slow. Nearly all the passengers on its lower side had already been slid into the sea. Those on the upper side were still safe from this peril; but the flames now licking upward and along that higher side of the ship explained the agonizing screams that drifted from those decks out into the stillness of mid-heaven.

Quivering with horror, Norford tightened his grasp on the girl. As the ship had rolled over, he had adjusted his position, so as to remain upright, with Jeanne.

"Come, come!" he adjured her sharply. "Look alive, now! No time for hysterics here! Your foot, there, beside mine—so—now, then, lean back against the deck!"

Their feet now rested on a stanchion connecting the deck with the one that had been above it. The deck itself, now vertical, gave them support against which to brace themselves. Their position, fairly secure, was none the less terrifying.

Far below them now appeared nothing but the dazzling shine of the moonlit clouds—clouds ever drawing nearer—on which the ink-black shadow of the ship drifted idly before the wind. And through gaps in the cloud-floor, ever they beheld the waiting blackness of the sea.

"LIFE-PRESERVERS! We'll jump!" The idea, oddly enough, now first occurred to Hale. None of the preservers seemed to have been used, on his deck. So swift had been the catastrophe and so sudden the heeling-over of the ship that few of the passengers there had even so much as tried to strap on one of the devices.

Decades of complete aerial safety had rendered even the idea of peril absolutely remote. For many years these gyroscopic devices, actuated by a leap from aloft, had been carried only as a matter of routine. Now in the moment of disaster they were not used, they could not be.

Hale determined to make at least a try for the girl's life and his own. Action followed hard on that decision.

"Stand right here," he commanded. "Don't move. So long as you keep your feet braced on this metal beam, with your shoulders to the deck, you're all right. I'm going to leave you for a minute."

"Leave me? What for?" she stammered, aroused by his words.

"Life-preservers. See there?" He pointed where they hung, dangling ten feet away, alongside the now vertical wall that had formed the deck-roof.

"How—can you?" she gasped, staring at the life-belts, dimly visible in the heavy shadows now shrouding all the under portion of the ship.

"How? Along this stanchion, of course."

"You—you can't!"

For all answer he merely commanded: "Stay where you are. Don't move." Carefully gauging the distance, he threw off his furs and dropped them into the gulf, then boldly walked forward along the aluminum girder.

This girder had a breadth of no more than four inches. It lay horizontal, or almost so. Beneath it, nothing but the sheer vacancy of a mile and a half drop to the Pacific. On either hand, nothing to grasp. The distance to the belts was only a few feet, but those few feet held appalling possibilities.

Hale did not hesitate. Steadily he advanced along the beam, step by step, both arms extended sideways, swaying as he balanced. He reached the life-preservers—each a combination of anti-gravity apparatus and vacuum-belt, with water-distiller signal light, and concentrated food—unhooked two with considerable difficulty, and, turning, faced the girl.

She, shivering and blanched to a dull, waxen pallor, stared at him as though hardly comprehending. Far above, from the upper side of the doomed liner, confused cries and screams still drifted down to them; but these had now grown fewer and fainter. The burst of flames along that upper side had swiftly thinned the multitude of trapped wretches.

Now all at once a greenish glare began to flame around the stern of the vast fabric. Its widely-spreading brilliance cast leaping lights and shadows all along the up-tilted deck, swept bare of life.

Back toward the girl started Norford. Burdened now by the cumbersome apparatus, he found the return harder far. But step by step he still advanced, now hesitating as he swung with the drunken yaw of the ship, now again creeping forward. And still in muted horror the girl watched him as he came that perilous way above the gulf. Her face showed ghastly as his own, in the weird virescence of the blazing aero-liner.

A thunderous explosion, aft, echoed the hissing rush of a tremendous, searing geyser of flame.

Hale, nearly overbalanced by the shock, leaped and caught the agonized hand she reached to him. Shaking and mute, they clung to each other.

"Off with your furs—and into one of these—quick!" he panted.

She struggled out of her coat, and dropped it, grotesquely flapping as it spun away through the clouds. Then she tried to adjust the life-preserver, but in vain. Numbed with terror, her hands quivering violently and her whole body shaking, she could neither put on the belt nor adjust the straps. Gasping, she tried to speak. Dry tongue and quivering lips refused their office. Her teeth began to chatter violently with the cold.

"Here, your arm through this—now, so—now the other!" Hale directed, in a shaking voice. He clung there, precariously, to his footing; he helped her at imminent risk of being himself precipitated into the depth.

The liner, meanwhile, her whole stern now roaring into white-hot, gaseous flame, had become a monstrous torch against the sky, spiraling down, ever down toward the clouds, with accelerating speed. Her huge prow rose, swaying helplessly and drunkenly toward the impassive moon. In the black of the night-sky she whipped her streaming hair of fire weirdly and terribly aloft.

She had now assumed almost a vertical position. The flames, licking up along her from the stern and also bursting from the bow, had driven almost all of the survivors, fighting, clawing, screaming, to the forward observation-deck. Out from topsy-turvy saloons and state-rooms—places of horrible, mocking luxury—they scrambled. Insanely battling for refuge, they crawled up, up the sickening angles of the aircraft's mad inversion.

Some few, cooler than the rest, managed to put on their life-belts and launch away; but only a part of these made the correct adjustments. Most of them fell like lead, the gyroscopic neutralizers failing to work after the initial plunge. Probably not over two-score, in all, reached the surface of the Pacific still alive.

Scorched from the liner by the anguish of shriveling heat or numbed by poisonous gases, the others dropped off. Some, actually on fire, leaped into the abyss and swirled away, torches of living flame. As ripe fruit falls, clustered, from the bough they fell. Men, women, children, singly and in groups, seared by the roaring gusts of incandescence, flung themselves into moonlit vacancy. Horribly whirling, they vanished.

Merciful oblivion received all these before their bodies broke against the midnight blackness of the sea; its surface—struck at such speed—hard as a plate of burnished steel.

Clinging to their perilous niche below the flaming, drifting hulk, Hale and Jeanne tugged with bleeding fingers at the adjustments of their belts.

"Quick!" he commanded. "She's going fast—we've got only a minute, now!"

He drew the last buckle tight about her, while the glare of the on-sweeping conflagration flooded them with a ghastly, yellow-greenish glare. Puffs of hot smoke and strangling gases swirled about them. Within the wreck, dull

Continued on page 46

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of health never before possible*

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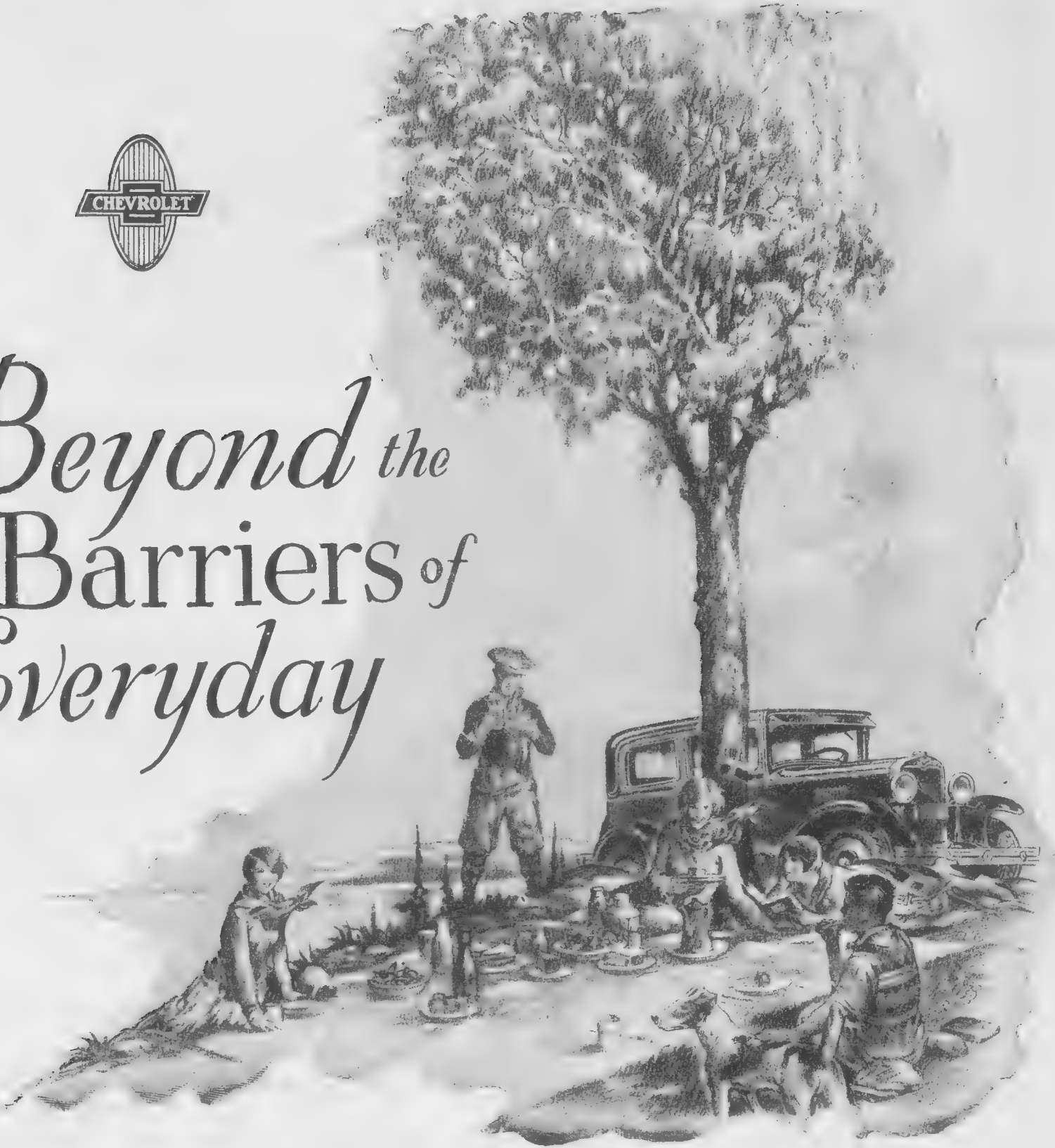
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The Plunge

Continued from page 44

concussions verberated. The last sustaining vacuum-chambers were collapsing.

"All right?" demanded Hale, strapping his own belt fast. "Now, then, off with you! Jump!"

The girl, shaking terribly, sank almost fainting against him.

"Oh—I can't, I can't!" she gasped. "We're still a mile high—and the sea—"

"It's that or burn to a crisp here!" he shouted with sudden passion, above the roaring of the gas-flames.

Still she could not muster courage for the leap.

Brutally he seized her, with overwhelming rage. They grappled a second. Reeling, they swayed together on the narrow beam. Then he dominated her; he broke her desperate clutch and hurled her bodily—her scream piercing his ears—into the void.

A second he watched her drop like a plummet, in the moonlight, as he crouched pale and sick upon the dizzy perch.

"Thank God!" he breathed, thinking to see her swift trajectory checked just before she plunged through the cloud-curtain still a thousand feet below.

Delaying no longer, he stood up again. He leaped boldly outward from the flaming wreck; he plunged after her into the horrifying nothingness of the abyss.

RETURNING consciousness—for the sheer drop before his own apparatus had functioned had robbed him of his senses—brought him a confused realization of cold, of motion, of dim light. For a moment he understood nothing. Then his mind cleared, and he knew that he was swinging on the surface of a troubled sea, heaving on league-long rollers, with moonlit clouds slow-drifting far and far above him.

Buoyed by his vacuum-belt he rose, fell, heaved up again on the crumbling surges. Here, there, he made out a few twinkling sparkles of light, like stars moving on the breast of the mighty waters; signal-flashes from such of the survivors as had lighted them. He vaguely distinguished dim forms, hardly distinguishable against the blackness of the sea—men and women who, like himself, had reached the sea with life-belts. Living? Dead? He could not tell. But one or two nearer things, wallowing limply, in the supreme abandon of death, told him of those who had leaped with no supporting apparatus.

Vague thoughts drifted through his brain. Had any kinetogram been sent from the "Imperatrice", for rescue, he wondered dully. And sharks—were they plentiful in this latitude? How long could one survive, under these conditions?

Then the thought of Jeanne stabbed him full-awake. A great clarity of mind returned to him, with renewed vigor of body. He detached the now useless gyroscope from the belt, and let it drift away, in company with the welter of deck-chairs and wreckage that littered the sea. After this, he turned the knob of his signal-lamp, which flashed away bravely over the dark and gleaming swells.

"Romney! . . . Ohe-e-e-e! . . . Romney!" he shouted through cupped hands, as he flung aloft on marching crests of brine.

No answer. A few faint cries; but none from her.

All at once he noted a greenish flare in the heavens, almost directly overhead. Now he could distinguish a vibrant roar, louder than the swishing hiss of the combers. Spiraling downward, the "Imperatrice" had just sunk through the clouds, which were illumined for a long distance by its streaming banners of incandescence.

A moment he closed his eyes. The flaming aero-liner, now less than a mile aloft, threatened to precipitate its blazing, glowing wreck upon him. The anguish of death wrought strong in Hale; but through it all he felt a kind of wild, barbaric exultation.

"This, this," he thought subconsciously, "is an end such as in these days any man might envy!" His only regret was

that he might not live to write a stirring tale of the adventure; his only sorrow crystallized about the death of Jeanne; for even though the girl was living still, death was inevitable unless quick rescue could be made.

He shouted again and again, vainly. Then he fell a-wondering where she might be; how many from the ship might still survive; how death might come to him; what the sensation of dying really might be like.

The brightening glare of the liner once more drew his gaze. Down, ever downward, staggered the flaming craft, on which not a single being now remained alive. Slowly she wheeled about and about. Dark objects and a rain of dripping fire fell from her constantly. Out of her uprearing bow, flames were streaming full-volumed toward the zenith—a splendid, horrifying spectacle, affronting the calm moon.

Once more the man hailed:

"Romney! . . . Romney! . . ."

A gust of incandescent gases puffed from the liner's bow. The gigantic craft seemed to empty herself in a second. She staggered, rolled slowly over, gathered momentum downward. In a vast and rushing spiral she plunged, roaring into white heat; shot swiftly off to the left, and—violently exploding—leaped into twisted wreckage.

A stupendous concussion rolled its echoes over the sea as the shattered, glowing skeleton of metal surged into the waves.

Up leaped a Vesuvius of steam, writhing in snowy belchings under the moonlight. Hissings of tortured waters drowned the seeths of the waves and the death-cries of the struggling wretches annihilated by the hulk.

Then, for a moment, silence, while Norford—cradled upward on the breasts of the sea—dimly perceived a boiling, spuming writhe of brine that marked the liner's grave.

A column of gaseous blue flame belched from the waves, writhed aloft and vanished.

OVERBORNE with horror, Norford Hale lapsed from knowledge of all things. Then—after how long a time he knew not—he once more found his senses.

"Where is Romney?"

The thought stabbed him. He rallied his forces, shouting to the vacancy of night and moonlight-sparkling sea.

A voice answered him, on the third call—her voice, off somewhere to windward.

"Romney! . . . Oh, Romney! . . . Where are you?"

Lifted on a crest, he peered across the moving plain of waters vast and slow. Now the tiny dots of signal-lights had grown fewer, scattered wide and vanishing upon the bosom of the primal mystery of old ocean. Not all man's towering achievement, not all his sublime skill and science, had yet dethroned the sea from its supremacy. Terribly unconquered, it still rolled indomitable as when first the naked savage faced it, awed and wondering.

Again and again Hale shouted, till his throat went raw.

A signal-light rose as though answering, two or three hundred yards away—farther, perhaps—he could not tell. Hale thought he heard a cry drifting down-wind.

Drawing the aluminum paddle from its sheath alongside the vacuum-belt, he drove himself toward that reply.

"Romney!"

"Here! Oh, here, here!"

"Safe?"

"Yes!" she shouted, as he neared her.

"Are you?"

"Yes—thank God!"

He labored hard, and made his way to her. Each searched the other's face, wan and haggard under the moonlight and the flare of the signals.

"Oh, Norford!" she gasped, her teeth still chattering violently, for even in those latitudes the sea was chill.

Continued on page 48

Triumphs of Today— and Glimpses of Tomorrow

For every new thought of the mode, the Paris Couturier finds a new Celanese creation at hand . . . originated for the Fashion of the Hour, or of the Morrow . . . matching it in texture, drape and spirit.

An almost infinite variety of fabrics—each weave exquisitely adapted to its purpose, and to the mode. *Subtly different in nuance and texture* . . . here the quiet velvet tone of a flower petal . . . a rare eggshell dullness . . . here the mellow halflights of a sea pearl. *Richly varied in weight* . . . from cobweb filmy voiles and ninons to the luxurious heaviness of Marocain and Satin Minuet.

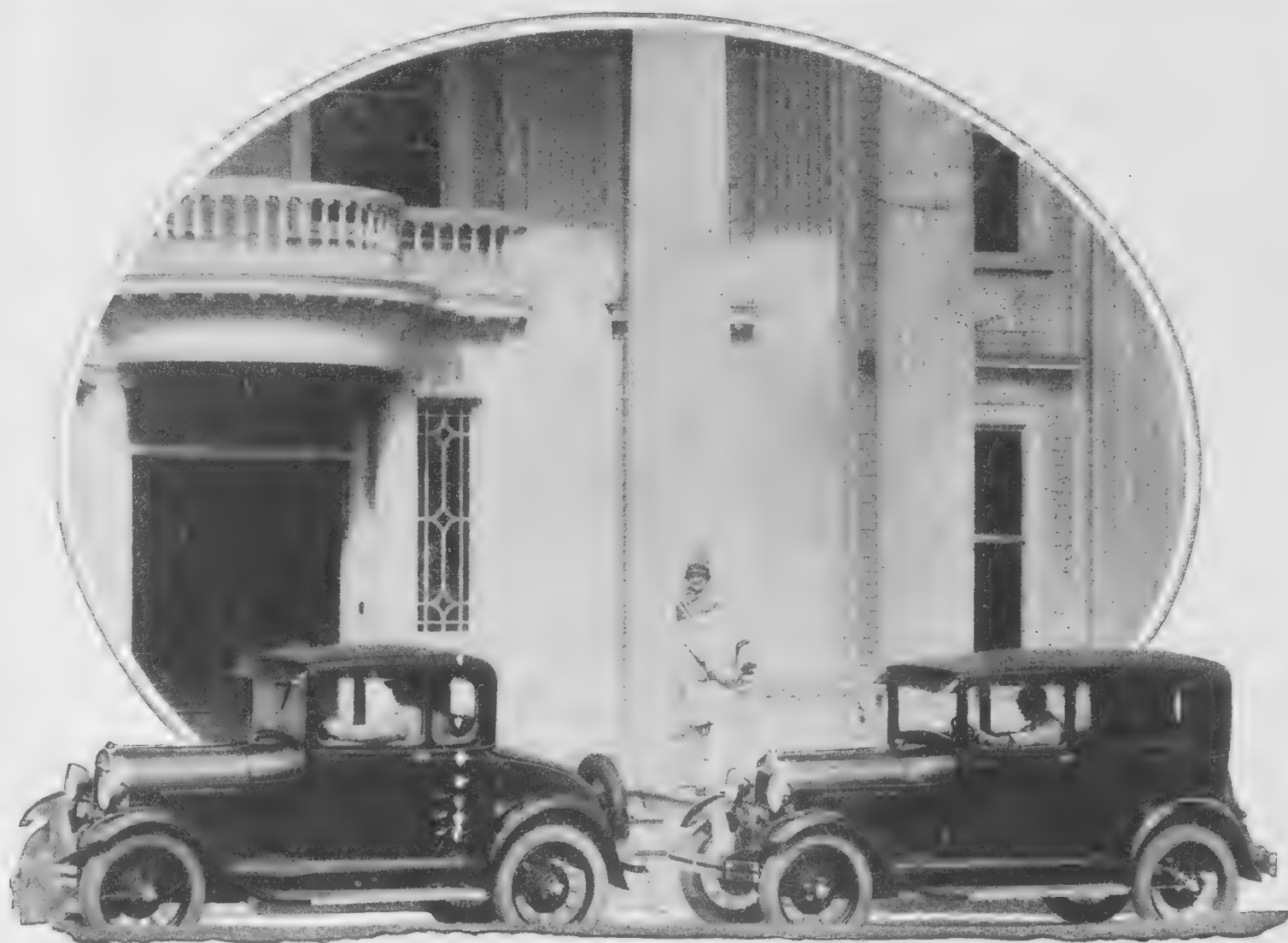
A word to the Celanese Style Bureau, Room 521 W. Canada Cement Building, will bring you samples of the Celanese Group.

Ninon	Ninette
Voile	Cameo Crepe
Crepe Celia	Crepe Marocain
Crepe Noraine	Crepe Veronese
Crepe Celeste	Celasuede
Satin Minuet	Foulard

In Silk and Dress Departments

CELANESE FABRICS

Celanese is the registered trademark in Canada of Canadian Celanese Limited, to designate its brand of yarns, fabrics, garments, etc.



The CONVENIENCE of TWO FORD Cars

IN these days when walking has become a recreation and driving a necessity, the ownership of two Ford cars goes far towards solving the transportation problem for the whole family. The man of the house needs a Ford coupe all day for business, while mother and daughter meet their engagements independently in a Ford Sedan. And the upkeep of the two is really surprisingly small

The convenience of Ford car ownership, however, goes deeper



than mere transportation. Ease of handling and parking, and alert response in traffic are Ford features almost exclusive in their supremacy. Then, too, the riding comfort and reliability of Ford cars have set new motoring standards.

Families all over Canada are being won over to the idea of owning a "pair of smart Fords," and attain maximum driving satisfaction with minimum motoring expense.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

MILLIONS of SMOKERS

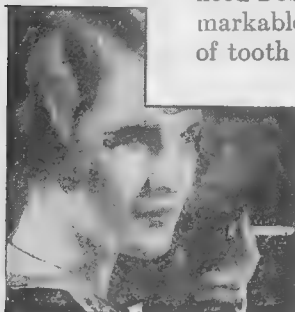


*Keep teeth stainless—
mouth fresh with Pebecco*

A DIFFERENT kind of tooth paste—a smoker's tooth paste! Sharp-flavored, keen-tasting—it stimulates the saliva. Keeps mouth fresh. Breath fragrant. Chases away the bitter tobacco taste.

You'll feel the difference the minute you try Pebecco. There's no sweet, sugary flavor. No nauseating, soapy taste. Just a wholesome, business-like tang that makes your whole mouth glow with health and cleanliness.

Even if you don't smoke—you need Pebecco. It's a remarkable preventive of tooth decay.



To girls who smoke, Pebecco has become an indispensable beauty aid—like cold cream or skin lotion. Its special antiseptic ingredient washes away tobacco's yellow stains—keeps mouth cool and sweet—teeth gleaming white.

By keeping the alkaline saliva flowing normally, Pebecco neutralizes harmful mouth acids—checking the greatest cause of tooth trouble.

This neutralizing fluid bathes your mouth. Washes away food particles from tiny crevices where even the tooth brush cannot reach. Whitens and brightens the precious enamel.

Next time you buy a package of cigarettes—buy Pebecco, too. You'll get more pleasure from smoking.

Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited, for the owners of the Canadian trademark "Pebecco."

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The Plunge

Continued from page 46

"Romney!" he exclaimed, reaching out to her. Their hands clasped and held. And silence fell between them.

So few now, and so far, had become the scattered signal-lights still remaining that the two seemed all alone there together in a universe of deep, impassive sky and restless sea that loomed away, away to nothingness. Above, the clouds had now cleared a little, showing patches of the heavens, infinite abysses of space where shone diadems of mild-glowing stars, softened by the tropic moonlight.

A sibilant hissing all at once drew Hale's attention.

"What's that?" he ejaculated, listening keenly. At first he did not understand; but as the sound continued, with an ominous gurgitation of water, he suddenly knew. The greater depth to which he was now sinking—the rapid disappearance of his buoyancy—these alone would have told him the truth.

For a moment numb dread possessed him, but he mastered it. He forced himself to speak with an approach to calm.

"Romney," asked he, "if—if you should be left all alone here, would you be very much afraid? Would you hold your nerve and—try to wait for rescue?"

"Alone?" she cried. "How—why?"

"You may as well know," he answered plainly. "You'll have to, anyhow, in a minute or two. Hear that sound? My vacuum-belt has sprung a leak. Air and water are entering it. In a very short time—well—"

"You mean—?"

"Yes, Romney. It's a case of goodbye. Your belt, alone, can't possibly sustain us both. Here, girl! Give me your hand again. I'll just say goodbye, and God keep you! Then I'll paddle away. Of course, you understand, you—mustn't see—"

Aghast, she stared at him. Then sudden fire leaped into her wide eyes.

"Take mine, and let me go!"

"What?"

"I'm of no use in the world! It will never miss me. You with all your splendid achievements and powers—"

"Nonsense, Romney! You're mad!"

"I'm going to do it, I tell you!" she cried passionately. "You've been my ideal for years—it doesn't matter now if I tell you. You shan't die; you mustn't! I showed myself a coward when you saved me from the ship. Now let me show myself a woman! I've lived empty and idle. Let me die to serve the world—and you!"

Already she was laboring at the buckles to loosen them. He seized her hands and held them fast.

No, no, no! He forbade her. Already he was sinking far lower. "You mustn't, Romney mine—you can't now—it's too late!"

She struggled to free herself for her stern purpose. He, seizing his paddle, struck away from her.

"Goodby—God keep you, Romney!" he answered, now sunk far into the heaving hills of brine. A great calm and a supreme gratitude enfolded him. The girl, he felt, was safe. And he, unable to loosen the metallic belt, must in a minute or two be drawn into the depths of rest eternal.

"I've lived a man's life"—the thought soothed him. "I shall die a man's death. For that, thank God!"

He ceased his paddling, now that he had attained a fitting distance, and for a moment lay inert, hearkening the ever more rapid gurgle of the incoming water and air. More and more heavily now he wallowed, his buoyancy all gone. He reached a weary hand and extinguished his light. Romney should not, at least, see that disappear beneath the sea-floor, when the final moment came.

An echo of a long-forgotten sonnet rose to him:

Drained is the cup that holds both
Heaven and Hell;

Peace deep as peace of those
divinely drowned

In leagues of moonlit waters, wraps
me round,

And it is well with me—yea! it is
well!

Again he heard Romney's call. He glimpsed her light, away to leeward. Vaguely he smiled, murmured "Goodby!" and with supreme abandon yielded himself to the engulfing sea.

THE shock of a hard body in collision with his shoulder jarred him awake from this mood of euthanasia. Instinct flung out his arms. His clutching hands caught something, slipped, held, and once more wrenched loose; then finally got their grip and clung there.

He sensed he was no longer sinking. was not dead, might still survive. The ripe moonlight on that southern sea showed his reopening eyes that he was grappling the netted side of a monoplane life-raft—a raft that must have fallen from the "Imperatrice" rather than have been launched, for in that swift, all-mastering panic not a single one had been set free.

Life and the instinct to live gushed up in Norford Hale. Many long years still stood between him and his natural term of being; the blood still rushed hot and keen through his arteries. And "Life!" cried every atom of him, in clamant choruses. He found that the struggle he had thought ended had only just begun.

With freshened energy he toiled up out of the water and foam, out upon the swaying safety of that float. One by one he undid the hampering buckles of the now water-logged life-belt, and—saving only the paddle and the food-cartridges—slid the useless apparatus back into the sea. Still sucking air and brine, it sank, eddying in the moon-shine down and away to black depths.

As it disappeared, hopes welled up in Norford Hale, and burning thoughts, and eager yearnings after supreme possibilities that set his pulses hammering. He stood up then, filled his domed chest with splendidly revivifying breath, and through hollowed palms belled into a long cry to Jeanne, across the night.

He listened, in suspense, searching the gloom for her light, but seeing none. A sick fear crept upon him as he called and called again.

Her answer! He heard it, all at once, drifting down-wind to him. All at once her light showed once more, a star upon the vast waters.

Joy so poignant as his was almost pain, as he knelt, plunged the paddle overside, and with splendid energy began driving the raft toward Jeanne.

After a certain while, two figures sat together on the raft that cradled easily over the vast Pacific rollers. Millions of moving sparkles flashed from the sea, struck out by the moon—the moon now disked in 'solid silver, now "stooping through a fleecy cloud" and shining there with softened glory.

Night wore on; and now the moon, dimming as the east began to glow, had drooped almost to the vague mists that pearled the horizon. The stars blanched and died; but, watching them, the man saw one star moving on the edge of the sea—a star that waxed, that mounted on the sky—a star that spoke of life.

"Look!" cried Norford, pointing. "A kinetogram was sent, after all! See there—rescue!"

The girl, all disheveled, wet and shivering, raised her eyes to the swift-approaching searchlight of the aircraft. For a moment she peered at it in silence; then she smiled.

"Can this be A.D. 2016?" she asked wonderingly. "Things like this happen only in books—books of the old days—" "Books of life!" said Norford, with his arm about her. "Don't you see—this plunge has been a plunge back into life, real life, for us? Romney mine, a story like this can have only one ending! And was it you, Romney, was it you who told me that Romance was dead?"

She bowed her head, yearning against his breast. His arms made home for her.

Last Call

to amateur photographers—May 31st ends
the big competition for 1,223 cash prizes totalling

\$30,000

THE biggest amateur photographic contest ever conducted has now reached its third and final month.

There were picture opportunities in March, more in April, but there will be most of all in May.

Those who have already entered will improve their chances greatly by submitting additional pictures taken during this wonderful month.

Those who have not yet entered still have an excellent chance because the best picture-taking period of the contest is now at hand.

You don't need to be a camera-expert to win. What the judges are looking for are interesting pictures—pictures of children and scenes, sports and animals, still life and nature studies, buildings and architectural details, interiors and unusual photographs.

If you live in the Dominion of Canada or in the United States, you're eligible to enter and compete—except, of course, if you or some member of your family is connected with the photographic business. And practically any snapshot or time ex-



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under-or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

posure that you have taken during March and April or any that you take in May, this year, is eligible provided it is received by us on or before May 31st. There are enough classifications to cover all kinds. When we receive your entries we'll place them in the classes where they'll have the best chance of winning.

Any brand of camera or film may be used, but negatives must not be larger than $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches and prints not larger than 7 inches in width or length.

This is the last call—the final reminder that the opportunity to win a share of this \$30,000 knocks at your door. Some of the readers of these lines are going to seize that opportunity. They are going to begin taking pictures *at once*. They are going to enter not one but several pictures. They are going to open a letter from us next month enclosing a cheque—a cheque that may be for \$5, \$2,500 or some amount in between.

They are going to thank their stars they acted on this advertisement. *Will YOU be one of them?*

PRIZES

Grand Prize of	\$2,500.00
11 prizes of	500.00 each
11 prizes of	250.00 each
125 prizes of	100.00 each
275 prizes of	10.00 each
800 prizes of	5.00 each
1,223	\$30,000.00

In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants. (57 of the above \$100 prizes were sent to winners April 1. 57 more will be sent May 1. That leaves 1,109 prizes for you to aim at.)

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name (Please Print)

Street Address Town and Province

Make of Camera Make of Film

Enclose this blank or a copy with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario:
Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

While this page tells you practically everything you need to know to enter the contest, further details, including the rules for the Special Enlargement Award, may be secured from your dealer or from Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.

With Our Compliments



This Beautiful Rug

The above illustration does not begin to do justice to this strikingly colored Colonial Rug, a product of skilful weavers in the Orient, of generous size, being 54x27 inches, and most attractive design. It is useful as well as ornamental, and in keeping with the furnishings of any well-appointed home.

NOTE OUR OFFER

We will send you one of these rugs, charges paid, to your address in return for a three year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly at the usual rate of \$2.00.

Please note, however, that a limited quantity only of these rugs (bought by us at a remarkable price concession) is available for distribution and immediate acceptance is therefore urged.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.
GENTLEMEN:—

Enclosed find \$2.00 and please send me the Western Home Monthly for a period of three years and include free of charge Colonial Rug as described above.

The House of the Ingle

Continued from page 28

imitation of an old Colonial or Georgian house. Both are freakish. In our homes we want rest, and in the imitation of some forms of furniture and planning we are either living in the uncomfortable middle ages, or living in a whirlwind of exotic cleverness.

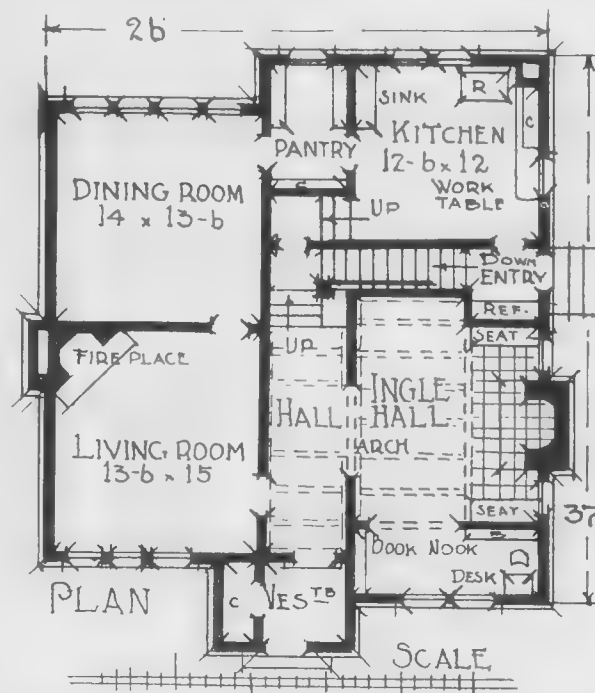
The paneling is of wide flat grain fir boards and these must be well seasoned,

cream white joint three-quarters of an inch thick, raked out one-quarter of an inch deep. The general effect from the hallway is of an ivory softened and mellowed by old age. The treatment of walls is a most important factor in determining the appearance of a room. It matters little if furniture, window drapes and rugs are attractive and in harmony if the walls are not in keeping. Good taste decrees that wall treatment should be kept simple. The walls downstairs are what is called a sand finish and are painted. Painted walls are easily cleaned. It is in the selection and combination of colors that the opportunity for individual preference and expression lies. The old rule for the color of a room still holds good—floor dark, walls lighter and ceiling lightest. In the hall and Ingle Hall and living room the plaster walls are painted or stained a flat olive tone, with the ceiling an old ivory. In the dining room I would use an old gold for the walls, with ceiling a lighter tone.

Some beautiful combinations can be got by experienced painters by using a stipple in one or two deep rich colors.

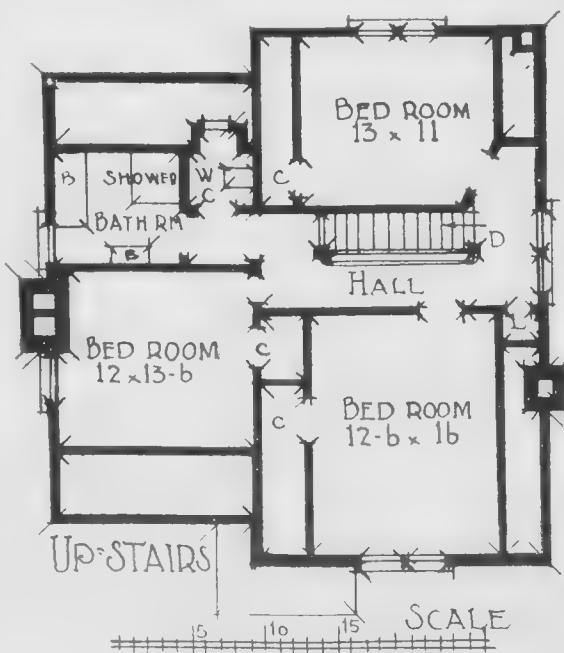
How should a hardwood floor be finished and how kept in condition? How many housekeepers worry over this question? The reasons for putting a finish on a floor are obvious—to protect it from wear and to give it decorative value. The floor boards cannot wear until the wax or varnish finish is worn off. One finish I would advise against is what is called an oil finish. I have never been in a building where an oil finish is used without noting the pungent odor arising from the fresh oil. In finishing a new floor the kind of wood must be noted, as some woods are open grained, and require filling to close up the wood. A very open grained wood must be treated carefully if stain is used, as the stain may by the wide grain become very dark. In this house oak is used for the floors. I would like wide floor boards but naturally they are rather difficult to ob-

tain and much more expensive. The waxed floors of our forefathers are a legend, but the labor expended upon them to make them so, is now easily duplicated by the modern labor-saving mops and brushes. If you wish a varnish finish only use the very best floor varnish or you will live to regret it—when the varnish wears off in



and primed on the back. The joints are covered with a mould which runs up to a frieze capped by a moulding. The moulding around the panel or fir board should be mitred, and the whole stained brown, with a flat varnish finish. Brown seems such a satisfying tone. The beam over the tiled ingle is just a simple fir beam not too smoothly finished, and with the ceiling beams stained and varnished brown. The seats are built in. The built-in features in some places on the plan have proved to be most economical and convenient. Whether your house is still in the embryo or whether you are making over an old home, there is no doubt it can be made more home-like by building in certain things which as time passes become part of the structure and receive its spirit. While I am on the subject of built-in features there are many things which should be part of the planning of every good house—garbage and refuse burners. The modern incinerator solves the problem of sanitary elimination of bulky waste just as plumbing has solved the problem of getting rid of liquid waste. The modern incinerator is built in the basement with a hopper-door installed in the chimney accessible to the kitchen, and all waste, including garbage, tin cans, sweepings, are dropped into this handy little door, from where it drops to the incinerator in the basement and is later burned. The coal chute is another built-in convenience. They are self-locking. Another convenience which does away with the unsightly letter box, is the mail box actually built into the wall, and a convenience which every town dweller should have is the built-in milk and package receiver. The recessed ironing board with its shelf above to hold the iron is a necessity. These are a few of the fixtures which can be installed while the house is being erected.

THE Ingle floor is tiled with a square tile in a brown tone, and the fireplace is of seal-brown rough-faced brick, with a



Continued on page 52

Now a new Frigidaire at the lowest price in Frigidaire history



HERE is another great achievement in automatic refrigeration . . . a new Frigidaire at an almost unbelievably low price. It embodies those essential features that have made Frigidaire the choice of more buyers than all other electric refrigerators combined.

This new Frigidaire is quiet . . . so quiet that you don't hear it start or stop or run.

The cabinet is beautifully proportioned. Exterior is finished in enduring white Duco. All mechanical parts are completely enclosed yet easily accessible. No space need be wasted above it or around it . . . a decided advantage in the efficient modern kitchen. The interior is finished in gleaming white porcelain enamel with rounded corners to make cleaning easy.

Since the mechanical parts are at the bottom, the food shelves are all at a convenient height making stooping unnecessary. The ice trays have self-sealing fronts which hold the intense cold of the freezing unit.

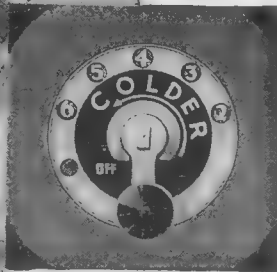
Surplus power, characteristic of every Frigidaire, keeps the temperature constantly below 50 degrees on warmest days and when the preparation of meals makes the kitchen excessively hot . . . a feature vital to healthful refrigeration.

It is easy to move about and requires no special installation. It is simply plugged into any convenient electric outlet.

And this new Frigidaire is equipped with the Cold Control . . . an exclusive Frigidaire development, a simple dial with six freezing speeds that enables you to regulate the temperature of the freezing compartment, make ice cubes quickly and freeze delicious desserts that require extreme cold.

Point by point and feature by feature this new Frigidaire offers values that can not be duplicated.

The low price is the result of quantity production, an accomplishment of the world's largest builder of automatic refrigerators. See the new Frigidaire. Examine it thoroughly. It is now shown by dealers everywhere. And mail the coupon now for a copy of the new recipe book. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Toronto, Ont.



The Frigidaire Cold Control with six freezing speeds now installed on all new household Frigidaires.

FRIGIDAIRE CORP., Sterling Tower,
Toronto, Ont.

Please send me a free copy of the Frigidaire catalog and the recipe book of frozen delicacies.

Name

Address

.....

FRIGIDAIRE

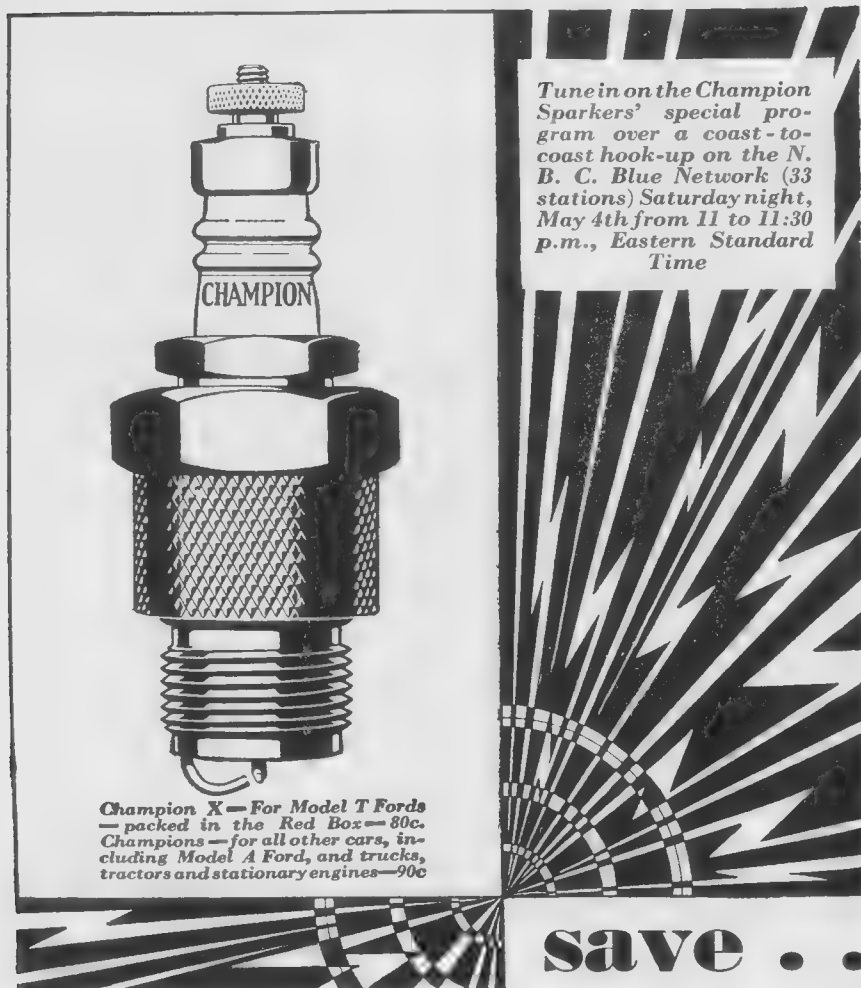
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



CHAMPION

National Change Week

MAY 5th to 11th



Champion X—For Model T Fords—packed in the Red Box—80c. Champions—for all other cars, including Model A Ford, and trucks, tractors and stationary engines—90c

Tune in on the Champion Sparkers' special program over a coast-to-coast hook-up on the N. B. C. Blue Network (33 stations) Saturday night, May 4th from 11 to 11:30 p.m., Eastern Standard Time

save . .

the price of New Spark Plugs

ONCE again Champion reminds you that to enjoy perfect engine performance during the next twelve months you should install a complete new set of spark plugs now.

You should renew even Champion Spark Plugs which give much better service for a much longer period than any other spark plug.

If you have used your spark plugs more than 10,000 miles, a new set of the new improved Champions will restore new car power and speed and save their cost many times over in less gas and oil used.

Moreover, the far-reaching improvements, the time-tested and exclusive superiorities of the new improved Champions are so great as to warrant immediate equipment with them—no matter what spark plugs you may now be using.

Make Champion National Change Week your yearly reminder to install a complete new set of Champions. It is a proved method of maintaining maximum engine efficiency and economy. Any one of more than 12,000 dealers will be glad to serve you.

A CANADIAN MADE PRODUCT

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The House of the Ingle

Continued from page 50

spots. A good varnish will give you a beautiful durable finish when properly applied. If the decoration of the walls and the toning of the woodwork and floors are carried out carefully you will find that you have produced a beautiful picture in which the deepened tone of the floors will enhance the appearance of the rugs, bring out the mellow tones of the furniture and the satiny glint of the paneling. Isn't it a joy to know that a few well directed efforts will bring such a result.

The winter is the test season for humanity, but if the proper heating plant is installed you will overcome this in a great measure. A well designed furnace should have the proper water pan so placed that much evaporation will result, as low humidities such as ordinarily exist in most buildings during the heating season are known to be detrimental to the health, as the nose and throat membranes become dry and irritated. In most homes the air of the room is too dry for health and comfort. In installing the heating apparatus it is advisable to plan a heat regulator or thermostat which will keep the temperature at a certain degree.

Nowadays the lighting of our homes has become a science. We have at last realized that the reason of so much defective eyesight is due to improper lighting. Often the lights are poorly shaded or badly placed. In general the rule for placing outlets is to have one for each fifty square feet of the room.

THERE are two hidden things in a house that should never be slighted. The plumbing pipes—and the electric wiring. One is a source of damage and annoyance if the pipes burst. The other is always a fire menace. In taking up the matter of lighting, room by room, I would begin at the Ingle Hall. Lighting effects that are both practical and beautiful are to be had at a reasonable cost and for central lighting fixtures which are always conspicuous, the fixtures should be chosen with great care. There are well designed fixtures in almost any metal, with exquisite shades to match the color effect of your room. Wall brackets are one of the successful methods of lighting the smaller rooms, and the preference seems to favor some sort of sconce design. In buying your fixtures, or lamps of any kind the main point is to consider simplicity of design and be sure they are in harmony with the decorative scheme of the room. The hardware should also be considered with this relationship in view. If you select hammered iron for your finished hardware it would seem to be in keeping to use either a wrought iron fixture or a fixture of some dull metal which would not appear too rich. There is no doubt that the soft glow of a shaded lamp is very enticing and the choice is wide. If brackets are

used in the Ingle Hall, a wrought iron lantern shape would fit in well with the surroundings. In lighting this hall two things should be considered. There should be proper light for reading or writing and outlets provided in the book nook for intensive light necessary for reading or writing. In the entrance hall two ceiling lights should be provided. In the living room the usual arrangements of outlets for the portable lights should be well studied. There should be an outlet close to the piano for the floor lamp; a bridge lamp near where the grouping of table and chairs are to be placed; all switches in general should be three-way so that the light is always before you as you go through the house.

In the dining room, naturally the dining table is the centre of interest and should be flooded with a soft diffused light. The rest of the room must be well lighted but table should have either a central table lamp or candelabra and on the wall use brackets.

The kitchen is often the worst lighted room in the house when it ought to be the best. Deep shadows cast on the table or stove make it difficult to do the work properly. A dense milk-white fully enclosed flattish glass fixture on the ceiling in the centre of the kitchen will throw a soft light over the entire room. There should be a bracket over the sink and a pendant light over the range, and there will be also the sockets to connect up for utility service.

Bracket lights should be on either side of the mirrors in bedrooms and a centre ceiling lighting fixture. Sockets should be placed for night lights and reading lamps within easy reach of the bed while sockets should be placed for utility service near the dresser.

In the bathroom a central ceiling light should be provided with bracket lights on each side of the mirror.

I stress again as I have often said before, the danger of having electric lights where a contact can be made between the person and a fixture. Never have individual switches on lights in bathrooms or in kitchens and see that the sockets are made of porcelain.

The exterior of the Ingle House is rather dignified. To make it appear at its best it requires a planting of low shrubs broken into groups at its base. The gables give it character and the details are of the most simple sort. The outside finish is a wide stained grey clapboard. The foundation to the grade is of stone or concrete and above this base there is a belt of red brick set on end, two bricks high around the entire house. The shingles are dipped in brown stain with every sixth course doubled. The window sashes are painted a dark green and the front entry steps and vestibule are of a square tile.

The Green Satin Hat

Continued from page 22

minutes; I've got to do some thinkin' all by myself." So saying she departed and mounted to her cheerless little bedroom. She took out the old cigar-box and slowly counted the money—twenty-six dollars and fifty cents.

She sat for a moment, fondly clasping the box—it meant so much happiness and yet, could she be happy if she did spend the money, knowing that it could do so much good elsewhere. Her mind was confused with conflicting thoughts and she sat huddled on the edge of the sagging, old bed, distress on every feature.

Suddenly, a light glimmered through the fogged brain and she exclaimed aloud: "Why the poor little thing will be just like me; it won't have no father." Rolling the money into a ball, she hurried down to the distracted girl.

"Here, Miss Joycie, I've got twenty-six dollars I don't know what to do with. I don't need many things. You hurry and git all packed. I'll help you and get down to the station fer that ten o'clock train."

"Oh, Abbie, Abbie," cried the distressed girl, "you are an angel in disguise. I'd never take your money if I wasn't so desperate. The one that should be helping me has gone—I don't know where. I can get to the city now. I have heard of a Home where girls can go and work for their board until they go to the hospital. Abbie, you'll never realize the good that you are doing tonight, and some day I hope I'll be able to repay you with more than money."

"Miss Joycie, than ain't nothin', but before I give you this money you've got to promise me one thing: Don't you put the little one in no Shelter; you find a home fer it. Shelter children grow up crazy as bats—maybe not crazy, but awful queer."

"I'll promise." And as Abbie handed her the money, she said humbly: "Abbie, are you sure that you were not saving this for something?"

"Jist a green satin hat and a few things—but good clothes don't bring happiness, and that's what I was gittin' them fer."



New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW . .

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

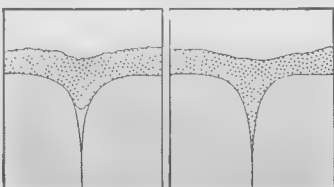
that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?



How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

A remarkable scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently cure an acid condition of the mouth. These are things only a dentist can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is false and misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

. . . and only 25¢

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows means low price.

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COLGATE, Dept. C-204, Toronto 8

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy".

Name.....

Address.....

BETTY BRONSON who is featured in "The Singing Fool," in a smart printed silk frock. "My persona", as well as screen wardrobe," Betty Bronson says, "frocks, underthings, hosiery, sport things, all are cleansed time after time yet kept delightfully new with Lux."



The Lovely Clothes you see in the movies

are kept like new twice as long with Lux

CAN one's nice things be kept pretty as new, even if they get everyday wear?

Every woman faces this problem. Materials nowadays are so lovely—silks, woollens, cottons, so dainty, so colorful. *But will they last?*

Now the movies have discovered how to keep lovely clothes like new far longer! These clothes, used in taking big pictures, get strenuous wear—yet on the screen they must look as fresh and dainty as if just that minute put on.

So the studios, having thousands of dollars at stake, tested many different methods of cleansing and different soaps. They found that

"By cleansing in Lux, modern materials can be kept perfectly beautifully new twice as long as with other washing methods!"

Now every great movie studio in Hollywood uses Lux—to double the life of pretty clothes!

Why Lux Saves Clothes

The purest materials known are used in making Lux. A special very costly process gives the diamond-shaped Lux flakes their extra gentleness, extra safety. Fragile chiffons, pretty rayons, soft downy woollens, if safe in water at all, are safe in pure, bland Lux. Always sold in the familiar blue package, never in bulk. Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



Women themselves prove, again and again, how much longer clothes look new with Lux!

"A friend was with me when I bought a box of Lux. She bought soap chips instead of Lux. We both had wool crepe dresses alike and they needed washing—I used Lux and she used the soap chips. When dry, my dress was pretty as new, soft and beautiful. Hers was beyond further use—it shrank and was harsh. That was two years ago and I'm still wearing mine." *An actual experience.*



One of Blazier's Prongbucks

Western Game Protection

Continued from page 24

Government co-operated and secured 500 eggs for its demonstration farms.

There is every indication that the pheasants have stood their first Alberta winter satisfactorily. Coveys have been checked in various centres and reports made that in every respect the birds have withstood the winter and are vigorous and they have had plenty of natural food, in spite of the snow. It is, therefore, assured that pheasants will flourish in Alberta.

During the summer of 1929, the Calgary Fish and Game Association will set out five or six hundred more ring-necks and also 600 Mongolian pheasants. The Mongolians are larger and hardier—also more expensive.

Then, too, the Association secured 50 pairs of Bob White quail from Mississippi State during the autumn. These are being wintered in pens and will be released at nesting-time next spring.

So here are four fascinating game birds that may be added to Alberta's list: Hungarian partridge, ring-necked and Mongolian pheasants and Bob White quail.

Why should it be necessary to stock Alberta—and equally the other Western Provinces—with these imported birds?

The answer is that the native birds will not stand up against the encroachment of civilization. The native prairie chicken or sharp-tailed grouse is being driven into the foothill country. Their nests are destroyed by the plow, the disc or the harrow. They are easy to shoot and regularly every ten years, Nature takes an appalling toll. In 1896, in 1906, in 1916 and 1926, the prairie chicken practically disappeared, so Ben Lawton, Alberta's chief game guardian all these years, states. There are some of the sharp-tails left, enough for seed purposes, but from their habits they are a species that must retreat to the foothills region or become extinct.

Similarly the ruffed grouse, commonly known as the bush partridge, will die out. There are very few in Alberta now and their numbers are diminishing. Disease, natural enemies and easy shooting contribute to their disappearance.

Both sharp-tailed and ruffed grouse have been under protection and are being guarded in preserves, but they can never regain their numbers.

They must be replaced if Alberta is to have upland game birds.

The pinnated, or square-tailed grouse, known also as the Minnesota and Manitoba prairie chicken, may be established throughout the Prairies. This bird is called "pinnated" because of the neck ruff which swells out when the owner becomes angry or excited. If not scrutinized it may be confounded with its sharp-tailed cousin, but observation easily distinguishes the difference between the species. The pinnated grouse offers more resistance to civilization. It is somewhat cannier in its habits than the sharp-tail, and the proximity of human beings and settlements does not frighten it. Its nesting habits tend to conserve its numbers. Incidentally it weighs about four ounces more than the sharp-tail.

At the same time it is liable to Nature's thinning-out process at intervals. For example, the State of Minnesota, by protective measures built up a huge supply in 1927 and the authorities planned an open season in 1928, but last spring they discovered that disease or inbreeding or some other cause had wiped out the coveys and close protection had to be maintained. A year ago the State game authorities were negotiating with Alberta for an exchange of pinnated grouse for Hungarian partridge, but early in the summer informed the local association that such exchange would be impossible because of the mysterious vanishing of the grouse. In any event the negotiations could not have been consummated, for neither at present nor for years, will Alberta consider depleting her Hungarian partridge coveys, unless it is a matter of a handful of birds for new blood or fresh species.

The pheasant experiment will be followed with keen interest. It is known that the ring-necks have done amazingly well in South Dakota, where the climate is perhaps as trying on these birds as is that of Alberta. The cold weather will not bother them, as they originated in the mountains of China. It is a matter of winter feed and of enemies.

Alberta will have an answer to the question in three or four years, during which extensive stocking will be continued. If the undertaking is crowned with success, it will be continued on a much larger scale and it may be expected that it will spread to Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

Similarly with the Bob Whites. If they can thrive in Alberta they will do well elsewhere on the Prairies.

No selfish motive attaches to these efforts. The birds are being imported and stocked for the community's, not the individual's, benefit. Herein lies one sound reason why the movement has been accorded such generous support by the people at large.

The entire West will benefit and new natural resources will be created for the pleasure and edification of all.

As for big game, Alberta is especially favored for there is a constant overflow from the great national parks to the west. The wild animals must have adequate range and if their numbers increase, the scope of their range must be increased. Accordingly, there is a steady flow of deer, moose, bear and other animals from the protected parks area, in which no gun may be carried.

A prompt result has been that big game hunters uniformly meet with success, all things being equal.

And these hunting privileges are not confined to the people of Alberta—they are available to the people of Canada and to people of other countries, although the latter must pay special fees for the privilege.

Under the game system that is now in operation, it is not too much to expect that Alberta will, in a few years, be one of the most alluring hunting areas to be found anywhere in the world.

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For what you would expect to pay for a 26-piece set of such silverware you can have the set *and 26 extra pieces!*

For example . . . the 26-piece set shown here costs (with solid handle knives) only \$19.00—imagine it! You'd expect it to cost *twice* as much! But for what you'd expect it to cost you can have *in addition*—6 extra teaspoons, 6 butter spreaders (Butter Spreaders cost only \$5.00!), 6 salad forks, 6 iced-tea spoons (only \$3.50!), a gravy ladle and a cold meat fork—actually twice as much silverplate! You can have the 26-piece set and the *extra* pieces too . . . the pieces no woman wants to do without . . . the pieces you need not do without *now!*

The patterns? . . . You'll adore them! Three to choose from . . . Princess, the new pattern, the most adorable pattern you've ever set eyes on! . . . the most popular new pattern of the year! And Triumph and Mayfair . . . two more winners of many a beauty contest! But when you go to your silverware dealer's to see these patterns . . . when you go to make this your "Twice-As-Much" silver anniversary . . .

**don't say "ROGERS"
say "WM. ROGERS & SON"**

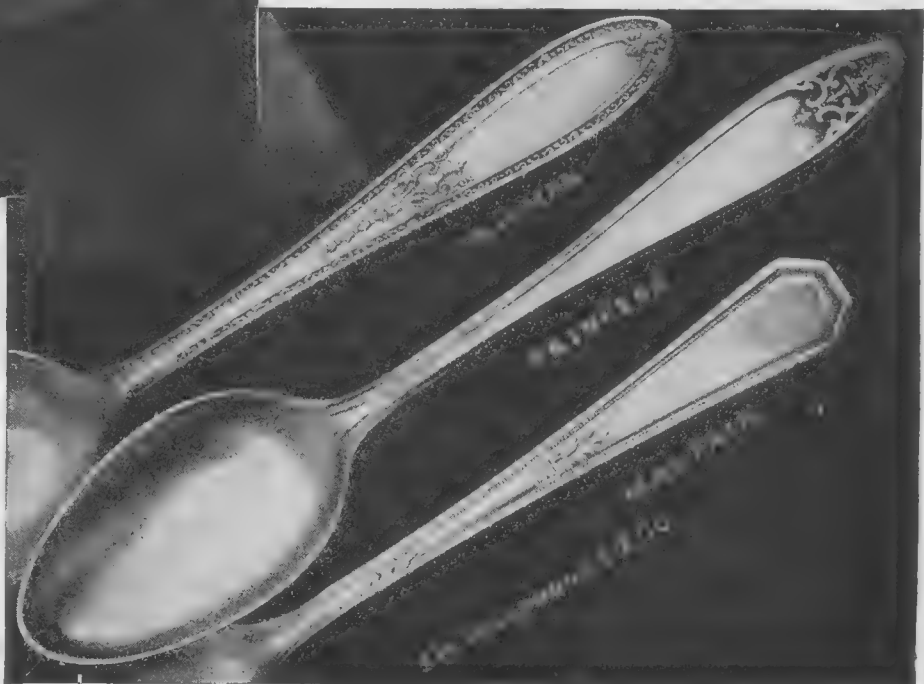
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Don't Budge

Continued from page 17

miss the steamer for Japan, gave Nell and all her set enough to do, but on the night of the first of the month Harry came home from his work in the city and found Dot bending over a book spread open on the dining room table. She looked up at him with her prettiest smile and pursed her lips for a kiss—and got it. As he leaned over her his eyes took in the book she was studying and he gave a shout of joyous laughter.

"Well, what do you know about that!" he cried. "Talk of two minds with but a single thought, Dotlets; what do you think I have in this parcel?"

He tore off the wrapper and tossed on the table a—book!

"A budget book, Dot!" he laughed. "I thought of it, and you thought of it, huh? Great minds run in the same channels, huh?"

"Oh, Harry; I'm so glad! I was afraid, perhaps—"

"Well, I should say not! I got to thinking of things, Dot, and I saw that the only way to run a family these days was by budget. A family can't be run hit-or-miss, spending \$10,000 a year on an \$8,000 salary, and keep out of the poorhouse—that's sure."

"It would be economic suicide," said Dot, quoting Mrs. Perkins Poth.

"You said it! You've got the name for it. So what was I doing this noon but cramming one sandwich into me and rushing off to a book shop to hunt up the sort of budget book old Sam Peters uses? And the best in the world, too; the only one, Sam says, worth a cuss. Did you get the same kind? Is that the Smith-Roland system?"

"No: this is Mrs. Perkins Poth's book," Dot said.

"Never heard of it," said Harry lightly. "Can't be much good. But this Smith-Roland book is the real thing. I've been studying it all afternoon, and it is good—it's good, Dot! Got up by Smith-Roland, those big Certified Public Accountant people, after the examination of ten thousand sets of household expense accounts. New York and suburbs. There isn't a blame thing you can think of that isn't in it. You and I, for example, have an income of \$8,000 a year; so we turn to page 64—"

"Yes, but in my book we turn to page 38," said Dot.

"Never mind that," Harry said. "This is the book we are going to use. Yours is probably no good, got up by a woman. Now, here, you see—"

Dot's mouth hardened a little but she was looking at the schedules—\$8,000—
"Husband and Wife Only."

"Why!" she exclaimed; "they're not the same. I should think they would be the same, both for \$8,000. I don't see why—Oh! here's a difference."

"Yeh?" queried Harry carelessly.

"Yes; here in 'Percentage of Dollars Spent on Clothes for Wife.' Yours has only \$354.21 and mine has \$750. We'll use my book, Harry; of course, mine is right; a woman would know how much a woman ought to spend for clothes and a man wouldn't. So that makes your book all wrong, Harry, don't you see? Of course—your book has \$100 more than my book for 'Percentage of Dollars Spent on Clothes for Husband.' A man would try to get away with that, Harry. We'll just throw away your book, dearest—"

"We just won't chuck my book, dearest," said Harry. "If there's any throwing away to be done, we'll chuck this book of yours. Who is Mrs. Perkins Poth, anyway, to—"

"You'll not chuck my book!" Dot declared. "I can tell you that now, Harry. A lot your Mister Smith and your Mister Roland know about running a home—about how much I ought to have for clothes! Look at this—'6 union suits at 94 cents!' For a whole year! Imagine it! And not another stitch of underwear! That's men for you!"

"All right—what does yours say?"

"It says '6 silk vests at \$3.00 each; 6 silk bloomers at \$4.00 each.' And little enough, I must say, Harry. You can see that Mrs. Perkins Poth has pared everything down to the last cent—why, she leaves me almost naked, Harry!"

"Smith and Roland," said Harry coldly,

"are very eminent Certified Public Accountants. They are auditors for the Leviathan Iron and Steel Company, the Mammoth Brick and Tile Company—"

"Well, I'm sure, Harry, my poor little undies are not made of iron or steel, or brick or tile, and if they make a mistake like that about my poor undies it just proves the whole book is wrong. I suppose they want me to wear iron and steel union suits! So we'll just stop this fussing and use my book—"

"Pardon me, sweetheart," Harry said, firmly, but kindly, "we will use my book."

"No, dearest, we will not," said Dot. "Why, just look at Hats. Your book is just simply crazy—it says 'Hats—1 at \$8.50; 2 at \$5.00; 1 at \$4.00.' Now, don't be ridiculous, Harry; can you imagine me in a four dollar hat? Why, the one I am wearing cost \$40.00, and I think I'll be doing all the best savingest wife ought to do if I try to get along with Mrs. Perkins Poth's \$20.00 hat."

"Yes," scoffed Harry, pointing to the page. "And one at \$13.00. And one at \$8.50. And one at \$6.00. You might as well go and buy the whole millinery shop and be done with it."

"Well? You don't want me to go bareheaded, like an Italian, do you?"

"That's nonsense. Now, be reasonable. Be sensible. We'll run this home by my budget—See here, Dot; this Poth book is all foolishness—look what she has down for rent. And for heat and light. Great Scott, where does the woman live? You can't rent a chicken coop for that price out here. There's where her budget is all balled up. Where does she live?"

"You—you—you swore at me!" said Dot, dabbing at her eyes.

"I did not! I did not swear at you!"

"Yes, you did! You did! You said 'Great Scott.' And—and you never swore at me before. It's just because I'm trying to be saving and helpful—and you—swear at me."

Harry walked to the end of the room and back.

"Look here, dearest," he said, trying to control himself, "all I ask you to do is to have a little sense. This woman has here in her budget \$840 per year for rent. Do you see that, or are you blind? Seventy dollars a month! Well, do you want to live in any house we can get here for seventy dollars a month? Do you? We might get a house for that in the nigger colony down by the creek; I don't know where else. Can't you see this woman has figured rent at her small-town rate? And added it to your clothes? Rents are not like that here."

"Well, Harry," Dot said, dabbing at her eyes, "that's not my business. I didn't say how much rents had to be, did I? The budget book says \$840, and if you let folks rob us you needn't blame poor Mrs. Poth. If you can't vote, or have a convention, or write to the mayor, or something, I don't see what I've got to do with it. Harry, I'm going to run my expenses by yours, I have nothing to say."

She gave him a kiss that was like a piece of ice and went to the kitchen.

"Hully gee!" Harry exclaimed. "Well, cuss it all, a man must begin to be the head of his own house sooner or later. So that settles that!"

WHEN the end of the month came Harry handed Dot her monthly allowance for household expenses, all figured out by the Smith-Roland budget system and all in crisp new bills. He handed her the money when he left the house in the morning and that evening he found Dot in the dining room and, on the table, a cardboard box some three feet long, and low and flimsy. As he entered Dot removed the lid.

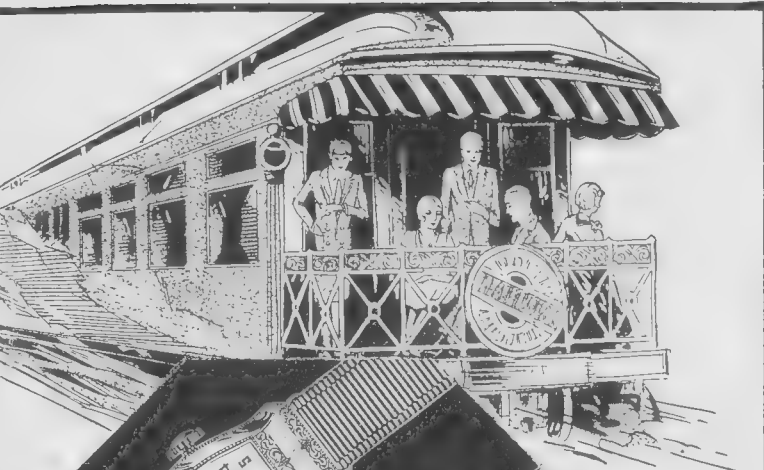
"Look, Harry," she said; "don't you think my new suit is just darling? And it's the most perfect fit!"

She took the suit from the box and draped it against herself, caressing the soft fabric.

"Suit?" he cried. "New suit? But you don't need a suit; you've oceans of clothes. You've—"

He fingered the white string-tag that hung from a button.

Continued on page 58



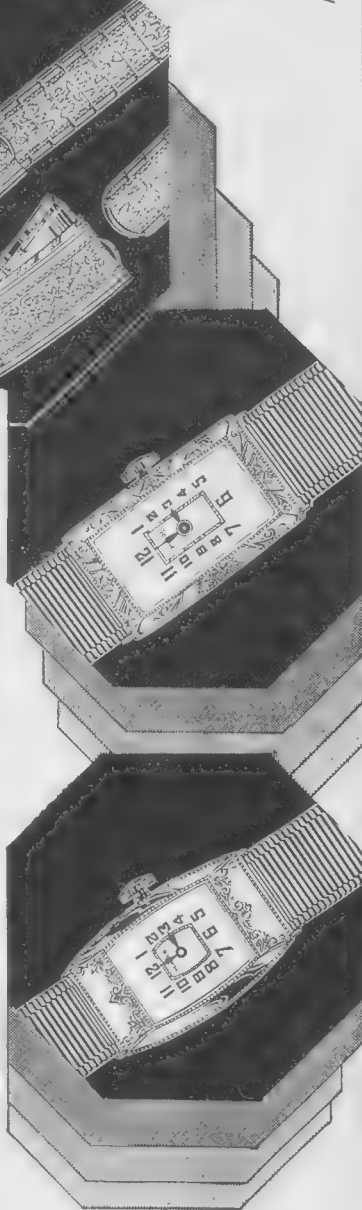
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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*was one of
those who laid the foundation
for the vast
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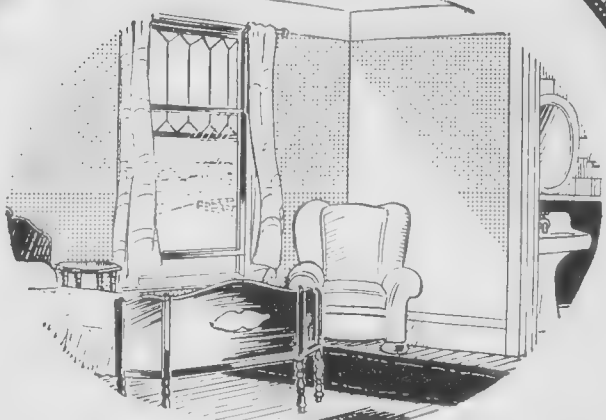
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Don't Budge

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"My stars, girl!" he exclaimed. "Seventy dollars! Sev-en-ty dollars? But—oh, heaven and earth, Dot! Oh come now, Dot!"

"It's strictly according to budget," said Dot coldly. "The budget says 'Suit, ½, at \$70.00.' That means it has to last two years, but I bought it this year and it will have to last next year. It makes no difference to you whether I buy it this year or next year."

Harry walked to the small library and brought from his desk the Smith-Roland budget book. He opened it.

"As a matter of fact, Dorothy," he said, pointing to the first line of 'Apparel Budget for a Woman Having \$354.21 to Spend on Clothes,' the budget we are using says nothing of the sort. It says 'Suit, ½, at \$35.00 . . . \$17.50.' You may see that here with your own eyes. You'll take that suit back tomorrow—"

"Indeed, I'll not!" Dot declared, her eyes snapping. Don't you believe it, Harry dear! I'm not buying my clothes by your silly budget; I'm buying my clothes by Mrs. Perkins Poth's budget—and mean to. Do you understand that, Harry dear?"

"No, I don't. And I won't. And you'll take that suit back tomorrow, or I'll take it back myself. Did you charge it?"

"Why, no!" Dot said, opening her eyes wide. "You gave me some money this morning—"

"You spent our food money for this?" he cried, really shocked and hitting the offending garments with the heel of his hand. "But that's—outrageous!"

"No, it's not—it's according to budget," Dot stated, but in a voice raised too high.

"According to nothing!" Harry cried. "You don't call that Perkins Poth nonsense a budget, do you? I call it a miserable mess of the worst idiotic nonsense any crazy human brain ever—"

Dot, staring at Harry, noticed for the first time how cruel and heavy his eyebrows were, and what a black frown he could have, and how hard his eyes could be.

"You'll take this suit back?" he demanded.

"No!"

"Dot, will you take this suit back?"

"No!"

For what seemed hours he glared at her. "In a minute he'll beat me," she thought but she did not cringe and her eyes did not waver. But he did not beat her; he spoke.

"Very well," he said. "Keep the suit. But, understand, I am charging you with the whole cost of it. Here," and he pointed to a line in the Smith-Roland book, "is an item 'Coat, ½, at \$60.00 . . . \$30.00.' You will buy no coat at all for two years. And here is an item, 'Handbag, \$5.00.' You will buy no handbag for twelve months. That will cover the \$35.00 you have mis-spent. A year from now you may buy half a suit, for \$17.50. And from now on, remember, you will buy your apparel strictly according to this budget. Do you hear me? Do you understand that?"

Dot said nothing.

"Do you hear me?" he insisted.

"I hear what you say," Dot said.

"Well, I'm glad you do," Harry said, and he started toward the library with the Smith-Roland budget book. "This book," he said, "will be in my desk; any time you need to refer to it, it will be here. And from now on I'll give you checks for your bills."

"Oh!" cried Dot, aghast at the ignominy of it, but she turned and hurried into her kitchen.

"But I'm not going to let him muss my budget all up, Ella," she said the next time she met her friend. "A budget is a budget, and a pledge is a pledge, and it amounts to nothing if you don't live up to it. You said that yourself, and Mrs. Perkins Poth said it, and mother said it, and anybody can see it is so. If a wife begins spending her husband's money hit-or-miss and any-which-way it only leads to quarrels and unhappiness. And I'm not going to quarrel with Harry and have my life all unhappy. I've begun to budge, and I'm going to budge, and he may as well know it!"

"Quite right," Ella said; "the budget is the safeguard of the home."

"And I wouldn't be fair to Harry if I didn't live up to my budget. I think I'll try shoes next."

"Do you need them?" Ella asked, glancing at Dot's neat feet.

"No, I don't," Dot confessed, "but neither do I need anything else, and I have to spend \$750 a year for clothing and things; Mrs. Perkins Poth's book says so. And the shoes for a year are \$62.00; that's about right. Yes, I think I'll buy shoes this month."

That evening Dot mentioned shoes to Harry and handed him a slip of paper on which was written:

Slippers, 1 pair at	\$ 3.00
Oxfords, 2 pair at \$10.00	20.00
Pumps, 2 pair at \$10.00	20.00
Sport Shoes, 1 pair at	8.00
Evening slippers, 1 pair at	10.00
Rubbers, 1 pair at	1.00

Total \$62.00

What's all this?" asked Harry, frowning.

"I'd like a check for that," Dot said. "Make it out to Menander & Company, please. I'm going to buy my sixty-two dollars' worth of shoes this month. That's my budget allowance for shoes. I'm not buying any other clothing this month, so I think I'll buy shoes."

Harry arose and went into the little library. He returned with the Smith-Roland budget book and a check for \$26.25.

"Here is what you may spend for shoes this year," he said, and he put the check on the table and opened the book. Dot glanced at the page. It contained this:

Oxfords, 2 pair at \$7.50	\$15.00
Pumps, 2 pair at \$4.50	9.00
Bedroom Slippers, 1 pair at . . .	1.25
Rubbers, 1 pair at	1.00

Total \$26.25

They happened to be in the living room and Dot picked up the check and looked at it: with a spiteful twist of her hands she tore it into two pieces. She folded these together and tore them again. And these she folded and tore again. With spiteful twitches of her hands she tore the check into bits; then she threw them on the floor and threw herself on the couch face downward. She pressed her folded fists against her ears and beat her head into the pillow.

"Dot! Dot!" Harry cried, putting his hand on her shoulder, but she beat his hand away. She began to sob: "You don't love me; you don't love me!" and he, rather harshly, shouted that he did and that she knew mighty darn well that he did, and that he had had about enough of this nonsense, and would she, for heaven's sake, keep still, or did she want all the neighbors to hear her? For by this time she was kicking with her feet like an angry baby, and when she fell to the floor her grasp for the couch only rolled her over so that she lay on her back. So, with eyes squeezed tight shut, she screamed at the top of her voice and beat on the floor with her fists and heels. Harry had never seen Mrs. Carter in hysterics, and it was the first time he had ever seen Dot in them, and he did not know what to do.

"Stop it!" he shouted, but she did not stop; she only screamed the louder; and he looked at her a moment longer and rushed out of the house, slamming the door behind him. He stood at the gate a moment, his pulses throbbing, and when he was a bit more calm he listened. He could hear Dot screaming, but he was thankful all the windows were closed—the neighbors could not hear her and anyone passing might think it was only a cat yowling. He wiped his forehead and walked rapidly toward the railway station.

SHORTLY after midnight Harry returned. He opened the door cautiously, using his night key, and saw that only the hall light was burning, and he thought rather grimly that Dot had gone home to her mother, but he went up to their bedroom and Dot was there, sleeping placidly, her head on her pillow and

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BY MME. JEANETTE DE CORDET

WHEN Elsie King was made secretary to the president that was the last straw. I went in the filing room so the others could not see my tears. And there on the other side of the filing cases two girls were talking about me.

"Mary Mitchell ought to have had that job. She's been working here for two years. But I don't believe anyone has ever noticed her. Who would—she's so plain? Why doesn't she learn to fix herself up a little?"

I was stunned. I felt actually sick. I knew I was not beautiful. But how could I look nice, when I had no money for lovely clothes?

That noon I sat at my desk turning the pages of a magazine but not seeing a word—until your advertisement caught my eye. In it you said that money and beauty are not essential to personal charm. I did not believe it. But I was so discouraged that any chance was worth taking. I sent for the little booklet and Beauty Sampler that you offered in the coupon.

Mme. de Cordet, that wonderful little package holds just the help so many business girls need! Oh, so much more than other girls. Parties and good times are just the frosting of Life. But a girl's job is her very bread and butter.

And good looks do help in business. I've proved it—with your help. Two promotions in six months—where I'd waited two years before.

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Don't Budge

Continued from page 58

not even a trace of tears in her eyes. She opened her eyes and smiled at him. "Hello, Harry!" she said sweetly.

"Go to sleep," he said and his voice was cold.

Dot sat up.

"But I want to talk about the budget, Harry," she said, raising herself on one arm. "I'm sorry I got hysterical; I think it's in my family; mother does when she's opposed in anything she's very set on. But I hope I won't get that way again; you won't make me, will you, Harry?"

"No, I won't make you," he answered.

"Because it's only because I do think Mrs. Perkins Poth's budget is the right one to budge by," Dot said appealingly. "You will let me budge by it, won't you, Harry?"

"Yes; I'll make no more objections," he said in the same toneless voice.

"Well, you're just a dear!" she said, and then: "Where are you going?" for he had turned out the light and was going toward the door.

"I'm going to sleep on the couch," he said. "Go to sleep; you've got everything you want. I put a check for Menander on your dresser. Sixty-two dollars. And please don't bother me tonight; I need sleep. I have to work tomorrow."

She lay awhile after he had gone, thinking things over. He was angry now, of course, but that was because he could not have his own way. That could not be helped; he would be all right again soon; men had to be managed, as her mother had so often said. At any rate she had won for Mrs. Perkins Poth's budget, and she meant to remain the winner. A person must live up to her budget even if she had to fight to do so—if one was going to budge at all—She dropped asleep, smiling. On the couch in the living room Harry closed his eyes. He did not sleep much.

It was a great triumph for Dot but after her first jubilation with her mother she did not enjoy it much. Harry, and it was no use trying to deny the fact, was grim. He was very grim. He was almost sullen; in fact, he was sullen. Silent and sullen. "He hasn't kissed me for weeks and weeks," Dot thought, "and he hardly speaks to me. He treats me as if I were a—a stranger—an obnoxious stranger." It was miserable, having Harry act so, but Dot comforted herself: "I won, anyway!" she said to herself.

IT WAS near the beginning of the third month and Dot was dusting the living room, a white cloth binding her hair, when the postman rang the bell. He had but one letter, but Dot uttered a little cry of pleasure when she saw the Japanese postage stamp on the envelope, and she tore the envelope hastily and pulled out the letter. It was, as she had expected, from Nell, and she devoured it eagerly. Nell was going to live in Kobe, and she was so happy, and Japan was dear, and she was going to "budge." They had been living in hotels, but now she was going to have the dearest little bungalow sort of house! Dot turned the page but the doorbell rang again and she went to the door.

On the step stood a man who looked over-fed or over-liquored. He had far too much man inside his clothes, so that they looked stuffed. He held a greasy derby hat in his hand and his bald head was not entirely clean, nor was his collar.

"I never buy anything at the door," Dot said.

"No mam," said the man. "Nor I ain't selling anything. You're Mrs. Mortimer, ain't you; Mrs. Henry Mortimer? Well, I've got a paper here; I'm a marshal, and I've got a dispossess notice I got to serve on you, mam. All you got to do is take it and then get moved out as soon as you can. They says not to make it too inconvenient for you—"

Dot turned white.

"But—a dispossess notice!" she exclaimed. "Isn't that what they give people who don't pay their rent?"

"Yes'm, that's the trouble. I guess; your husband don't pay the rent."

"Oh, but he does; I know he does!" Dot cried. "This is some mistake. Come in, and I'll show you. I know where Harry keeps all his receipts—"

The man came in, not reluctantly but not eagerly. He merely came in.

"Your husband ain't here, is he?" he asked.

"He's at work; he's in New York. at the office where he works," Dot said.

"Well, all right," said the man. "He can't be so bad if he can go to work; he can't be so very crazy."

"Crazy!"

"Why, they sort of said he was off in the bean," said the marshal. "Not paying the full rent, you understand. Sending only part of it, and then telling the agent, when he went to see about it, that it was all right—that seventy dollars was all the budget allowed him to pay. They say to me: 'If he's home don't rile him up; there no telling how crazy a man like that may be.'"

Dot stood holding the dispossess notice, looking at it but not seeing it. The man was patient enough; he looked as if he would be willing to stand in one place for days at a time if not asked to do anything else. He did stand there several minutes. Then Dot looked up.

"Would you mind going out on the porch for just a minute?" she asked.

The man went out and Dot turned to the telephone and called Harry's number.

"Harry dear," she whispered when she heard his voice. "This is Dot. Harry, will it be all right between us if we don't budge any more? I've been so unhappy! And there's a man here about the rent."

A moment later she thrust the receiver on its hook and went to the door smiling.

"It will be all right now," she said to the man from the marshal's office. "It was a misunderstanding; my husband will see the agent this afternoon."

"Well, you got notice, anyhow," said the deputy, "and that's all I got to do with it." And he went away.

When Dot had closed the door she stood in thought. Suddenly her eyes fell on Nell's letter.

"Oh!" she cried. She untied her head-covering with nervous fingers and ran upstairs and changed her outer garments and her shoes, and put on her hat. She hurried to the little one-car garage and climbed into the little car and sent it hurrying down the street. At the telegraph office she stopped and went inside.

"Please!" she said. "Can I send a cablegram to Japan from here? Yes? Oh, I'm so relieved!"

She took the pencil and pad the attendant pushed toward her and wrote but two words. They were to Nell. They were, "Don't Budge!"

Values

By H. Reginald Hardy

Each day he toiled behind his desk
Until his eyes grew dim;
Outside the young world called, and yet
Was all unheard by him.
Intent on figures that would show
His fortune's steady rise,
He bent his head unto his task
And dreamt that he was wise.

He did not hear the songs of birds,
The whisper of the trees;
The yellow fields, the surging streams...
He was not one with these.

He did not pause to watch enthralled
The skies of gold and blue.
The yellow dawns were but the sign
To rise and toil anew.

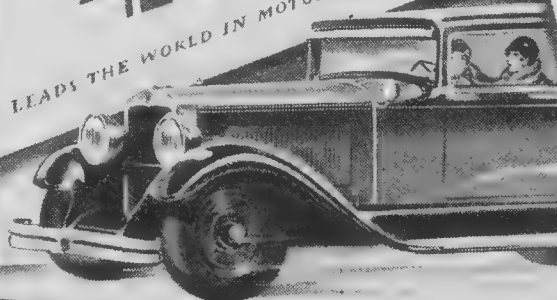
Yet in the twilight of his years
He often sighed and dreamed...
The gold that he had garnered up
Was not the thing it seemed.
It had not brought him joy, nor love,
It had not brought content!
Too late he found that Life had passed
And that his youth was spent.

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 9

should have stood to defend himself. Renée, carried away by the most primitive emotion she had ever known, caught him from behind, slapped him upon the cheek with all her force. He turned, his eyes blazing.

"Are you my sister"? His lips curled, and one cheek was flaming.

"Philippe, don't look at me so! Don't say the things you do! You will drive me mad."

"Do you wish to come with me"?

She hesitated. She would have had him wait until Peter should return. She dared not ask him. "Only wait a few hours, a few hours. I am so tired."

He did not answer, but looked at her with an expression of disgust, understanding that she wanted to wait until Peter's return. Then he smiled, contemptuously, because her mind was so easy to read just then. And then he turned away.

"Philippe! I married him for your sake"! She sank into a chair, sobbing.

"I refuse to admit that. I asked you to marry the Baron."

"Oh!"

"As I have said before, that was the only way to preserve your honor, and hence my own. Now, are you coming with me"?

"If we go now—Philippe—we will—we will miss Monsieur De la Place. Peter has ridden for him."

"So you are still at your tricks? Can't you see that we are bound to pass Monsieur De la Place on the road? How many towns do you think he lives in? How many roads do you suppose there are"?

"Oh, Philippe, I will go with you, if you will only, only be still"! She buried her head in her arm. Her body shook with sobs. For a terrible moment she had to choose between Peter and Philippe; and she discovered that it was impossible to take Peter at the sacrifice of her brother. For, whatever judgment may be passed on Philippe, it must be pointed out that he was socially in the right. However he may be condemned for his exaggerated pride and his warped affections, still he was not the man to be mistaken in a question involving his family and his society. He knew his ground too thoroughly, and his responsibilities, as a brother. Renée, though she would have her brother more gentle in his demands, understood that Peter must go; understood and acquiesced that a horse-boy could not be connected with the family of Duprès.

There was that in Renée, characteristic of any sensitive woman, which subordinated her own emotions to the personality who had a claim upon her.

But she realized that Peter might be terribly alarmed by her departure, unless she left him some word. Philippe had gone out and was speaking to the sergeant. She hurried downstairs and demanded pen and paper of the landlord. Her one thought was to give Peter a message that no one would hear. She had to do that. She failed to see that the safer way would have been a verbal message by means of the landlord. Her desire for Peter, her need for him, was so personal, and surrounded by such danger, that it did not occur to her to trust anyone. She wrote hurriedly:

"Peter, dear, Philippe has come for me and it is my duty to follow him for I am responsible to him, really. Anything else would cause much unhappiness. I shall never forget what you have done, Peter. I do not know how to thank you, but if there is anything you want, communicate with me at the court of Madame Louise. Use a false name when you do. Peter, if you would make it easier for me to obey Philippe, burn our marriage contract. I have already told him that you destroyed it. Renée."

A servant was standing at the front door, waiting any command that the irate Philippe or his sister might give.

"Come here, fellow," said Renée.

The man hastened to her. She was writing with her back to the door. "You remember the gentleman with whom I arrived"?

"Yes, my lady."

"Can I trust you to give this to him and to no one else"?

"Yes, my lady."

"It is most important. No one must see it, not a soul! I have nothing to give you, fellow." She paused. "Wait. Tell the

Monsieur, when you give him the letter, that I leave the diamond ring for him: that he is to sell it and give you a gold-piece for the safe delivery of this letter."

They did not see who had arrived at the door, with his ear to one side, listening. The servant was overcome by Renée's generosity.

"Yes, my—"

"Here, what are you giving that fellow"? Philippe pointed to the letter which the servant had not had time to conceal. Renée gasped, turned, recoiled.

"Who is that letter for, Renée"?

"I—it has—it is none of your business, brother!"

"Not mine? But yours"? He advanced to the trembling servant.

"Go! Go!" cried Renée in an agony of excitement, pushing the man away from her brother. Remembering the gold piece, struck by the misery of her pale face, the fellow gathered his courage and ran for the kitchen.

"Get that knave! Seize him"! cried Philippe. He rushed to the court-yard, Renée following him, imploring him. He ordered the sergeant and five men to give chase. Some ran through the house, some around it. In two minutes the trembling man was caught, bound, and delivered to Philippe, who had by this time forced Renée to mount a horse for immediate departure. The landlord was standing beside Philippe, wringing his hands, imploring mercy for his servant. Philippe stood with white face and folded arms. The servant was brought to him.

"Cross my will, eh? You're a scoundrel. You've made yourself an accomplice of that villain, Clos. It is dangerous to be connected with Clos, my man." He turned to the sergeant. "Bind him to a horse. I am going to rack him into a confession for His Majesty." Then he turned to the landlord. "What do you want"?

"My servant, my lord. Only restore my servant. My house will be destroyed!"

"Be still! The man is worthless!"

"And my bill"! wailed the landlord. "No one has paid me an account."

"Renée, have you no security you can give this man"?

She shook her head. She could not speak. She would not mention her diamond ring—she wanted Peter to have that. The landlord timidly suggested the ring. "Well, you fool"! cried Philippe. "Take it as security. It will be redeemed."

Then, since the moaning servant was tied to a horse, Philippe had the sergeant help him to mount. And so Renée was carried away.

After a fast ride they reached Monsieur De la Place's chateau, where they found, as Renée had suggested—that the governor and Peter had hastened to the inn by another road. Philippe was in a fury. The master of the chateau offered him every hospitality. He decided to stay there for the night. He had no money and would have to borrow from Monsieur De la Place. While he was eating supper, Philippe took Renée's letter from his pocket. She was upstairs. He read it, swearing; threw his fork on the table, and went immediately to her room. She would not let him in.

"You have lied to me"! he shouted through the door. "You have lied to me! You have told me that your husband destroyed the marriage contract!"

"Be still"! cried Renée desperately from within.

"Yes, be still! Silence is the only cloth that will cover you! You have let the fellow destroy us! You have given yourself to him"! Philippe was almost screaming.

"No! No! No!"

"By God, I've a mind to send you back to him!"

There was no answer. He could hear her sobbing.

"From now on I shall never trust you again. You have lied to me in favor of a dirty churl. Your every move shall be watched. I shall have you put in a convent. I shall have you taught a lady's duties."

Whereat he turned on his heel and went downstairs to finish his supper, planning a sufficient punishment.

It was after ten o'clock when De la Place arrived, booted and spurred and tired. He found Philippe asleep in the

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The Gentleman King

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salon. He awoke the Count by tapping his leg respectfully.

Philippe looked up with a haggard expression and asked for cognac. "I must talk with you, Monsieur," he said.

The drink roused Philippe sufficiently to put several impatient questions. Where was this fellow Clos? Why had he not been arrested? Arrested? Yes, of course! He was a murderer and a villain; he was responsible for the whole outrage against the Dupres family."

"Dear, dear, dear!" cried Monsieur De la Place. "Oh, dear God! Who would have thought? Who would have conjectured?"

"I think you should have, sir!" cried Philippe.

"Sir?"

"You must have seen by his clothes, his face, that he was a ragamuffin."

"Not so fast, Count!" cried the governor, who was already tired out by his services to this family. "He had a plausible tale. He said that the brigands had captured him and had stolen his clothes; that they had dressed him like a horse-boy to amuse themselves. The landlord verified it, saying that Mademoiselle Renée's clothes were disgracefully torn—"

"Torn! Yes! And you know who tore them!"

"Why, the brigands, I had supposed."

Philippe looked at him meaningfully, reproachfully.

"Think again," he said.

"Sacred Mary! I cannot believe—Oh, God, it is terrible! But he did not seem like that. He exacted the title of Lord!"

"The title of Lord? From whom?"

"From myself; from the landlord."

"Why he is a peasant, a serf. My father found him at Ardenne and raised him to a favor which he has now twice violated."

"Is it so? Horrible. My Lord Count, he was not on secret business for Mademoiselle Duprès?"

"What? Why, no! Unless she is deceiving me again."

"He had not papers by which to identify him in her employment?"

"Why, no! Unless—did he show them to you?"

"No, Monsieur. But I ask you whether he had any?"

"He had a paper—yes—an illegal document, which you should have confiscated."

"Dear, dear, dear!" The governor paused. At last he said: "But there was his sword—jewelled."

Philippe laughed harshly. "An emerald-hilted sword, yes! I gave it to him myself."

"Oh, heaven! And there was the letter." Monsieur De la Place fumbled in his pocket, produced the letter to Renée by which Peter had bluffed him.

Philippe snatched it eagerly, scowled, laughed again.

"Lies—all lies!" he said. "Monsieur De la Place, enough of talking! You must send a detachment after him at once!"

"Alas! He has probably fled."

"You must try! The King will want the fellow for murder and complicity with the brigands. Have the skunk tracked to his hole! I am off to the King tomorrow."

"Yes, yes, yes."

Monsieur Philippe was on his feet, swinging his arms excitedly. "Tell them to ride, ride, ride!"

"Very well, very well." Monsieur De la Place called his master of the chateau and gave orders for a dozen troopers to ride at full speed to the inn and thence to follow Peter.

But when they had arrived Peter had already started up the road to Marseilles, and turned and crossed the fields toward Calais. There was no way of finding his trail.

And meanwhile Renée was wishing that she had allowed the brigands to kill her and her brother; to put an end to the family of Duprès. But no sooner having reached such a conclusion than to remember her few hours with Peter. Even though her position in society did not permit her to love Peter, she must think of him tenderly. What else so tender had ever entered her life? Yet her mind was not as advanced as Peter's; she could not overreach the boundaries, to declare to herself that in love social rank is meaningless.

They reached Amboise, where the King was residing. They became lost in the thousand gayeties of court life. But Renée's misery was soon intensified by Philippe, who began pressing another marriage upon her. She cried out with shame at his plan to overlook entirely her marriage with Peter. He claimed that it was forced and hence illegal. He wanted to know whether Renée had any reason to regard it as legal!

Then, a little while before the news of the sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon—news which scandalized the Christian world—Philippe learned of the death of his young cousin, Isabella of Savona. This left the Duke and Duchess of Savona without children, and Philippe became heir apparent to the Duchy by his father's mother. It was great news, not only to Philippe, but also to King Francis, who had always desired a foothold in Italy and was delighted to find one of his subjects heir to a prosperous Italian town. Philippe had not been able to take his father's place at the French court—he did not possess the mental force, the personal integrity of his father. King Francis, in spite of his affection for Renée, was rather tired of Philippe. He therefore urged him to hasten to Savona, to offer His Majesty's consolation to the bereaved Duke and Duchess, and to make the future power of France secure in Italy.

Philippe desired that Renée should accompany him. As a lady of France, she had a duty beyond her personal inclinations. And supposing, now, some Italian lord should ask her hand, would it be right to refuse? Would it be right to deprive France of a possible alliance with Italy? To deprive her brother of the honor which such a connection would bestow upon him? She decided to wait until the issue should arise, feeling, however, that it was sure to arise; that her brother would spare no means. He would gain so much by her marriage. She even promised him that when they arrived in Italy she would secretly petition the Pope to annul her marriage with Peter. It could be done easily. No one but Philippe and herself and Philippe's notary knew about it.

Renée, however, began to wonder why she must continually sacrifice herself to this brother who did not seem to understand, and could not appreciate an act of self-denial.

CALAIS was a busy merchant-city, owned by the English. It was considered impregnable, being surrounded by harbor and marsh. The English used it as a gateway to France. It opened a road to Paris, traveled time after time by the English kings who claimed the French throne.

After stabling his horse, Peter spent several hours among the coffee-houses, watching the soldiers, listening to the busy chatter of the merchants who spoke so fluently the language he longed to learn. At length he decided to look for Monsieur Robert Tausanne, to deliver the message from Jean Sendrecy, and to obtain some occupation. He inquired after the sign of the Cup and Cloth, and was directed to a small house with a low, overhanging roof and two shiny windows, one on either side of the door. Everything about the house was clean, respectable, accurate. It gleamed with prosperity. Peter stood in front of it for a few moments, collecting his thoughts, realizing that by crossing this threshold he was about to change his life; about to begin that experience, to take that chance, which would more or less define the remainder of his career. Then, squaring his shoulders, he knocked thrice with the heavy brass knocker.

Robert Tausanne proved to be a sharp-nosed Frenchman with little spectacles—a mark of prosperity—and a pair of shifty grey eyes behind them. He was almost bald and had a pin-head. He was sitting at a high desk, surrounded by papers and account-books, with a boy-secretary at his elbow. He looked up when Peter was shown through the door, scanned his face, estimated his importance, asked him to "wait a minute."

Peter watched him sorting papers. Peter suspected that Monsieur Tausanne was not paying so much attention to the papers as to his visitor—sizing him up with eyes that told no secrets. Finally Monsieur Tausanne, having Peter's plain blue suit, his plain felt hat, his worn boots, and



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Continued on page 96



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A Tangle of Excelsior

Continued from page 15

an' popular theaytre magnet, an' my risin' anger begins to flow.

"I ain't never mixed in politics, Bellamy," I frowns cold, an' if I ever does it won't be the kind you play. Now get this straight so't you won't ever be makin' the mistake again. You'n me ain't got nothin' in common. This here booze game is bad enough when it's played on the level, the which I tries to run my place decent. The time's comin' when booze is goin' into the discard—"

"Aw, come off!"

"I'm statin' a fact, Bellamy. An' I'm goin' to tell you somethin' else. The time's comin' when there'll be a shootin' or somethin' like that wake up this camp to the kind o' joint you're conductin' down there an' you'll be run out o' this here camp so fast you'll lose your breath—"

"Haw-haw-haw!"

"An' I don't mind addin' that if the chanst comes I'll do what I can to wipe you out and obliterate you complete from the environs o' this here camp, the which you are pollutin'—"

"You will, er?"

"Why, you poor little cigar-butt! You miserable puddle o' stale beer an' doctored boozero! D'you think I ain't knowin' what's goin' on? D'you think I'm goin' to mix up with the likes o' you in a dirty game o' flim-flam an' graft"? I rises an' brings down my fist on the table so hard his glass is knocked off an' smash on the floor. "I reproaches myself for bein' seen talkin' to you this long, an' I strongly advises you to get back where you belongs as fast as you knows how."

"You can't bluff me, Doolin," brazen Bellamy, so mad he's red in the face. "You just start somethin' with me an' you'll get yours."

"You has half a minute to get out afore you're thrown out, vamoose!" I snaps.

I sits down an' lights a cigar an' pulls out my watch. When I looks up final Bellamy has gone.

IMEDIATE I calls Jimmy over an' tells him to have a basket o' grub packed, consistin' o' sandwiches, pies an' cakes an' to throw in a bottle o' claret an' a bottle o' rye, same to be delivered down to the Excelsior office as soon as ready. Then I puts on a hat an' goes up the street to Jeff Hazlitt's office, the which he is attorney an' out o' law.

He has the papers all ready, as I has instructed him near a week ago, so we meanders down to the shack where the Crabtrees has been slingin' ink so promiscuous, an' proceeds to serve attachment on the entire plant, foreclosin' same complete.

"You has been here six weeks too long," I said to Cassandra sraight out. "You has used a lot o' paper an' ink as was on these here premises afore you came an' you has not used it judicious. You takes possession without payin' a cent an' you gives a worthless note for this here lay-out, amount o' same bein' \$500 on'y. The thirty days on that there note to B. Birks was up before you arrives an' you has been equal ignorin' o' the graceful days which follered. Why ain't you paid up them obligations?"

"Please, gentlemen, we ain't got the money," says Cephus, wipin' ink off his hands and lookin' kind o' scared. He turns to Cassandra implorin'ly an' I sure am

surprised to see how meek that he-she woman is behavin', her just shakin' her head sad.

"If things had been different I might o' let you stay on here gettin' out this paper, which I owns entire, me havin' paid full cash on that there purchase note Crabtree gives to B. Birks to help him on his weddin' trip. But when you starts in blaspheming in cold print, tryin' to defend booze by quotin' scripture—Do you hear me, Mrs. Crabtree"? I thunders.

She just nods an' shrinks, an' Cephus slides over to her an' they both shrinks back against the wall, starin' at Hazlitt an' me, apparently scared bad.

"When you starts in sellin' out your birthright for a mess o' Bull Bellamy's dirty money—where's that \$200 he paid you"? I demands. "You'd better hand it over to Mr. Hazlitt to avoid trouble," I suggests, and darned if Casa-andra don't make a dive for her jacket an' fish out a roll o' bills, the which she hands over meek as a lamb. I'm so surprised I just stands starin' at that there "independent" female editor that refuses to let her long shavin' o' a husband be the guest o' the licker interests—stands starin' while Jeff counts the roll an' finds it all there but five dollars, the which has been spent.

"If you has any personal belongin's on these here premises," I goes on, "you gets 'em immediate; for you now proceeds to pass out into the crool world an' we takes the key o' this outfit here an' now."

They starts pickin' up a few odds an' ends as fast as they can. An' I notes Cassandra pull Cephus down till she can whisper loud in his ear.

"I hear voices callin', says she. "Let us depart in peace."

Just then Jimmy arrives with his basket o' grub, the which I hands over with my compliments. Cephus takes charge o' same an' hand-in-hand the Crabtrees goes slinkin' past us to the door without a word. An' they ain't no sooner got outside than they starts to run an' we watches 'em through the winder, makin' for the valley trail where their tent is nestlin' back in the aspens.

"What'n catnip d'you make o' that"? I puzzles.

"Search me"! grins Jeff.

I indites a short note to Bellamy, enclosin' his money, an' sends Jimmy down with it.

IT'S a couple o' days later when a stranger enters the Nugget an' in the course o' conversation asts me if I've seen anythin' o' a lanky literary freak in a flowin' bow-tie an' his wife dressed in cow-girl costume.

"They were here; but two days ago they folds their tents like the Arabs," I admits. "Their souls started languishin' an' they must be some miles up the valley, passin' an' repassin' yeller leaves, an' so forth."

"That's them," nods the feller. "Them two nuts escaped from the asylum back at Ponoka some time sinct—went batty, both o' 'em, tryin' to run a noosepaper. I been trailin' 'em."

"Well, you go down an' see Bull Bellamy," I grins. "He'll be glad to take you out an' show you where they was campin' an' tell you about 'em. Him an' them got pretty thick while they was here."



Youth and Religion

By Frank Samis

IN EVERY age, and with every generation, religion, in some phase, has been a leading issue. Although sometimes the issue may have been a rather negative one, nevertheless it has been there. The greatest minds, the clearest intellects, have wrestled with its problems. So profound it is, so complex in its many aspects, that all do well who approach it with the greatest prudence. That which has baffled and mystified from the beginning is not to be regarded lightly.

With this sense of the majesty of religion, youth presuming to opine upon the subject must indeed tread circumspectly. We do not intend to enter the realm of inter-denominational controversy. Neither do we offer to criticise any creed. Betwixt one faith and another we make no distinction. Simply gazing out through the eyes of youth, we observe and record.

Why this falling away of youth from the church? Taking into consideration that a certain small proportion of young people prefer to lead their religious lives apart from the influence of any church, what about the rest? Is there something radically wrong with the church; are the parents setting a bad example; or is it just a case of wayward youth? It may be that the blame is threefold.

First let us consider the case of the church. No two denominations, no two congregations present exactly the same problem. We must deal in generalities or not at all.

A certain medieval church council, it is said, frittered away the greater part of its time bitterly arguing as to how many angels could dance at once on the point of a needle. No one need be unduly amused at this, for we today are every bit as ridiculous as they. If the controversially inclined would spend more time in the conscientious worship of God, and less in frothing at the mouth; more time in living religion, and less in making themselves obnoxious, young people would be more inclined to come into the church. If our pulpits resounded more with hope, and less with hectic wrangling, the buoyant spirit of youth would feel more at home in the House of God. If the energy expended in destructive criticism and ill-advised counter-criticism were diverted into constructive channels for the uplifting of humanity, the church would pulse with a new life which could not fail to attract the younger generation. If more stress were laid on our wholesome duties as God's creatures, and less on dismal dogmas and "thou shalt nots," the instinctive independence of youth would find itself to be more in harmony with the work of the church. If Christ were upheld more as the virtuous, valorous youth who went about doing good, and less as the effeminate creature some would make him out to be, his teachings would be more congenial to the youthful mind.

The worship of Christ has been left too long to disappointed old women. Under

such conditions, traditions could not fail to grow up representing Him as a weakling. The Christ to present to youth is He who lashed the money-changers from the Temple with the strength of His brawny arm; the honest carpenter; the Christ who lived in the open; He who showed his sublime grit at Calvary. Uplift this Divine example in the midst of a wholesome, tolerant church life, of which the social side is no longer starved, and the church will have met youth half way.

The religious waywardness of the young people of today is due in part to the parents. Mothers who are not church-goers cannot expect their daughters to be church-goers. Fathers who escort their little boys to the Sunday School door and then betake themselves to the golf links, should not be surprised when they discover their caddy to be the young hopeful to whom they had so recently imparted a bright new dime for collection.

The gravest charge of all, and one that rankles deeply in the mind of every serious young man and woman, is a charge which will bear much reiteration. Passive tolerance by the church, and by the state, of certain social evils which are in direct conflict with all the principles of religion and decency, tends more than any other factor to harden young people and lead them astray. The juncture at which the fact of this connivance at evil dawns upon a young person is one of the most critical moments of life. At first it is hard to believe, but once grasped, the harm is done, and the strongest of characters cannot come out unscathed. Once disillusioned, the prudish spell is broken; and unbalanced, inexperienced youth is at the mercy of the tempests. May we of the rising generation take our religious and social responsibilities more to heart!

Confession is good for the soul. A good share of the blame for the falling off of youth from religion rests with the young people alone. Rather than apply ourselves to clean up what we consider to be a mess, we are inclined to give up in disgust, forgetting our duty. We are too impatient. We jump to hasty conclusions. We have yet to learn that even intolerance must sometimes be tolerated. We are too idealistic. We expect great results at once. We cast eagerly about for happiness, forgetting that happiness consists in making others happy.

The young people of today are of a different school of thought than former generations. Our reply to every statement is "Prove it!" What will not stand our hasty, unbalanced inspection, we are prone to cast aside. It is inconceivable however, that youth, so lately sprung from eternity, and clinging so precariously to this existence, should entirely forsake the guiding star of religion, that only gleam of light that does pierce the encircling night into which all men must surely go.

The Road to Nowhere

By Robert Watson

O, for the chance to roam again
Over the road to Nowhere:
Down the village and through the lane
Up the hill and across the plain;
Out in the sunshine, out in the rain,
Catching the breeze from the salted main,
Joyous youth and the gay refrain,
Off, and away to Nowhere.

Nothing of sorrow or time knew we
There on the road to Nowhere:
Blossomed the hedgerow, blossomed the tree;
Hearts were merry, and light, and free.
Happy the laughter of you and me.
Ah! it was life as it ought to be.
And little we dreamed of a weird to dree
While on the road to Nowhere.

Where are the friends that you and I
Met on the road to Nowhere?
Heedless of love and kindred tie
Some 'mid their broken idols die.
Some still long with an aching sigh;
Bravest and best in Flanders lie.
All are gone, with the days gone by,
Gone—like the road to Nowhere



JOAN
CRAWFORD

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Gertrade Dutton's article on page 79 of this issue of The Western Home Monthly dealing with spring diet, tells you how to avoid that general "fed up" feeling.

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ARE you one of the thousands of Canadian young men to whom the unlimited opportunities of this amazing young man's land are beckoning? Are you proving, with a steadily increasing income, that you are on your way to success? If so, you will be interested in the Advance Protection Plan of the North American Life.

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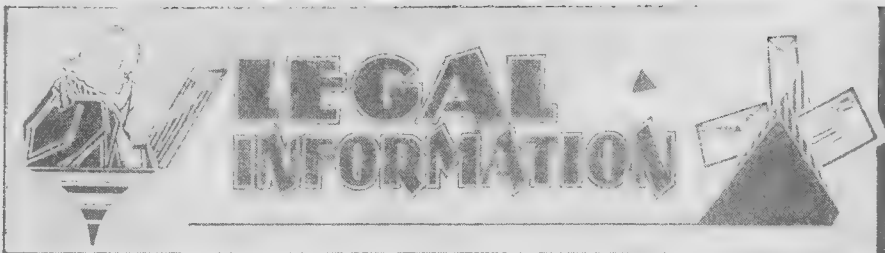
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IN THE Western Provinces legislation has been introduced at different times to protect those subjects who do not understand English perfectly, particularly with reference to their entering into documents, the purport of which is not apparent through lack of knowledge of the English tongue. In Saskatchewan, particularly, the Farm Implement Act requires that in the event of the purchaser not being able to read in the English language the contract must before it is signed by him be read over and explained to him in a language which he understands, and the agent of the Implement Company must take an affidavit that the contract was so read to the intending purchaser. In a case decided in this Province recently the facts were that the farmer was a Roumanian who could not read English but could understand it to some extent. At the time of the transaction the contents of the document were explained to him but not read to him in a language which he could understand. When he was sued upon his notes he set up the defence that he did not understand the contract, that it had only been explained to him and that it had never been read over in its entirety. The Court of Appeal held that the Act provided that not alone must the contract be explained to him but it must be read to him completely in a language which he understood. As this was not done he was held not to be liable, and the Implement Company was ordered to return to him his notes and to take back the machine upon the condition that the Roumanian should allow them sufficient compensation for its use.

A QUESTION that very often arises centres around the liability which attaches to a father for wrongs done by his infant children. For instance, if a minor son steps out on the street and damages a motor car, how far is the father liable to pay the damages?

The general rule of law is summed up by stating that the father is liable if he allows a dangerous instrument to be taken by the child thereby affording the child an opportunity of doing an injury. In a case recently decided a father was a widower with one son named George, who was under age. He employed a housekeeper who had three children, one of whom, by the name of Gordon, was injured by George under the following circumstances: It appeared that the father left the farm in which he was residing for a few days and all of the children together with the housekeeper remained on the farm. George took a gun from under the bed where it was kept and obtained shells from a cupboard and went out to shoot partridge. On his return, under instructions from the housekeeper, he stood the gun in a corner. The gun still had one shell in it and one of the triggers was up. The housekeeper knew that the gun was loaded for she instructed George to take the shell out, to which George replied that he intended using the gun again and it was left loaded standing in the corner of the house. Later in the day while the children were playing in the house, George took the gun with the object of letting the trigger down, forgetting at the time that there was a shell in it. The gun was discharged and shot away a portion of one of the hands of Gordon.

The evidence showed that the father had purchased the shells for his son George and had on other occasions permitted him to use the gun. As a matter of fact the boy had on more than one occasion taken the gun and shot partridge or chicken which were used by the family, this being done with the father's knowledge and consent. The Court held the father was negligent in leaving the gun and shells within the reach of his infant son George, and that he was responsible

for whatever occurred. The father tried to set up that, owing to the housekeeper instructing the son to leave the gun with the shell in it, she was barred from claiming any relief on behalf of her son, but the Court held that in so doing she could not deprive her infant son of any rights to which he was entitled. Damages were given for \$600.00 in favour of Gordon.

One extract on this judgment shows the extreme carefulness which must be exhibited by every parent in allowing infant children to handle dangerous weapons. It is stated as follows:—

"There can be no question but that the law requires a very high degree of care on the part of anyone who leaves anything potentially dangerous in a place where it is possible that children might meddle with it. Everyone must be presumed to know that children will meddle with that which comes within their reach."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Lethbridge, Alta.

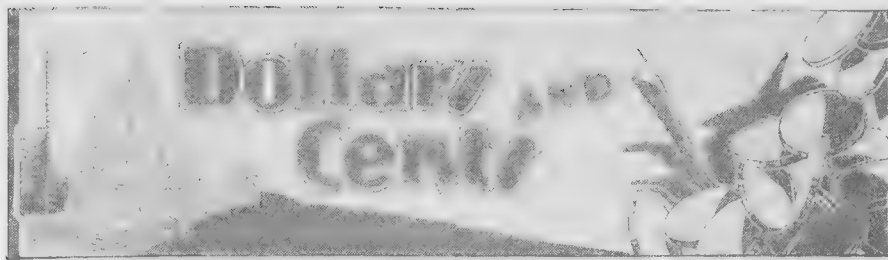
Q.—I am writing for a friend who has been a subscriber for a number of years. Her husband has been an invalid for two years not able to do a thing for himself. He has a disease of the spine which there is no cure. They have spent what little money they did have on doctors. He has been to Mayo's Rochester, U.S.A., and nothing can be done for him. She cannot go out to work for she has to do everything for him. They have two boys, age 13 and 6. A year ago they went out to her father's farm to keep house for their food. She does not receive any wages at all. What we want to know is can she claim the Mother's pension while she is out on her father's farm. Her husband was a miner and they came from England seventeen years ago.

A.—The Mother Allowance Act of Alberta provides that the wife of a husband who is unable to support his family by reason of total disability which may reasonably be expected to continue for at least one year, resulting from sickness or accident, where she was either a resident of the Province in 1922, or her husband was a resident at the time he took sick, and who has in her custody a child or children under 15 years of age, may by herself or through any other person on her behalf apply to an Inspector of the Municipality in which she is a resident for assistance under the Act. Apparently all your friend will need to do is to make application to the local authorities for assistance.

Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

Q.—I sold a farm to a returned soldier early in 1919. He did not have a good crop that year so he could not make the payment which was due in the Fall. Then he did not have any crop for two or three years and could not make any payment and finally abandoned the farm. He has never paid me anything since he first went on the farm, and I have had to redeem it from tax sale and look after it at a big loss. Now I find out that he has been doing very well in business and could easily make some payments to me, but he refuses to do this. Can I still make him pay for the farm?—A.H.R.

A.—In Manitoba you can sue a man for arrears of principal and interest at any time, but he is always entitled to plead the Real Property Limitations Act. The effect of this Act is that, if pleaded, you could not recover any interest except for the last six years and you could not recover any principal unless you sue within ten years of the time that it came due, or within six years of the last acknowledgment in writing of owing any previous instalment, of interest or ten years in the case of principal. It would appear to us that you still have a right to sue for all the principal during this year and that you could sue for the interest which came due at least during the past six years. Continued on page 71



THE past month has witnessed a tremendous slump in the stock market and many questions have been asked as to its import. The 26th day of March proved a day of widespread financial disaster. Without exception every stock felt the impetus and paper fortunes were swept away like leaves in the autumn breeze. The possibility of this decline had been forecast by leading financiers and in these columns we have had occasion to quote from these leaders at various times and to impress upon our readers the seriousness of the situation, but even in spite of these warnings the speculating public kept on its merry way, dancing heart free, without remembering that some day the piper would call the tune and the reckoning.

The severity of the slump was only equalled by its suddenness. The rate on call money on the New York stock market had been steadily mounting; the American Federal Reserve Board threw out warnings and by the increase of the rate to 20 per cent gave ample indication that it proposed to make the people heed the storm signals which it had ordered to be raised. In one day alone almost nine million shares were traded on the New York stock market, and the repercussions were heard from Halifax to Vancouver. The storm has subsided and the victims are now gazing on the wreckage in the hope of salvaging some wherewithal to start afresh.

The questions that have been uppermost in the minds of the public are whether the Board was justified in its drastic action, whether the remedy was more disastrous than the disease, and whether the Board succeeded in its objective. As naturally would be expected the Board has both its friends and its enemies, who are both vociferous in their claims. The leading American papers are divided in their opinions. For instance the New York Tribune believes that the Board was not successful, whereas a writer in the Magazine of Wall Street claims that it was victorious, in which opinion the New York Times concurs. The whole situation was greatly complicated by the action of the National State Bank which is one of the largest and most influential banking institutions in America and whose President, C. E. Mitchell, is also a Director of the Federal Reserve Board. After the Board had announced its policy and call money had risen to 20 per cent this bank announced that it had twenty-five million dollars to lend whenever the rate exceeded 15 per cent. This had the immediate affect of steadying the market and rescuing it from the abyss in which it had been thrown headlong. This action called forth bitter words from the friends of the Board who demanded that Mitchell should resign from his position as Director of the Board. The bank however, stood firm and its position has been likened by one writer to that of a man who warns a poor swimmer to keep out of deep water but who jumps in and rescues him when he disregards warning and is drowning.

Generally speaking we in Canada are concerned with the acts of the Board only insofar as they affect financial conditions in this country. We are yet in our infancy from many points of view in proof of which might be cited the manner in which our local exchanges reacted to the American decline. We believe that our decline was largely sympathetic and was not in a large manner due to any intrinsic unsoundness in Canadian industrial securities. It might be true that some of our stocks are overvalued in the light of present day prices, but the majority of them are sound and stable.

Is there a challenge to this statement? Two aspects lead us to the conclusion that it is true. We have been reading lately some of the advertisements appearing in magazines, which advertisements have been inserted by various Provincial departments. Even allowing for Provincial pride and local spirit we believe that advertisements such as the following are

founded on fact: The British Columbia Department of Mines asserts that two million square miles of country known to be extensively mineralized remains a virgin field for the prospector and that to the investor in undeveloped prospects it offers opportunity nowhere excelled and possibly nowhere equalled. Alberta, with an area twice as large as the British Isles, claims to have sixty million acres of fertile lands capable of cultivation, still untouched. It has 14 per cent of the world's coal reserves and 72 per cent of British Empire coal reserves. It also lays stress upon its irrigation lands, its natural gas, its oil, timber, oil sands, water powers, fisheries, fur and game. A third Province, Ontario, claims that in 1927 they produced minerals to the extent of over ninety million dollars, more than one-third of which was represented by the output of gold. Its forests of spruce, pine, tamarac, poplar, birch and cedar are tremendous in potentialities and dimensions and in addition it has twenty million acres of rich agricultural land open for settlers. These are but three instances which come to our notice and if space permitted these details could be repeated with reference to every other Province.

Do the facts as recorded bear out these contentions? We believe they do. The last Monthly Review of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics states that active business conditions have prevailed in Canada since the beginning of the present year. The physical volume of business averaged greater in January and February than in any other two-month period during the ten years under observation. Automobile production was at a specially high level in February surpassing all previous records for the month. The output of the primary iron and steel industry indicated the marked activity in this group, and reflected in turn the expansion in plant and equipment which is fairly general throughout Canadian industry and transportation systems. The production of newsprint and the export of lumber showed recession in February from the levels of the preceding month. Crude rubber, petroleum and cotton were imported in lesser volume than in January, after the usual adjustment for seasonal tendencies. Coal production was greater in February than in January, notwithstanding the shorter month. Exports of the better grades of asbestos were greater than in January, while judged by exports and receipts at the Royal Mint the production of metals showed a recession.

Building permits issued in 61 cities were greater than in January, while the value of awarded contracts, including both rural and urban projects, showed a decline. After adjustments for seasonal tendencies, revenue carloadings were larger in February. Imports and exports were at high levels after the usual adjustment.

The index of employment, according to reports from employers, indicates that working forces were larger on March 1, than on February 1. Though employment is usually slightly greater on March 1, the increase in the index from 110.5 on February 1 to 111.4 on March 1 indicates that business and industrial operations are expanding satisfactorily.

The Royal Bank in its monthly letter also confirms these sanguine reports. It covers the whole of Canada and with particular reference to the Western Provinces it says as follows:—

"Reports from the Prairie Provinces indicate that field operations are under way and in some sections wheat seeding has been started. Favourable weather conditions last fall enabled the farmers to prepare the land more thoroughly than is usually possible and a larger than usual increase in acreage is anticipated. As compared with 16,295,000 acres prepared during the fall of 1927 for the 1928 crop, 17,453,000 acres have been made ready for the coming season.

Planting Money For Profit...



WHATEVER may be the source of income, some part of that income should be "planted," so it may grow a crop of its own. It should be planted in bonds.

The buyer of bonds is establishing a reserve fund upon which to draw in emergencies and with which to provide for the time, sure to come to everyone, when earning power is less.

The question of investment—or saving—is simple enough for those who have studied it, but there are many to whom it seems somewhat mysterious or complicated. Therefore, we have published a small book about it, which we will be glad to send FREE on request.

The book is written for the man, or woman, who knows little about finance, but it will prove of interest to even experienced investors.

Just clip, sign and mail the coupon

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Perhaps—if you can set the date of your death and guarantee a continuance of commercial values.

But Life Insurance is unassailable, always on the up-grade, never absent when wanted.



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Enclosed find one dollar for which send The Western Home Monthly for one year to—



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Cold storage in EATON'S Modern Plant offers you complete protection for your furs against all the dangers of the warm Summer months—this will cost you no more—possibly less than ordinary storage.

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Kindly send your furs express prepaid to our Dept. 216 Storage, remitting as charges 2% of a fair valuation.

Repairing and Remodelling expertly done at moderate prices



Absolute Protection against Moths, Fire and Theft
T. EATON CO. LIMITED
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swollen veins

Absorbine Jr.
 THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all Druggists 125

Motherhood of Many Lands

Continued from page 13

had heard only tender words. Thrice blessed among women the dainty, sweet-voiced little Japanese mother!

WE HAVE often marvelled how divine instinct and the patience of motherhood combine to train tiny feet for the paths which they must tread later on. The vision rises of the mother of Holland, strapping lilliputian skates on baby feet and skimming to market with her children over the crystal pathway of a frozen Dutch canal. It is this same bustling housewife who contrives to so illuminate the common toil of the home that even in their play little daughters of Holland mimic happily the workaday world of cooking, scrubbing and polishing.

Yet it was with equal pleasure we looked in upon a mother of Persia reclining at her ease among her little children on the beautiful rugs that only Persians know how to make. How extraordinarily fond of warm baths and sweet things to eat are this plump, bejeweled matron and her babies. One sees them sitting about the public bath-houses, the mothers eating candy and gossiping, while the children frolic around or listen to stories, all waiting their turn for a vigorous tubbing. Then home to devour sugary luncheons of richest sweetmeats, like jelly pastes and preserved fruits, with many little cakes of different shapes and flavors.

Korea offers us the picture of a dark-skinned, rosy-cheeked young mother with beautiful manners. The Korean lady never, alas, achieves the distinction of a name for herself individually, but is first only the Daughter of So-and-so, then but the Wife of So-and-so, and finally, if she has a son, no more than the Mother of So-and-so. Nevertheless in our minds she has her well-defined place among the cradle-rockers of the race. Not that there are any cradles or cribs in Korea, though, for infants there are always lulled to slumber by having their tiny stomachs patted soothingly.

A SWIFT stride in the seven-league boots of a traveller's memory, and here we are inside a Lapp tent. It is the long night at the top of the world in Norway, but there are no lamps or candles in the home of an Arctic nomad. Instead, a bright pine fire flares from a hollow in the middle of the floor of the tent. High up among the flickering shadows, so as to be out of harm's way, hangs the cradle of the Lapp baby, looking like a great wooden shoe swinging there. The blue-eyed Arctic mother takes her other little ones for a peep beyond the tent-flap at Nature's dazzlingly beautiful display of fireworks across the Northern heavens. There, with the unearthly radiance of the Aurora for her halo, this Madonna of the Snows teaches her babies to sing valiant hymns of praise and thanks to the Maker of so marvelous a world.

At the same hour far across the Pacific in Samoa, the Land of Loving Hearts, a brown, lovely mother is twining wreaths and garlands of bright, sweet-scented flowers for her chubby darlings. As we see her guiding their tender feet along the blossom-strewn pathways of life in a beautiful tropical isle, words fail us to describe the charms of this wholesome, primitive mother. Laughingly she will snatch up her babe and with him on her back swim out gaily in the bland waters of the Southern Pacific. By the time he is three or four years old, her little one will swim and dive as fearlessly as a fish—the marvel of travelers, who all with one accord classify the Samoans as the cleanest, most bath-loving people in the world.

Wee Chinese are tenderly mothered in the home nest, however lowly it may be. All China hums and trills with innumerable gay nursery rhymes, which mothers sing to their little ones all over the country. Baby fingers and toes, it seems, are as interesting to their tiny Celestial possessors as they are to the tots of Europe or America, for China has no less than five versions of "This Little Pig Went to Market," every one capable of arousing the proper kicks and crows of delight. All through their child-life the charming Chinese mother remains the cheerful companion, the happy playmate of her dear ones. She never grows too old to enjoy lighting fire-crackers on all festive occasions; she

is never too sad to choose gay paper lanterns for New Year's Day, nor too busy to fly frisky kites from the hilltops in spring.

In Greece mothers teach their babes the ways of life chiefly by telling them stories—golden legends of the ancient gods and demigods of their own native land, gallant tales of the heroes and supermen of Greece's marvelous history. Children come as heart's treasures in a very special sense to the land of Plato and Pericles. The Greek household word for "baby," translated into English, means "a joy." Happy mothers desiring ardently that their newborn babes shall have the much-coveted fair complexion, see to it that an infant's first gift, as a symbol, is always something white—a flower, a bit of lace, or even an egg. Later they will hang about the child's neck the lucky string of rosy coral that is thought to ensure a joyous beginning of life. And what infant is surer of felicity and well-being than the Greek child, to whom it is allotted to spend almost every day out of doors in the wonderful, wine-like air of that country, brooded over by a fond mother with an inexhaustible fund of wonder-tales to tell?

Hero-stories of quite a different order are at the tongue's-end of the fair young mothers of Sweden. Two typical mother-pictures we brought away from the land of the Vikings. One visualizes the frozen North and shows a sweet-faced matron and her frisky flock of children, all on skis. But they have paused in their swift course over the snows while the mother points away to the grey ocean, telling eager little listeners grand tales of those tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired sea-rovers, who set out from those very shores in their cockle-shell boats to explore the round world. About a flower-decked Maypole on Midsummer Day circle other Swedish mothers hand-in-hand with their children, joining the ring of happy villagers in the fairy folk-melodies of the countryside. Doubly-blessed among women is the mother who can make merry freely and artlessly among her children.

PUSHING farther north on this fascinating globe of ours, we find ourselves inside the Arctic Circle sojourning among the jolliest, most care-free folk in all the world. The Eskimo mother bequeaths to her little ones the merry heart that "goes all the way"; she teaches her ruddy children to sing and feast, to dance and tell stories all the long six months' Arctic night through. There is tenderness, too, under this mother's care-free, happy-go-lucky smiles. Crawling in and out of the cruel Arctic storms, through the little door of the Eskimo's humble snow-hut, we beheld within heart-warming scenes a-plenty of happy home life. Dusky, fur-clad mothers wrapping chubby babies, oh, so tenderly in their snug, warm hoods—preparing with loving pains the dainty dearest to the Eskimo child's heart, the skin of a dove's pink feet filled with the toothsome reindeer's marrow—enduring with almost superhuman patience the hubbub of brown infant humans and shaggy puppy-dogs frolicking about together on fur-piled Eskimo beds. Her mother-instinct approves the fellowship of these rollicking baby creatures who must one day conquer together the icy terrors of the Arctic world.

The little baby of Madagascar is heartily welcomed into life with a joyful birth festival. All the village comes to visit and bring presents to the happy mother and child, after which feasting and rejoicing, dancing and competitive games go on for several days in honor of the tiny new arrival. Oddly enough, this merry welcome is just as warm for a girl-baby as for a boy, a thing quite unusual in Oriental lands. The proud Malagasy mother cherishes her little "spindle-child," dressing her in dainty white draperies, showing her how to flutter about in the pretty folk-dances of the African island, and teaching her later on to weave beautiful fabrics and make exquisite real lace.

The most tenaciously patriotic mother we met with in our round-the-world pilgrimage, was not the shrouded lady in Eastern bazaars, nor yet the fur-wrapped

Continued on page 69



Make It Run With 3-in-One

3-in-One is an oil compound of unusual and peculiar properties. Here is proof—

A Genoa, Ill., housewife writes: "My sewing machine was so badly gummed I could not run it. I got a can of 3-in-One and applied it freely to all parts, when lo, and behold, a great change came to pass. My machine now runs like a new one." (Name on request.)

A New Jersey Manufacturer says: "We have found that any oil but 3-in-One gums up on the machines after they have been used for a short time." (Name on request.)

3-in-One quickly penetrates the tightest bearing and lubricates perfectly. Works out old grease and dirt. Light enough to penetrate—heavy enough to lubricate.

Don't accept ordinary "machine oil" when 3-in-One is so different and better. Ask for it by name.

At all good grocery, drug, hardware, notion, general and department stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

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FREE: Generous sample of 3-in-One and illustrated Dictionary of Uses. A request on a postal card will bring both.



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MADE IN PLAIN SHADES—WHITE, PINK, BLUE
 A silk knitted cap which is very attractive and comfortable for spring and summer wear. Nip-Ons are also made in colored patterns for the small boy and girl. Nip-On-Tams and Sporty Berets for the school girl.

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 AT ALL GOOD SHOPS

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Get Rid of Dandruff By using Cuticura Soap

Assisted by
Cuticura Ointment
 Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 & 50c.

Motherhood of Many Lands

Continued from page 68

matron of the igloo. She was a substantial, deep-bosomed dame in a wide-winged, stiffly-starched cap, and she was mothering her brood in the pink-and-white paradise of a Norman apple-orchard in spring. No wonder she could teach her fledglings the unforgettable fact that other lands may be so-so, but their own beautiful Normandy is undoubtedly the very garden spot of the world. Unlooked-for poetry of emotion and even expression we often glimpsed under the most unlikely, prosaic exteriors. If you do not believe us, listen some day to a Breton mother enthraling her little ones around the fireside with a fantastic folk-tale of their grim, rock-strewn country. Mothers of Brittany believe in fairies, and there is no other land in the world so fond of stories about them, or with so many stories to tell.

Another mother story-teller sits on a hot sandy seashore of the Far East and fascinates her scantily-clad younglings with ancient wonder-tales of their own Syria, for untold centuries the dusty highway of all the armies and pilgrims of the earth. But our favorite Syrian vignette is of a rug-maker of Damascus at her loom among her daughters, patiently training little hands to weave those subtle harmonies of color which only the genius of the East achieves.

Mother India they call her—and consistently with the ideal of their beloved land. Hindu matrons are the most efficient and highly respected housekeepers of the Far East. Well do they attend to the ways of the household which is their kingdom. All the food and clothing for the family they select and buy, the shrewdest bargain makers on earth. No woman wears a brighter crown than the mother of India as the provider of sensible, wholesome food for her children. Indeed, one does not look for all these thrifty, household virtues in the indolent East, but old Mother Earth has many a surprise like this tucked away in her box of conjurer's tricks, ready to spring on the world-traveler.

Sometimes we intrigue our fancy by calling together an imaginary monster-meeting of all the mothers of the globe. What a parti-colored, gossipy gathering that would be! Not that we desire to see such a preposterous notion realized in fact. God forbid that we should ever behold a world so uniform and standardized that cradle-lore and child-rearing shall everywhere be regulated by the same monotonous hygienic rules. When that day comes, we prophesy the once delectable business of globe-trotting will long have been in the discard. The thrills of travelling will, alas, be gone. When the ladies of the whole world can all gossip over each other's back fence in Volapuk or some such chatter, no country will have anything new to tell anybody. But it is a quite different matter to order the tricky Ariel of our fancy to shepherd and round up just once, for their edification and delight, all the Madonnas of the world with the blessed babe in their arms. That would rub no bloom off the cosmic peach, and it would be so vastly intriguing to see how many times the complacency of our self-styled "superior" nations would get a jolt. Could maternal minds set so conscientiously upon sanitation and the latest in school-lunches and dental creams, learn of the Japanese mother how to banish tears and nervous tantrums from the child-world? Might the earnest student of antiseptics and food calories forget them long enough to appreciate and emulate the gentle, perennial playfulness of the Chinese mother, the glee of a lithe and flower-wreathed mother of Samoa?

Candidly, it is a question whether our clinic-trained, club-addicted ladies can teach courage and hardihood more effectually than the Lapp mother in her blizzard-racked tent. There is honest doubt that long hours in our stuffy school-rooms and moving picture theatres are so conducive to child-happiness and normal development as the free outdoor life of snowy Sweden or sunny Greece. Then, too, are there not those men who, while highly specializing in the science of motherhood, have forgotten entirely the spirit of laughter and what it will do for the child? Let

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DON'T BLUNDER, USE LUMBER



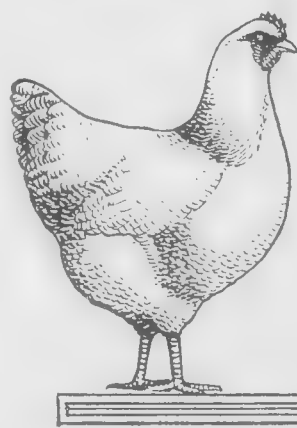
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A good poultry house is most important if your hens are to pay you a profit. Poultry authorities say that light, dry buildings mean healthier birds and increased egg production.

building is inexpensive, will mean less work in looking after larger flocks, egg production will be better all year around, and breeding more successful.

If your chicken house is damp, gloomy and hard to keep clean, hens will not lay when prices are at their best. A new

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Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association and the Associations of the B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Ltd., the Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers and the Western Canada Sash and Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.

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IN arranging low fares for prairie residents, we regard this part of our work as a great and important public service . . . always ready with men, equipment plus the experience which enables us to care for any movement with smoothness and efficiency.

THIS summer—escape for a little while from the dull sameness of succeeding days. Our low fares from May 15 to Sept. 30 (with a final return limit Oct. 31, 1929) make it easy.

OUR trains pass through a territory replete with scenic grandeur; of historical and educational value to the traveller. Nothing superior to our sleeping and dining car service . . . Radio an added feature on through trains.

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Whatever vacation section you have in mind, the local agent of the Canadian National will be pleased to give every assistance. He will be glad to quote lowest fares and make all arrangements for you—or write District Passenger Agent, C.N.R., at Winnipeg, Saskatoon or Edmonton.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg

Sunlight is Beneficial to Health. But Extensive Sunburn Should Be Avoided

ALMOST every new discovery in the scientific or medical field becomes a fad and is often carried to the extreme. Scientific workers have recently shown the necessity and importance of sunlight for the maintenance of the health of children and adults. The beneficial action of sunlight in the cure of certain diseases of children and adults has also been pointed out.

One of the things which have been advocated a great deal recently, and which has proven of much benefit for children, is the sun bath. These sun baths are healthful not only because the child receives the beneficial direct rays of the sun, but also because of the fresh air which it is thus bound to receive regularly.

Scientists have shown that direct sunlight not only prevents rickets, but if given regularly, will ward off many of the illnesses which are common in children. Tuberculosis would suffer a sharp decline among children if all mothers gave this simple treatment to their children.

In giving sun baths to the children, it is well to keep the following facts in mind:

1. Exposure to the sun must be gradual or else the child may receive a sunburn.

2. At first give the baby direct sunlight for about ten minutes, increase this bath from three to five minutes daily until he receives exposure one hour in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. This will vary depending on how the skin reacts to the exposure.

3. Be sure that the exposure is carried on in some spot sheltered from the wind.

4. Sun baths may be given on enclosed porches or in the house, provided the sun can shine on the child unobstructed by glass.

5. Certain special kinds of glass have been devised which permit the passage of the majority of the beneficial rays of the sun. Such glass may be used if desired.

The above directions also apply to adults who should observe similar precautions and avoid prolonged or sudden exposure to sunlight, as injurious or even dangerous sunburn may result if the sunburn is extensive.

In case sunburn does occur, the following has been found to be useful:

Make a lotion as follows: Take one-half a pint of hot water and stir into it a level tablespoonful of boric-acid powder; then add 20 drops of carbolic acid, and shake well. The solution should be dabbed on the inflamed skin with a small piece of cotton or sprayed on with an atomizer. It should not be rubbed into the skin. It can be applied every half hour, if necessary. If no medicine is available, cold compresses will give relief to badly burned areas.

Motherhood of Many Lands

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all such turn to the jolly Eskimo mother, who with her little ones dances away the long, dark hours of the Arctic night.

Up and down the streets and by-ways of a wanderer's memory-world, mothers of many races pass and repass. Mahomedan women, stately and mysterious in veil or headdress, East Indian matrons gorgeously decked out in many jewels, joyous young mothers of tropical isles of the sea, very gay and charming in their flower-garlands and scanty draperies, furl-clad home-makers of the Far North snug-gling bare brown babes on their sturdy backs. What infinite variety we found among the mothers of our race! Yet everywhere the essential spirit of motherhood is the same—bewildering in its universality. Who does not treasure his visions of the young mother-faces of the world, some bending seriously, Madonna-wise, over motherly tasks, others making a beautiful, happy game of the greatest responsibility on earth?

Whenever
the recipe
calls for
MILK
and
SUGAR
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EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED
CONDENSED MILK

It ensures richer
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And in More and more folks
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**Children's Coughs
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A child's cough is a danger signal, a warning. Check it before it develops into something worse. Ask your druggist for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. A favorite with careful mothers for 57 years. Quickly stops coughs, removes choking phlegm. Every mother needs our FREE booklet on "Care of the Sick." Write Chamberlain Medicine Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

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Other Maps for all Purposes.
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HYGEOL

The Surest
Safeguard against
Colds

Sore Throat, Cold in the Head—these things are caused by germ infection.

Such germs abound in crowded public places. There is always the risk of "Catching a cold" after such exposure unless one takes proper precautions.

Preventive measures are very simple. Gargle the throat with Hygeol. Irrigate the nose with it. The positive action of this safe antiseptic will kill the germs instantly. Hygeol will "head off" the cold and strengthen nose and throat tissue to resist infection.

Hygeol, a Wampole product, is sold by druggists everywhere in 10c., 35c. and 60c. sizes. You can secure a

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This coupon entitles me to a 10c trial size bottle of Hygeol without cost or obligation.

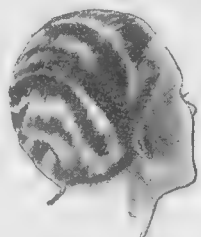
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To the Druggist: When returned to H. K. Wampole & Co., Ltd., Perth, Ont., this coupon will be redeemed at full value—10c.

WAMPOLE'S
HYGEOL

Cleans false teeth without brushing and has 51 other uses.

READ THE BOOKLET

29-3



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Dull, lifeless, brown hair glows with alluring tints after a shampoo with Evan Williams "Graduated".

Six distinct shampoos for every shade of hair, at your druggist.

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Musical Notes

BEST AND SIMPLEST WAY TO CLASSIFY MUSIC

THERE have been many varied definitions of music, dependent on the writer's idea of, or appreciation for, music. One man's music is another man's noise.

There are people whose definition of music varies so much that only a definition to fit their own music would suit them.

One says music should be impersonal, abstract. Another school declares that music should always tell a story, producing the programme music so often featured. Still another section of the musical public says that music should go much farther than the dictionary definition and that it should represent the whole of life, whether it pleases the ear or not. In other words, if the subject portrayed is one of pain, horror or calamity, then the music must be of clash, discord, entirely adverting the idea of beauty, or pleasing the ear. Out of all this, long ago, arose the question whether it was the function of music merely to be beautiful, or whether, like painting, its mission is to portray all of life, good and bad, pleasure and sorrow, happiness and horror.

That is a question no part of the world can settle for the rest. Ever since music reached an advanced stage of development, it has been a bone of contention among music educationists and composers, and, no doubt, it will so continue for decades, and possibly for centuries. Therefore, the best and simplest way to classify music is as: thought expressed through tone, to which hardly any school of music or composer can take exception.

TEACHING MUSIC

In former days music study was generally conceived to be a deadly, serious business. The ability to play "pieces" on the piano or violin was a sort of fetish to which countless thousands of unlucky youngsters were sacrificed. It makes one groan to think of the tons of sheet music worn to tatters, the miles of scales traversed, and the years of "practising" wasted in the effort to teach the previous generation of children without real musical appreciation or ambition, how to drum out a piece or two when company came to call. This sort of mechanical teaching either fills the child with such a loathing for the piano that he never willingly touches it later in life, or, if he really has talent, it hampers his original development, and may permanently injure his ability.

Nowadays we have come to realize, however, the vital importance of stimulating the musical ambition in children by surrounding them from babyhood with good music, as a foundation for musical training. If you cannot make music yourself, by all means get a player-piano or a phonograph and as many fine rolls or records as you can afford. Start with the lighter classics, and as the child's taste develops, progress to the immortal music of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Wagner and other great masters. Any good music dealer can help you to make a wise selection. The child who learns to love such music has the strongest incentive to musical study so as to be able to produce it himself.

MUSIC THE VITALIZER

NEXT to the instinct for self-preservation, aspiration toward happiness is probably the strongest motive influencing our thoughts and actions. To experience complete happiness is to realize to the fullest extent the potentialities of our natural endowment and acquired characteristics. The wish for fulfilment of our personality dictates our choice among the many possibilities which life offers us. We are most content when we are in that state of physical and mental balance known as euphoria, or well-being.

Anything which disturbs our sense of well-being induces a feeling of discomfort varying from malaise to suffering. When we trace this discomfort to its source, we find that the cause is a lowering of our vital energy. The greater the ebb of our vitality, the deeper is our depres-

sion. While depletion of vitality is associated with physical maladjustments, our mental suffering may in turn influence our bodily functions and thus lower the level of energy.

Experiments have shown that music has a curative value, even in the case of certain physical ailments. Disease cannot be healed by music, but the mental conditions of the patient can be ameliorated and the strain of suffering relieved. In cases of purely mental disorder, the effect of music is most marked. Of the three elements of music—melody, harmony and rhythm—it is rhythm that has the strongest remedial influence.

In both the physical and metaphysical applications of the word, rhythm is a characteristic of all life. In periods of depression, or even of weariness, our physical rhythm is retarded, and it is our realization of this slowing down that makes us conscious of our lowered vitality. When we listen to music, its rhythmic movement has a definite accelerating effect upon our own rhythm.

Music is a vitalizer and a renewer of energy. That is the reason why the "tired business man" proverbially turns to musical comedy for recreation. If he but knew it, he could find the same reinvigoration in music which he considered uninteresting and unattractive because it is "classical."

Legal Information

Continued from page 66

Regina, Sask.

Q.—I sold "X" a gramophone on lien note. He had a fire in which he lost everything and the gramophone was burned. Now he says that he will not pay me the balance due on the note. There was no insurance on the gramophone. Can I make him pay me?—A.V.H.

A.—Your rights will depend largely upon the terms of the lien note. If the note does not specifically state that the goods are sold to the purchaser and are held by the purchaser at the purchaser's risk until paid for, then the risk is the vendor's and if the goods are destroyed you will have no further remedy against the purchaser. We would suggest that you examine the terms of the lien note, because it is more than likely that you are protected under its terms and can sue for the balance due you.

A Correction

IN OUR April issue we published an answer to a question by X.Y.Z. of Elbow, Saskatchewan, who was enquiring whether there was an old age pension law in Saskatchewan. We find that in answering we overlooked the fact that an Act was passed in 1928 providing for Old Age Pensions in Saskatchewan. Under the provisions of the Act the pension may be paid to every person who at the date of the proposed commencement of the pension:

(a) Is a British subject, or being a widow, who is not a British subject, was such before her marriage;

(b) has attained the age of 70 years;

(c) has resided in Canada for 20 years immediately preceding the date aforesaid;

(d) has resided in the province in which the application for pension is made for the 5 years immediately preceding the said date;

(e) is not in receipt of an income of as much as \$365.00 a year;

(f) has not made any voluntary transfer of property for the purpose of qualifying for pension.

The maximum pension payable shall be \$240.00 yearly, which shall be subject to reduction by the amount of the income of the pensioner in excess of \$125.00 per year.

Application for the pension should be made to the Department at Regina, who will send you the necessary forms.

He Will Stay On in the Bank

Prince Kikita, who has been earning £15 a month as a clerk in a bank in Paris, has been designated heir to the throne and crown of the Czars of the former Russian Empire. But it is altogether safe to say that he will not be leaving Paris immediately for the city formerly known as St Petersburg, now known as Leningrad.—Dundee Courier.



These are Different!

Snowballs

And they're specially delicious when made with Baker's Coconut. For the Baker process and Baker packing keeps the luscious meat of finest coconuts just as fresh, as rich-flavoured as when it came from the shell. In packages, tins and by the pound.

TRY THIS RECIPE

- 1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 1 cup egg whites (8 to 10 eggs)
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1½ cups sifted granulated sugar
- ¾ teaspoon vanilla
- ¼ teaspoon almond extract

Coconut Frosting

- 1½ cups Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Sift flour once, measure, and sift four more times. Beat egg whites and salt on large platter with flat wire whisk. When foamy, add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar carefully, 2 tablespoons at a time, until all is used. Fold in flavouring. Then sift small amount of flour over mixture and fold in carefully; continue until all is used. Pour batter into ungreased angel food pan. Bake in slow oven one hour. Begin at 275° F. (very moderate oven), increasing heat slightly (325° F.) after 30 minutes. Remove from oven and invert pan for one hour, or until cold.

With two silver forks, separate into balls about 2 inches in diameter. Dip balls in frosting, then roll in coconut. Makes 12 snowballs.

BAKER'S
COCONUT



Write for free Booklet of delicious recipes to Franklin Baker Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto.

A 3-29-M

Gray Hair Gone A FREE Test to Prove It



WOMEN, and men, too, know that in this modern day gray hair won't do. The quick, sure, safe and lasting way to end it is to use Brownatone—not dangerous, crude and messy dyes that are so easily detected. Brownatone will give you astonishing results at once—and even your most intimate friends will not suspect its use. It actually improves the lustre of the hair, causes it to take all waves more easily, gives it new life and tone, and benefits the scalp. Brownatone comes in two colors: blonde to medium brown; dark brown to black. All druggists sell Brownatone under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.



Make This FREE TEST

Send name and address to The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-16, Windsor, Ont., for liberal FREE test bottle of Brownatone. Be sure to state color desired.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Toothache

Give first aid with Minard's Liniment. Bathe the face, and if there is a cavity in the tooth, fill it with cotton soaked in Minard's. Relief is quick and sure.

The Great White Liniment

64

HELP WANTED

Earn upwards of \$25 weekly growing Mushrooms for us, in cellar or other waste space. Deliver to our nearest branch. Light pleasant work for either sex. Illustrated booklet sent anywhere, for stamp.

Dominion Mushroom Co., TORONTO

The Shabby Individual

By Annie Patterson

THE shabby individual walked into the real estate office of Smith & Jackson, "Hello, Miss Perkins," he called cheerily to the young lady with the mannish haircut who was typing furiously. "What's on the bargain counter today?"

Without raising her head Miss Perkins said in voice loud enough to be heard above the din of the typewriter,

"Oh, the usual junk; some lots in Silverdale, and an old house on Queen Victoria Street."

"Queen Victoria Street!" echoed the shabby individual, "There's a few old houses there. Can't tell me the number, I suppose? Is it far from Main Street?"

"No. 857. One block south of Main Street. It's empty. Go and look at it."

"Have you seen it?" asked the shabby individual, as he seated himself, and was watching Miss Perkins' busy, jerky movements as though he found them interesting.

"No," she answered, pulling a document out of her machine and proceeding to fold it, "I don't waste my time looking at junk."

"Oh, what do you do with your spare time, then?" the shabby individual asked, glancing in the direction of the book-keeper in the far corner of the room, as though afraid of being overheard, "Look at jewellery, I suppose?"

"This," said Miss Perkins, ignoring his question and indicating the document, "is the first contract for one of the Silverdale lots. Why don't you follow suit?"

"Do you call that junk, too?" he asked.

"To me it is. To you guys who put screws on your pocketbooks when you are passing a tailors shop, and open it wide when you read 'Lots for Sale' in the daily papers, it's a snap."

"Oh, I see," said the shabby individual, examining the threadbare sleeve of his coat, "I see. You think a fellow should carry his pocketbook on his back, eh? There's enough of the ladies doing that, and if they get a kick out of it, let 'em. I get more kick out of grabbing old houses cheap, fixin' 'em up and selling 'em for double."

Miss Perkins continued typing and pretending not to hear. To herself, however, she said, "Some dame will get a kick out of grabbing him and trying to fix him up—but she won't be able to sell him for double."

The shabby individual rose and moved slowly toward the door.

"If you'll tell me the price of the old house you mentioned, I might as well walk around that way," he said.

"They invite offers. There's a mortgage against it for eight hundred, and about two years taxes, so if you call that a snap, well—" and she shook her sleek head and laughed.

"About a thousand against it, eh?" he said. "Well, no harm in looking at it."

"Mighty smart girl, that," he said to himself, as he walked down Main Street. "Knows her work too. Wonder if a woman like that would cost much to keep? Oh, shucks. I'm an old fool. Fancy thinking of women at my age! She'd turn up her nose at me—and yet, would she, now, I wonder? Guess she gets pretty tired looking at that freak of a bookkeeper, all day long, with his greased hair and polished boots."

Entering the old house, the shabby individual walked slowly from room to room, peeping into cupboards and corners. It was in shocking condition, delapidated and musty, but to the trained eye of the habitual bargain hunter, it had possibilities.

"Good stone foundation; good wood-work. Wouldn't be hard to rent, either, so close to Main Street. Needs a lot of repairs, but five hundred, or even eight hundred spent on it would soon come back in rent. Plumbings stolen! Well, I guess I'd have to spend a thousand before I was through with it."

He stopped in front of a mirror door in one of the bedrooms, where he caught sight of his reflection.

"I look rather shabby myself! Old house and I both need dolling up. Oh, well, if I spend it on the house I'll get

it back in rent, but dolling up myself is a waste of money. Yet, I wonder, now, if it wouldn't be worth while? Miss Perkins is a real sensible girl. No nonsense with her. Knows her work too! Oh, well, I'll get an estimate in fixing up the house, first, and then, later I'll decide about myself."

A week later the shabby individual was wandering through the old house again. The musty smell had given place to a strong odor of paint and varnish; the dilapidated appearance had gone.

Again he caught sight of his reflection in the mirror door,

"Yes, this old suit is pretty nearly gone. I'll have to buy a new one soon. I have to go up to that real estate office tomorrow morning to get the deeds for the house. Might as well be dressed up. Wouldn't do any harm."

On his way towards Main Street, he passed a Tailor & Clothier's establishment,

"Some good-looking suits in that window. Believe I'll go in and ask their prices. Guess they are sky high, but it won't cost anything to ask," and he stepped inside.

"Fifty dollars for that suit. A lot of money, eh?" and while the assistant was commenting on the quality of the cloth, the shabby individual was thinking of the lots out in Silverdale, "This suit costs just half the price of one of those lots. If I put it on the lot, I'll get my money back some day. If I spend it here, it's—gone," and promising that he would come in later, he went out.

On turning the corner of Main Street, the glare of a jeweller's window, and the giggling of young girls caught his attention.

"Look, May, there's the ring I want Ted to buy me."

The shabby individual looked over the girls' shoulders and saw some diamond rings marked "\$100.00 up."

With a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, he passed on. What fools girls were! He wondered if Miss Perkins would expect a fellow to spend good money on trash of that kind.

"I guess they're all alike," he decided.

"And yet, I don't know, she seems a sensible kind of girl. Not like those giggling fools. Supposing now, I buy that new suit, and give her an eye-ful. I'd look a lot better than that whippersnapper of a bookkeeper. I'll bet he hasn't got five cents invested in real estate. Just lives up to his salary, the young fool."

At the corner table in his favorite restaurant, he debated the question. The roast pork did not decide it, nor the rice pudding, but after draining his coffee cup, he sighed heavily.

"Oh, well, I'd have to buy a new suit before winter anyway," and he sauntered in the direction of the tailors and clothiers establishment.

Next morning as he waited in the old house to meet a prospective tenant, he stood in front of the long mirror and surveyed the new suit.

"Looks pretty nifty. I guess I ought to ask Miss Perkins to dinner. Looks like I'm getting extravagant. First one thing, then another. Well, here's my tenant."

An hour later he stepped off the elevator in front of Smith & Jackson's. He hoped Miss Perkins was not too busy. Passing the door he glanced in. Who was that standing by her desk? Looked mighty like that simp of a bookkeeper. Well, they'd seen him, so he'd have to go in.

"Good Mornin' Miss Perkins," he said, taking off his hat, and lo, her eyes were shining! She must be admiring him, but what was that she was holding up.

"Good Morning," She replied, "How do you like my diamond? A beauty, eh? We've just got engaged!" and she turned her eyes on the bookkeeper.

As the shabby individual went down in the elevator, the sound that escaped his lips sounded very much like a sigh of relief.

"If I can only exchange this suit for that \$20 one!" he was thinking.



CAMEO VELLUM

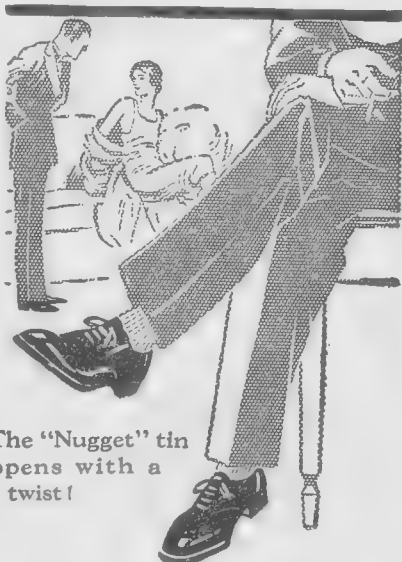
As the years roll by, customs change — fashions too, but human sentiment never. As long as there are friends there will be letter writing, and the more valued the friendship the more careful will be the choice of letter paper.

Most Stationers sell Cameo Vellum

Barber-Ellis Limited

Makers of fine Stationery since 1876

Toronto Montreal
Brantford Winnipeg
Calgary Edmonton
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The "Nugget" tin opens with a twist!

Men and women who realize that appearance counts always have well-polished shoes.

Did YOU "Nugget" your shoes this morning?

"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

Windows of the Soul

By Gertrude Walker

"JIMMIE DOUGLAS will report to your room Monday morning and, if you have to send him back to me, I see nothing for it but expulsion. I've told him so." The principal's words echoed and re-echoed in the ears of Miss Gray, sixth grade teacher in Mainer Public School, as she turned from the phone. She could see the smile that accompanied the message; not one of them had any faith in her method. It hadn't seemed to have much effect other than to make her room a dumping ground; and now the climax, the incorrigible of the whole school, the dread of every Junior Teacher, Jimmie Douglas!

Slowly she opened her register, but her pen soon fell to the desk as over her poured the memory of the enthusiasm with which she commenced teaching. A firm belief that surroundings did count; that the eyes were the windows of the soul. She looked round her room. It contained only copies of masterpieces; they were few, but they were good. She had abolished the strap and scolding. She was honestly trying to carry out her determination to be a "Mother of Souls" to the girls and boys she was privileged to teach. Was it worth while? Did it pay? Well, she was doing her best, results were not with her.

Jimmie Douglas, speeding homeward after an hour in the Principal's office was jubilant. "Gee," he mused "wonder if those high-ups have run out of punishments putting me in that Jane's room. The kids say she doesn't believe in strapping, believes in 'moral suasion' whatever that is. Has the room full of pictures; I'll have one grandly glorious time. Wonder what's the best trick to start with; most any kind'll do. Bet she's easy scared. Well I've got the week-end to think up something."

Miss Gray started schoolward Monday morning determined to give Jimmie Douglas any chance she could, not, if she could help it, would he be expelled. A block from the school she was joined by Miss Campbell, another grade six teacher. "Hear you've been given Jimmie Douglas," the tone plainly indicative, "I had him for a while. He's a funny mixture, brimful of mischief. In no way a leader, seems to enjoy playing a lone hand; nothing really bad about him either, rather prides himself on a rude sort of 'playing the game'. I sometimes think if we could strike the right key we might find a different sort of harmony being worked out in his life, but," with a shrug, "what chance has a poor school-teacher to try different keys, it takes us all our time pounding on the one key 'preparedness' for examination. I certainly don't envy you" was her parting shot as they turned to their respective rooms.

Entering her room Miss Gray's eyes sought the favorite picture of her collection, a copy of Hoffman's "Head of the Boy Christ". She wanted it to be the key-note of her room. Would it ever have an influence on a pupil? It hadn't so far, and now Jimmie Douglas; never had success seemed so remote.

At the very end of the lines, entering the room, came Jimmie his face fairly beaming mischief, his eyes interrogation points. "Gee, there are a lot of pictures, pretty room all right," his hand sought his coat pocket, yes they were safely there, "hope she doesn't put me in that front seat, doesn't seem any other vacant. It's just that much more fun though, cause it's harder. She doesn't look like I thought she would, but I'll just bet she's a 'fraid cat' . . ."

"Jimmie, the front seat please", Miss Gray's quietly spoken command broke in on his thoughts. Sauntering up the aisle he dropped into the seat with an air of "What's next?"

Work for the lesson period assigned Miss Gray turned to the board.

"Now's my chance," his right hand sought his pocket.

A piercing scream. Miss Gray turned to find most of the girls perched high on their chairs, the whole room in panic; while in equal panic a poor little mouse tried vainly to find shelter or escape. One glance at Jimmie convulsed with laughter proved the perpetrator.

"Jimmie Douglas, catch that mouse and take it out."

Still shaking Jimmie did as he was bid, remarking as he dangled it by the tail, "poor prunes to be scared of a mouse," returned and resumed his seat with an air of injured innocence.

Miss Gray watched him, her hands clenched; terrified of a mouse herself she was shaken. Was it worth while? Wouldn't the best thing be to march him straight to the principal's office. He'd been warned and this was the result. She bit her lips to keep back the tears and into her mind there flashed, forgotten since childhood days, "he that goeth forth with weeping bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him". A peace stole into her soul and her voice held no note of tremor as she spoke "Class continue your work" and resumed her own.

"Gee, she sure is a funny one. I just know she was scared of that mouse and never to say a word. I 'spected she'd march me to the principal right off the bat. Wonder if I'd better wait until after recess for the other." Again his hand sought his pocket and Jimmie raised his eyes for a good look at the teacher who could hold her temper against one of his pranks, a new species to him.

For a long moment his eyes were caught and held, not by Miss Gray, but by the eyes of the picture hanging directly above the board behind Miss Gray's desk. They seemed to be speaking to him. Slowly his hand came out of his pocket, a flush of red crossed his cheeks, and, after a moment, he opened his book and began work with the rest of the class. He looked at the eyes again and then he smiled.

The recess bell—out into the yard he went, off into a corner by himself. His hand sought his pocket and out came a small box. Part way off he took the lid—back on it went, part off again, on again, this time fully off and a wee garter snake scuttled across the yard. "Now what did I let that go for? That would have scared her good." With a half sigh, as if he didn't quite understand himself, he turned at the sound of the incoming recess bell. Back in the room again, the eyes in the picture seemed to be fairly shining and the lips smiled. Furtively Jimmie looked round, but none of the others had noticed.

FRIDAY night, Miss Gray, making up her register, realized that after Monday's episode Jimmie had given her no more trouble. "That's strange, wonder what next week will bring. This may be only the lull before the storm." She stilled the hope that sprang into being, almost in spite of herself, as she glanced upward.

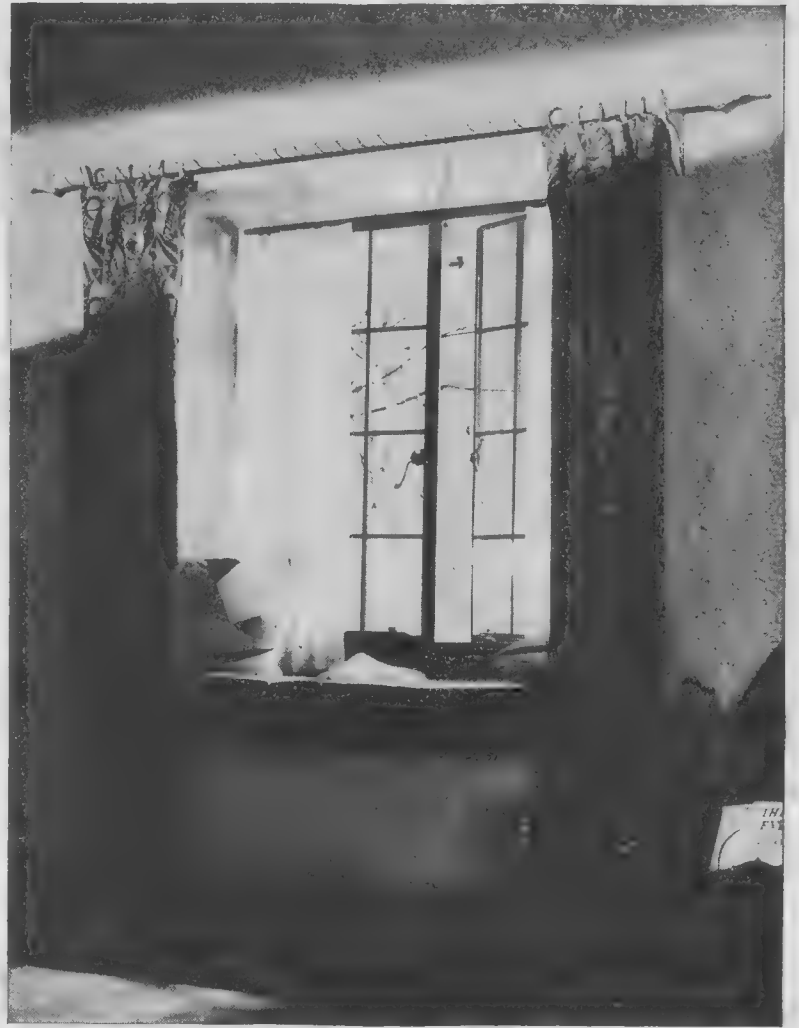
Several times the following week she caught Jimmie off guard and was surprised to find herself wondering if she imagined a change in his very look. Friday afternoon she thought she caught a glimpse of Jimmie disappearing out of one door as she entered the other, but seeing no reason for his being there, decided she must have been mistaken.

The class were hard at their drawing. Miss Gray watching them heard a slight rustle in her desk and immediately a girl's scream. In a moment all was confusion, the girls, perched high, screamed their terror, while the boys, in glee, watched a little garter snake darting hither and thither. She jumped as Jane Beamish slipped from her seat to the floor, and hurrying down, picked her up and ran for the nurses' room.

Quietly watching his chance, Jimmie caught the snake and took it out, slipping back in, hoping no one would notice him in the confusion. He'd sure done it now. "Never saw anyone look so white. I didn't dream girls would do that just at the sight of a garter snake." He couldn't even look at the eyes; he knew what they looked like . . . It was all over now, and he had meant to do better. Why did he have to see that snake on his way to school. "Once more", the principal said, well, he wished he could

Continued on page 103

When Spring Looks in . . .



Spring, peeping in through your windows, will reveal many things that winter, perhaps, has hidden.

Blue skies and bright sunshine are pitiless critics. They call quick attention to furnishing and decorative needs in the home . . . and particularly to draping effects that have become a bit tiresome or "out of style".

Why not, this year, welcome spring with windows as freshly and daintily dressed as the season itself? A simple change of drapery hardware . . . a new note of vibrant colour . . . a different arrangement of draperies and curtains . . . will work a magic transformation.

Illustrated above is one of countless charming effects made possible by Kirsch Better Wood Poles. This line, notable for genuine beauty and superb colour harmonies, has recently been enriched with lovely new period designs and Modernistic fancies. An exclusive Kirsch feature permits rings to glide over poles of any design without marring the finish.

Kirsch Atavio Work offers beauty and

variety of another wholly different style . . . gay ornamental designs in cast aluminum, available with or without draw cords.

There is also, of course, the ever-popular flat extension rod . . . the rod that will not sag, rust or tarnish, originated by Kirsch. In addition to the familiar brass, this is now offered in two durable finishes . . . dainty old ivory and rich statuary bronze, at no additional cost.

With all Kirsch cut-to-measure hardware you may enjoy the utility and convenience of Perfected Draw Cord Equipment. Its many exclusive features include concealed cords that cannot knot or tangle, and draperies overlapping at center when drawn.

That you may solve your spring decorating problem simply and economically, we have prepared *The 1929 Kirsch Book* . . . a practical style-book of door and window draping. It pictures many exquisite new drapery treatments; it is a guide to effective colour harmony; it suggests correct drapery hardware for windows of all types. Send the coupon today for your copy.

Kirsch

Drapery Hardware

KIRSCH MANUFACTURING CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
Woodstock, Ontario

You may send me *The 1929 Kirsch Book* without charge.

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Address _____

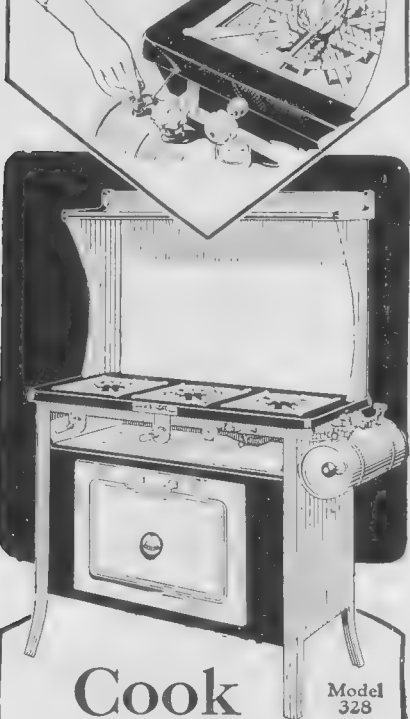
City _____ Province _____

(145-W)

New Instant Gas Starter

PATENTS PENDING

Strike a match
Turn a Valve



Cook with Gas

Model 328

No Matter Where You Live

HERE'S the last word in gas pressure inventions—the Coleman Instant Gas Starter! It gives the finishing touch of speedy convenience to Air-O-Gas Stoves. Think of it!... you just strike a match, turn a valve... and this remarkable new starting device lights instantly! Then, in a minute or less, your burners are ready with a clear blue, intensely hot gas cooking flame.

The Coleman Air-O-Gas makes and burns its own gas from ordinary straight-run, water-white gasoline. No pipes or wires, no installation expense. You just put it in the kitchen and start using it.

It's clean, easy to operate. Turns cooking drudgery into pleasure; banishes dirt; saves you work and money. A variety of models to choose from... ranges, cabinet styles and hot plates. You'll like their attractive finishes of snow-white porcelain, soft French gray enamel, velvety black Japan... glistening nickel trimmings.

New Coleman Cooking Time Table—tells how long it takes to cook various foods. A valuable guide to accurate cooking. Just send in the coupon and get your copy free. Meanwhile, your nearest Coleman dealer will gladly demonstrate the Air-O-Gas Stove for you.

Coleman Air-O-Gas PRESSURE STOVES

THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE COMPANY LTD.
Queen St. East and Davies Ave.
Toronto, 8, Ontario. Dept. 3525

Gentlemen:— Send me your "Coleman Time Table". Also descriptive literature and prices on Coleman Air-O-Gas Stoves.

Name

Address

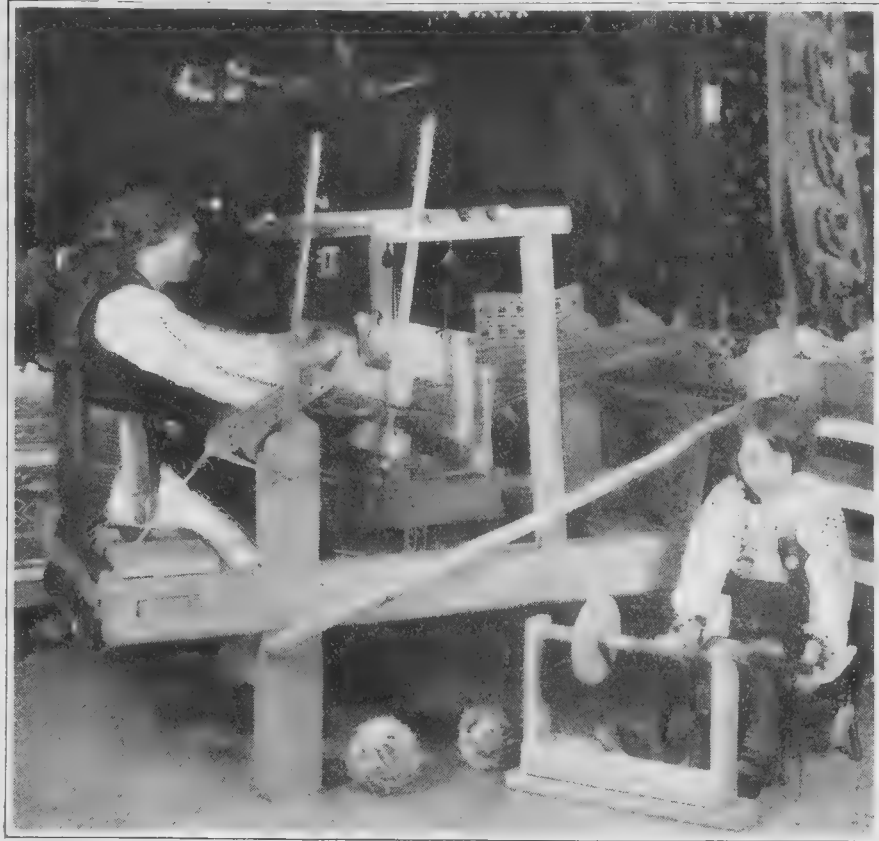
Fuel for the Melting Pot

By Bessie Louise James

LAST June a festival of folksong and dance of fifteen European racial groups, now resident in Western Canada, together with their handicraft, was held at Winnipeg. Though a first attempt it could scarcely be called an experiment, but it served to draw the attention of the outside world to the wealth of grace and culture living almost unknown on lone farms and in cities alike.

The question of immigration is perhaps foremost in the minds of thinking citizens of this continent. We in Western Canada live too close to have a proper perspective of its many phases. The crying need today is a sympathetic understanding among the people of differing racial stocks now claiming a place in the economy of nations which is the Dominion of Canada. The Province of Saskatchewan particularly is feeling the problem of assimilation, and because of its youth, its vast acreage and the fertility of its soil, is perhaps better able to successfully solve it. No other province has so many racial groups in its make-up, and in no other province has the ability of the average continental settler to make the most of very little been so well proven. For many of the farms are far, far from railroads, and the newcomer is forced back on his own ingenuity and by the sweat of his brow alone will he prosper. The grain record of Saskatchewan during the past season showed that the newcomers of whatever stock they be, are working and working hard.

Hard work is not the only gift they have for this new country. For ages, the people of the older civilization, particularly those of peasant classes, have kept in their hearts and homes the simple culture of the soil, pure and free from affectation, which expresses itself in song and dance and in the handwork for the adornment of festive garments and the rooftop of the family. Music is the common bond of many peoples—the form may differ but the appeal is universal. Through the love of music, chains are forged linking racial groups together in a citizenship



Mme. Magda of Dysart and daughter making rugs

of sympathy and tolerance.

To the capital city of Saskatchewan, the genius of John Murray Gibbon took the second folk festival of the continental groups, this time adding the folk music of the peoples who make up the British Isles, the French-Canadian and the real Canadians, Red Indians from the plains of the province. No one who saw the folk dances, songs and handwork of the twenty races at the Great West Canadian Festival at Regina can doubt that Mr. Gibbon proved his point—that understanding is of paramount importance in communal life, and the finest medium is the play of the village greens with the fruit of loom, needle and knife developed round the hearthstone when

the harvest is past.

Back to the hearths of their fathers went the people of twenty nationalities for inspiration for the festival. Dance steps which were the boast and toast of the countryside were taught the young folk by men and women who must have suffered grievously from stretched muscles for these are no mincing minuets but feats in gymnastics. Looms, distaffs, carders and spinning wheels were taken out of attics where for years they had lain, and national instruments tuned and polished. Choral societies in many communities were practising in advance the folksongs of their forefathers, and many a child born in Canada became interested in what they had previously considered the old-fashioned music and stories of their parents.



Bavarian Tyrole

THE official opening of the Festival took place at a luncheon in the Hotel Saskatchewan at which His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Newlands, a patron of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, and Premier Gardiner of Saskatchewan were present. Percy Gordon, K.C., of Regina, represented the Handicrafts Guild of Saskatchewan and D. C. Coleman, vice-president of Canadian Pacific Western Lines, represented his company which had sponsored the Great West Canadian Festival.

What was probably the most

Continued on page 104



Ukrainian Choir from Saskatoon

Announcement

to Operators of Motor Cars, Trucks and Tractors!

BRITISH AMERICAN Super-Power

Super-Power
Canada's Best Gasolene Value . . . will be
available in the West on and after May 1st.

It is with considerable satisfaction that we
are enabled to inaugurate this service to
the motoring public of the West at the
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the modern anti-knock fuel for motor cars, is
manufactured to specifications which assure the
greatest possible results in combination with
Tetraethyl of Lead.

We have entered into contract with the Ethyl
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requirements of Tetraethyl of Lead and
will have available, on and after May 1st,
British American Ethyl Gasolene.

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**COUGHS
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Head colds and persistent coughs are quickly and soothingly relieved. For 50 years Vapo-Cresolene has demonstrated its usefulness. The healing vapors will bring relief and refreshing sleep to your child tonight. No drugs to upset the stomach.

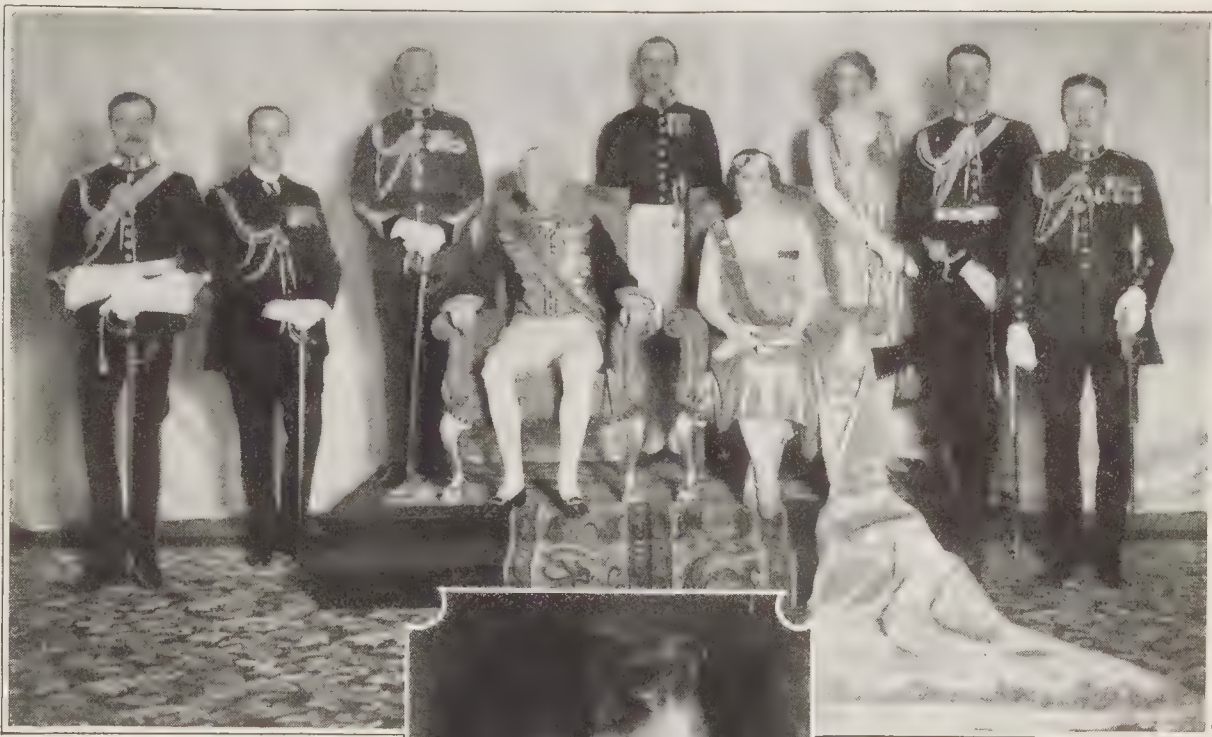
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A Deb and the Drawing Room

Entering Society
in Ottawa

By Janet Munro



Photos by John Powis

*Their Excellencies at the Drawing
Room surrounded by their aides*



Miss Jean
Clarke Thompson

I HAVE never been able adequately to describe the Drawing Room. It gets away from me. There are too many heavenly dresses, too much color, movement and light. It is like describing a thousand sunsets one after the other. There are not enough colorful words to go around.

I write this propped up in bed with a pickle in one hand and a pencil in the other. It is my second meal in bed this Sabbath day, and I propose to have a third one, and then one tomorrow morning, after which I shall be normal. I have a deb. to wait on me and I have earned it. Did I not put her through her paces at both the Opening of the Steenth Parliament and at the Drawing Room?

I chose her two dresses, I made her train, I painted her black satin shoes white and scattered silver stars over the paint, I made her veil and hair bandeau, and pinned the Prince of Wales plumes at the absolutely correct angle on her bobbed head. Added to which I lent her my very best silk stockings with the pointed heels. Because why? Because she has exactly forty-three pairs, one pair bought two weeks ago especially for the Drawing Room, and every single pair, including the latter, were "gone in the heels."

Yes, I have earned my breakfast, lunch, dinner and another breakfast in bed. I am still young. My friends say beautiful, my enemies, "Too much color, almost coarse," by which you know it must be my own. Refined color is found only in boxes. I wish to preserve what beauty I have for the someone who loves it and me. Much more of this presenting Debs., and I shall be glad to get off with the preservation of my life without regard to my beauty.

It began two months ago with the hunting for a French dress that should come from the French room, and from France—both—and yet not cost more than \$25. I pass A. J. Liberty's every day going to and fro from my editorial office in Lower Town. Morning and night I went in and took a look at the bargain rack outside the French room. Once in a while a dress from the French room gets on that rack, and I get it. In

ten years I have got altogether, perhaps thirty gowns, wraps or suits from the French room all the way from ten to twenty-five dollars. They were unusual and did not sell. They were perfect and they suited me because I can wear unusual things.

Therefore I was deputed to buy Jean's dress for the Drawing Room from the French room. Being of the official set we had official salaries and therefore the dress must come from the rack just outside the door. Jean, the deb., being like me, can wear unusual things. I knew I should have had six months to watch and wait, and weep for it if necessary.

I watched day by day and finally telephoned Jean, "Come down at once. I think I have found your dress."

The dress was shell-pink satin with draped skirt and long draped back. It had diamante trimming. It was beautiful, girlish, refined and eminently suited for the Drawing Room. The price was ridiculously low. There was also a place on it for some three yards of old family lace. No debutante should go to the Drawing Room without some old family lace attached somewhere, or a diamond tiara, handed down from remote ancestors (the honesty of ancestors is almost unbelievable. You rarely find even one diamond detached). Besides all its other good points the dress fitted, and yet—

and yet— Did that pale shell-pink give an almost swarthy tinge to dark-eyed Jean's creamy skin?

The day of the Opening of Parliament Jean wore her peach taffeta with its gold cloth trimmings. It brought out her glorious coloring. I knew then that it would never do to wear the shell-pink.

The Opening was over at 5.30 p.m. Liberty's closed at six.

"Come," I said, "I saw a dress from the French room on the rack today. Let us try it."

At five forty-five we were in the fitting room. Jean pulled off her shimmering taffeta and pulled the other dress over her head.

The saleswoman and I gasped. She looked like something out of heaven in the creamy white with its hand embroidery and silver lace. A loose, pointed panel of silver lace fell down the back. A soft scarf ending in another pointed panel of the lace came over the left shoulder and fell below the hem in front. The front and back of the material fell in a point to the hem with a full-pointed flounce of the silver on each side. It was only five dollars dearer. The store was closing. I wrote my check and we carried the dress home

Continued on page 104



*The Senate, Ottawa—Setting for the Drawing Room. The seats
are removed for the occasion*

OPENING DAY AT THE
WOODBINE RACE TRACK

FLEET hoofs, pounding out the cadence of The Sport of Kings . . . a gracious sweep of lawn, gorgeous with gay folk. High spirits—high festival—when beautiful Woodbine opens its season. And a glance at the motorpark discovers how high the favor runs for the great straight eights and sixes by Studebaker, Builder of Champions! Holding undisputed *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, these spirited motor cars show their mettle in every liquid line and curve. Low-slung and lithe, these smart new Studebakers are champions in looks as in fact . . . and in manners. At their low prices, they make it simpler to own and to drive a champion car than to content oneself with the commonplace. Illustrated is The President Eight Roadster for Four; five wire wheels are standard equipment.



Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS





TEA ROLLS

4 cups scalded milk
3 tablespoons butter
2 eggs
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 Royal Yeast Cake dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water

Pour scalded milk over the sugar, salt and butter. When lukewarm put in two cups flour and the dissolved yeast, and allow to stand over night. In the morning add two well beaten eggs and enough flour to knead. Allow to rise until double in bulk, then form into long, narrow rolls and place together in a well greased butter. Allow this to rise until it doubles in bulk, then bake for 25 minutes in hot oven.

FRENCH TEA RING

1 cup scalded milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 Royal Yeast Cake dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water
1 tablespoon sugar
1 salt-pon salt
1 cup lukewarm water

To the scalded milk add the butter, sugar and salt. Allow to cool till lukewarm, then add dissolved yeast. Allow to stand over night. In morning add enough flour to knead and let rise till about double in bulk. Roll out thin, spread with melted butter, sprinkle with chopped nuts and brown sugar. Roll up like jelly roll, form a ring and cut with scissors nearly through one inch apart. Place on a greased tin sheet through one inch apart, double in bulk. Bake slowly in moderate oven. Set basin of hot water at bottom of oven.

DINNER ROLLS

1 pint liquid Royal Yeast
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
4 tablespoons melted shortening
1 egg well beaten

To the liquid yeast add the salt, sugar, shortening and egg. Stir well and add flour enough to knead until smooth. Cover well and allow to stand in warm place until double in bulk, which should be in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Knead slightly and form into rolls. Place slightly apart on well greased pan and allow to rise until double in bulk. Bake in hot oven for about 25 minutes.

CHELSEA BUNS

1 pint liquid Royal Yeast
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons shortening

To Royal Yeast add salt, sugar and shortening. Stir well and add flour enough to knead until smooth. Cover well and allow to stand in warm place until double in bulk, which should be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Roll out in a sheet on table, sprinkle with a mixture of soft sugar, fruit and ground cinnamon. Roll up again and cut into convenient sizes. Place close together on pan until double in bulk. Bake thirty minutes in hot oven.

Bread can take many forms

and good bread, in any of its forms, is a wonderfully satisfying food. The fashion of making bread at home is still very popular in all parts of Canada, many ladies even in the large cities preferring the home-made kind to the bread-factory product.

No other bread has the delicious nutty flavor of good home-made bread in which Royal Yeast has been used.

Home-made bread is also more economical, and there is, in addition, a real fascination in producing a light, creamy loaf, to say nothing of the advantage of knowing for certain that all its ingredients are wholesome.

If you are not familiar with the fine art of bread-making, and would like some expert guidance, send for a copy of the Royal Yeast Bake Book. It will be sent free on request.

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wrapper



For Your Better Health

Use Nature's Bounty of Spring Vegetables

By Gertrude Dutton

SOME of us remember the old mug of sulphur and molasses mixed up when some member of the family began to feel the languor and loss of appetite which came with the approach of spring. We know now, the utter uselessness of those unwelcome doses. Neither is there so much need for them with the present day extensive use of vegetables and fruits all through the winter. Yet we might make ever greater use of the spring vegetables than we do. Of course we do not advocate the extravagance of buying hot house tomatoes at fifty cents a pound, or even more. But there comes a time when the prices are within the reach of the ordinary family. We might well make a much greater use of canned fruits and vegetables at this time of year, whether it is our own product, or some that has been bought. Some of the mineral matter and vitamins is lost in the cooking and canning, but we cannot have unlimited quantities of raw vegetables and fruits except in the short growing season. So as the warmer weather approaches, let us use the canned products as freely as possible.

Perhaps women are as a rule, more careless about vegetable cookery than any other phase of cooking. Many people, men especially, will not eat ever so many delicious vegetables, because they have memories of an unsavory meal in childhood, or because they have heard much-admired male relatives sneering at lettuce, etc., with rude remarks about "grass," and feed for animals. The simplest method of cooking vegetables is the best. We only cook them to develop flavor and to make them easier of digestion. For a few strongly flavored ones, such as onions, the flavor is better if cooked in a large amount of water, and the water discarded. With others, the delicate flavor is preserved if the smallest amount of water is used, and that water then used in some way, to utilize the valuable minerals which it contains. For many vegetables steaming is the ideal way of cooking them. Others may be baked.

Those which are wilted may be freshened and crisped by letting them stand in cold water for an hour or longer.

It is as well to avoid using sauces with vegetables, in the majority of cases, unless it is desirable for the sake of variety, or because one has no gravy for that meal, or if it is essential to use every excuse to have as much milk taken as possible.

There are certain vegetables which may be had all the year round, among them, cabbage, onions and carrots, which we may well consider serving in unusual ways, if they have been used often enough during the winter that there may be danger of the family tiring of them.

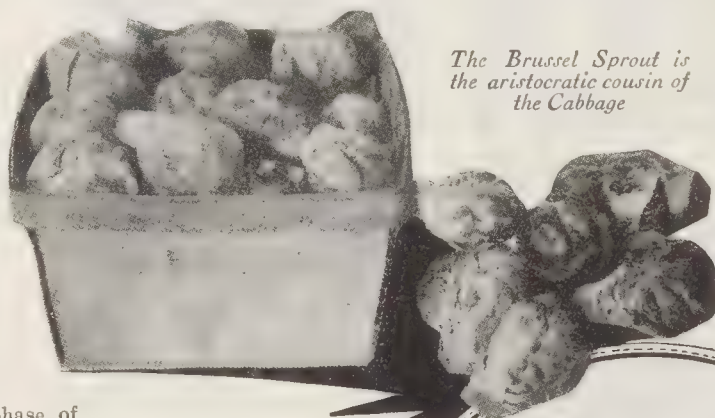
Cabbage is easier to digest when raw than cooked, but we do not want cabbage salad too often.

Norwegian people like it cooked with sour cream.

The cabbage is shredded, put in a double boiler, with salt, pepper and enough sour cream to moisten it, covered and cooked tender, about 20 or 25 minutes. Serve hot. Never, under any circumstances should cabbage be cooked till it is discolored. The longer it is cooked, after a certain point, the tougher and less digestible it becomes.

Cabbage With Sausages

Cook the cabbage in boiling salted water till tender,



The Brussel Sprout is the aristocratic cousin of the Cabbage

The Artichoke is richer in iron than any of the other root vegetables

Below, Chinese Cabbage



drain, chop and add a little butter. Pile on the centre of a large hot platter, and surround with small link sausages, cooked till brown and crisp, arranged on the platter with one end pointing towards the cabbage.

Lady Cabbage

In a buttered baking dish, put a layer of chopped cooked cabbage, a layer of white sauce, another layer

of cabbage, and repeat till the dish is full, having sauce on top, sprinkle with crumbs, and heat in the oven till the crumbs are browned.

Cabbage au Gratin

To lady cabbage add grated cheese along with each layer of white sauce with plenty of cheese, this makes a good hot dish for the main dish for lunch or supper.

Cabbage Rolls

Remove the leaves from a head of cabbage without breaking them. Put into hot water just long enough to soften them enough to roll without breaking. In each leaf put a good spoonful of any cooked chopped meat, well-seasoned (corned beef, roast or boiled beef, with a little chopped cooked bacon, and chopped onion if wished, etc.), roll up and fasten with tooth picks.

Put carefully in a kettle of boiling soup or water, and cook till the cabbage is tender, which should not take more than 10 to 15 minutes. Carefully lift to a platter and serve at once. This, too is a main dish, and is usually popular with the men. The water in which the rolls are cooked should be saved for soup.

Stuffed Cabbage

Cut a medium sized cabbage in two, scoop out the centre of each piece, leaving a shell $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Stuff each piece with cooked chopped corned beef, (or other cooked beef), put the two together again, with the cut edges together, tie in a square of cheese cloth to hold it in shape, put in a kettle of boiling water, and cook 20 minutes. To serve, put the two halves side by side on a platter, with the cut side up. On each half may be sprinkled buttered crumbs, which have been warmed in a frying pan, on a flat pan set in the oven for a few minutes, to brown.

When boiling cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, or onions, there will be no unpleasant odor if the kettle is kept uncovered during the cooking.

Brussels Sprouts

The Brussels sprout is an aristocratic cousin of the cabbage. It is considerably more expensive, and is of a milder flavor, but many of us enjoy the plebian cabbage just as much. The tiny heads are broken from the stem, boiled a few minutes in salted water, and served either with butter, or with a white sauce, as one would cabbage.

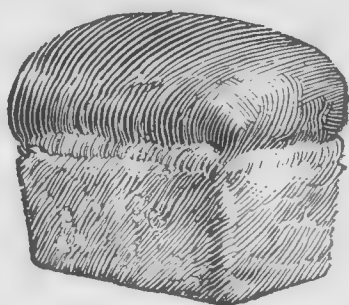
A few left-over Brussels sprouts heated with tuna in a cream sauce, and served on toast or muffets, make a delicious main dish for any occasion.

There are a number of vegetables, well-known in Europe and other parts of the world, about which we know very little in this country, but which would be well worth our while growing in our garden. Among them is

Kohlrabi

It is one of the very early vegetables, and may be enjoyed all the growing season if one makes repeated sowings, and may be kept like turnips for a long time. It is cooked very much as turnips are, as a hot

Positive "MONEY BACK"
Guarantee in each bag.



Bread made from Robin Hood flour
keeps moist and eatable a long time.

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**YOUR
DEALER
HAS IT**

**Flows Easy
Cleans Easy
and
WEARS
LIKE
IRON**



Continued from page 00

vegetable or may be boiled cooled, cut in dice and used as a salad.

Chinese Cabbage

Should be much better known than it is. To buy, if one has not raised it in the garden, it is about the same price as celery, and may be used in the same way. It is really not a cabbage at all, it looks like a bunch of celery with narrow cabbage leaves instead of celery leaves. The flavor resembles both those old friends. The head may be cut through the centre lengthwise, then again and again till the pieces look like celery, crisped in cold water, and eaten in the fingers as one would celery.

Or it may be diced and used in salad, with apples, or in any way that one would use celery or cabbage as salad.

Or it may be cooked, cubed and used with white sauce.

Celeriac

This delicious vegetable is another stranger, which is as easy to grow as carrots or turnips. It tastes very much like celery. The knobby root is boiled and peeled like turnips or potatoes, and creamed or served with butter, or is cooled before peeling, sliced and served as salad. It is delicious in vegetable soup. The roots may be kept in sand in the cellar all winter.

The Valuable Greens

To many families, no greens but tender beet tops are familiar, which is a great pity. Young tender turnip tops are good. Then there is the very valuable spinach, and Swiss chard, which is growing in popularity. Two distinct vegetables may be obtained from the same plant. The green leafy-part may be stripped off and used as a dish of greens. The white rib of the leaf may be cooked and served like asparagus, or cut in pieces and served with white sauce, as one would creamed celery. There are several wild tender plants which many persons like for greens, when they are gathered young enough to be tender and free from bitterness.

Artichokes

We read, in stories of society folk, about artichokes being served at formal dinners, but most of us have never tasted them. There are two quite different varieties—the Jerusalem artichoke and the globe, or French artichoke. The first is very much like a potato in appearance, and is a native of Canada, where it can readily be grown in any section of the country which will produce the ordinary summer vegetables. The tuber is the portion used for food. We know that it was used by the Indians before the white man came to this country, but in what way, we have not learned. The French took it home to their own land, where it was cultivated and improved, then sent back to us. One of the minerals very essential to health is phosphorous. The Jerusalem artichoke is twice as rich in it as are potatoes, turnips, carrots or onions, making it a very valuable food. It is also richer in iron than are any of the other root vegetables. It contains a substance somewhat like starch, but of such a nature that the human digestive system cannot digest it, making this vegetable a good substitute for people who for any reason are forbidden to eat starchy foods. If peeled and eaten raw, it somewhat resembles radishes. It may be cooked in any of the ways we use for potatoes, boiled mashed, creamed, fried, etc. They may be stored and kept as long as any of the root vegetables. It may be combined with several other vegetables and fruits, in salads.

The Globe artichoke, on the other hand, is quite different. The edible portion is the unopened bud. In appearance, it looks more like the leafy top of a ripe pineapple than anything else. It has been used in Europe for many centuries, and in this country, is as common among the Italian and French people as the potato. We of other races, often miss

Passing an Important Milestone



Quite a significant event indeed was bringing the circulation up to the century mark!

Subscriber number 100,000 was Mrs. John William Samson, 921 5th Street Medicine Hat, Alta., and the publishers deemed it only fitting that such an occasion should call for some sort of recognition; and so a silver loving cup suitably inscribed was presented to Mrs. Samson.

The Publishers are keenly appreciative of the sympathetic co-operation from readers which has enabled them to achieve such a large circulation and just so long as these good friends (many of whom have been with us from early days) stand by the ship, all will be well.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg



some delightful foods, which we ought to be enjoying. California produces the crop used on this continent. In 1926, twelve hundred car loads were shipped out of the state, in addition to the hundreds of tons which were canned.

It is rich in iron and, some authorities say, in iodine. It may be found in the market from September to May, but the best season is February, March and April, when there is rather a scarcity of other fresh vegetables.

The usual way to serve this vegetable, is to boil the bud (after removing the toughest outer leaves, and washing it,) for fifteen minutes, remove the "choke," a fuzzy section in the centre, which is not edible, and with the fingers, pull out the leaves dip the fleshy portion at the base of the leaf, in mayonnaise or Hollandaise sauce, and eat it, discarding the rest of the leaf.

The Useful Onion

We have it all through the year, and could spare it less readily than any other vegetable except the potato. It, with its close relatives, the leeks, garlic, chives shallots, scallions, have been used for many centuries. We know it was used by the Egyptians before the building of the pyramids. During the Middle Ages, when no means of keeping meats and similar foods were known, these strong-flavored vegetables were used with spices to disguise the flavor of foods which were not fresh enough to be enjoyable. Now, our knowledge of vitamins and minerals, tells us that the onion is one of our best friends. The great ease with which they are stored and kept, adds much to their usefulness, especially for ocean voyages, long trips inland where it will be impossible to secure fresh supplies, or to carry such bulky things as canned goods.

They contain considerable iron and sulphur, both essential to good health. It is the excess sulphur, very similar to "tear gas" of war times, which causes the shedding of tears when onions are being peeled, and which sometimes blackens a silver spoon used for stirring or serving them. The sulphur being volatile, considerable of it passes off in the steam when cooking, which is the reason why cooked onions are not "hot," like the raw ones.

An idea of the enormous amounts of onions which are used, may be gotten from the fact that onion-growing ranks third in the truck crops of the United States, in addition to which, over a million bushels a year are imported from Europe.

New Green Onions

There are people who cannot eat the little tender green onions when they are fresh in the spring. For such persons, they may be prepared leaving about four or five inches of the green stems, cooked in water like asparagus, for 10 or 15 minutes, laid in neat little bundles on slices of buttered toast, and sprinkled with salt and pepper, and a little butter, or if wished, a little cream sauce may be poured over them. They are almost as good as asparagus, when prepared in this way.

Leeks are the mildest members of the onion family. They are delicious in salads, as are finely chopped chives. Some of the large, juicy Bermudas are mild enough to sprinkle with salt and eat just as they are. Chopped and added to a salad of lettuce and ripe tomatoes, nothing could taste cooler or more delicious and refreshing.

Onions Mexican

Green peppers 4 Bread crumbs 1c.
Onions, medium 6 Butter 2 tb.
Tomato 1 pint. Hot water ½c.
Salt 1 t.

Remove the seeds and membrane from the green peppers, and cut in fine shreds, boil for 10 minutes and drain. Peel and slice the onions and boil them for 5 minutes and drain. Put a layer of crumbs in a buttered bake dish, a layer of peppers, one of onions, one of tomatoes, sprinkle with salt, and repeat till the ingredients are used up. Dot with the butter, pour the water over it, and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven, and serve hot.

Onion Tomato Scallop

Butter 3 tb. Sliced onion 1 pint
Crumbs Tomato 1 pint
Salt and Pepper

Cook the onion in salted water for 10 minutes, and drain. Put alternate layers of canned or stewed tomato in a buttered dish, with layers of the onion. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs, dot with the butter, and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven.

Baked Onions

Bread crumbs 2c. Medium onions 6
Salt and pepper White sauce 1½c.

Parboil the onions in salted water for 15 minutes, and drain. In a buttered bake dish, put a layer of crumbs, a layer of onions, and of sauce. Repeat till all are used, having crumbs on top. Cook in a moderate oven for 20-30 minutes.

Creamed Onions and Eggs

Large onions, White sauce 2c.
(mild) 4 Salt and pepper.
Hard cooked eggs 4

Peel the onions and cut in quarters, and cook till tender in salted boiling water. Cut the eggs in quarters lengthwise. Arrange alternately with the quarters of onion, in a serving dish. Pour hot white sauce over them. This makes a good supper dish, especially with baked potatoes.

Asparagus with Potatoes

Asparagus Mashed potato
White sauce Egg yolks
Salt and pepper Butter

To each 2 c. of mashed potato add one egg yolk and 1 tb. melted butter and salt and pepper to taste. Beat the egg slightly, blend well. Whole eggs may be used if preferred. Form into thick round potato cakes, and set aside to cool, till the next meal. Put in a hot oven till nicely browned. When ready to serve, lay hot cooked asparagus tips across each potato cake, having the tip ends all lying in the same direction. Put the white sauce on top. If a more nourishing dish is wished, add graded cheese to the sauce, or sprinkle it over the top.

Peas and Asparagus

If it is necessary to "stretch" the amount of asparagus one has, cut it in inch pieces, add to it half as much green peas, Cook till tender, or re-heat if using left-overs. Make a sauce of ½ c. of the vegetable water, ½ c. rich milk, 2 tb. butter, salt and pepper, 1 t. flour, and one egg, beaten, stirring over the fire just long enough to cook the egg, and pour over the vegetables, which may be on toast, or in croustades.

Brussels Sprouts

Let the washed sprouts stand in cold salt water for half an hour to remove any insects which may be in them. Boil in just enough water to cover them, till tender, which will be 20-25 minutes. Skim out to a hot vegetable dish, make a sauce of the water, which for 1 quart of sprouts, has probably boiled down to about ½ c., 1 t. flour, 4 tb. butter, salt and pepper to taste, and pour over the sprouts.

Continued on page 82

ON YOUR TEA-TABLE
—YOU WANT THE BEST
Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND ORANGE PEKOE
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Scalloped Celery and Brussels Sprouts

Salt and pepper Brussels sprouts 1 qt.
Milk 2 c. Celery, cut in pieces
Butter 4 tb. 1 pint.
Flour 4 tb.

Cook the sprouts in boiling salted water for 25 minutes. At the end of 10 or 12 minutes boiling add the celery and finish boiling. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk, salt and pepper. Drain the vegetables, saving the liquor for soup or gravy, put in a bake dish, pour over them the sauce, cover with buttered crumbs, and brown in the oven.

Red and White Cabbage

In a closely covered kettle, cook a small head of shredded red cabbage, mixed with 2 apples, peeled, cored and chopped, 1 tb. butter or bacon fat, salt and pepper, and 1 tb. vinegar, and boiling water to barely cover. Cook till tender, watching that it does not burn. In another kettle, cook a small head of white cabbage, drain, chop, and season it. Arrange the two colors of cabbage attractively in a hot serving dish.

Molds of Carrot and Spinach

Cooked chopped carrot
Salt and pepper Cooked chopped
Butter spinach

Have equal quantities of the vegetables. Season both with salt, pepper and butter. Have them well-drained and chopped very fine. Fill buttered custard cups half full of the carrot, then fill them with the spinach, pack it in well. Set the molds in a pan of hot water, and bake in the oven for 20-25 minutes. Turn out carefully on a hot platter, and serve at once. If experience shows that

the carrot tends to fall to pieces, a beaten egg or two may be stirred in with the salt and pepper and butter, to bind it together.

Cabbage with Peppers

White sauce 1 c. Cabbage 1 head
Bread crumbs 1/2 c. Green pepper 1 large

Cook the cabbage, drain and chop. Cook the chopped green pepper for five minutes in 3 tb. butter. Add 3 tb. flour, and 1 c. milk, with salt and pepper, to make the white sauce. Put half of the cabbage in a bake dish, pour half of the pepper sauce over it then the remaining cabbage, the sauce, and finally the bread crumbs. Brown in a hot oven.

Cauliflower with Tomato-Cheese Sauce

Cook a head of cauliflower, keeping it whole if possible. Set in a buttered baking dish, still keeping it in shape. Around it pour a rich tomato sauce, made of 2 c. tomatoes, 1 onion, thickening, 1 tb. butter, and 1/2 c. grated cheese, with plenty of seasoning. Bake 15-20 minutes in a moderate oven. A mound of chopped cooked cabbage may be piled in the centre of the baking dish if cauliflower is not available.

Cabbage with Cheese

Remove the core from a small head of cabbage, partly cut it in sections from the tops, so it will spread open, but will not fall apart. Cook in boiling salted water, then remove to a serving dish which may be put in the oven, still keeping it unbroken, but spread open. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese, spread a little butter on it, season with salt and paprika, and set in the oven long enough to melt the cheese.

Balance Your Diet

By Barbara B. Brooks

Health is a subject of vital interest to everyone and this interest has resulted in some places in a week being set aside called "Health Promotion Week." During this week every individual is urged to find out what a balanced diet is. By a balanced diet we mean one in which all three classes of food are represented in good proportion. The three classes are:

Regulating foods—those which keep the body machinery in good working order. They contain laxative material, minerals, vitamins, and are found in cereals, fruits, vegetables and milk.

Building foods—those which keep the body in repair and which build the new tissues of the growing child. They are cheese, eggs, fish, meats, milks, dried vegetables, and nuts.

Fuel foods—provide the body with heat and energy which includes cereals, fats, sugars and starchy vegetables.

Perhaps that all sounds perplexing but a few rules for planning meals have been found to help one to eat wisely and keep well.

1. Select at least one food from each group for every meal.

2. Use freely foods which are laxative, such as bran and whole cereals.

3. Serve two or more vegetables other than potatoes every day. Serve as many fresh vegetables and salad plants as possible.

4. Serve fruit at least once a day.

5. Include plenty of milk for both drinking and cooking purposes.

6. Plan for the day or several days, rather than for each separate meal.

7. As you plan the meals, think how they will look and taste when ready to serve.

To help provide balanced diets for the family, menus for two days are given, showing the group to which each belongs.

Breakfast

Orange juice—regulating
Bran flakes—regulating
Egg—building
Toast—fuel
Caffeine-free coffee

Luncheon

Baked beans—fuel and building
Boston brown bread—regulating
Cabbage-pineapple salad—regulating
Radishes—regulating
Chocolate pudding—fuel

Dinner

Roast—building
Baked potatoes—fuel
Buttered beets—regulating
Sliced tomato salad—regulating
Whole wheat bread—fuel and
regulating
Fresh strawberry sundae—fuel and
regulating
Caffeine-free coffee

Breakfast

Whole wheat biscuit with
strawberries
Bacon and egg—fuel and building
Toast—fuel
Milk—building and regulating

Luncheon

Baked hash—fuel, building and
regulating
Spring salad—regulating
Hot biscuit and honey—fuel
Rhubarb sauce—regulating
Cornflake macaroon—fuel

Dinner

American chop suey—fuel, building
and regulating
Bran muffins—regulating
Asparagus tips salad—regulating
Pineapple-cream pie—fuel
Caffeine-free coffee



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Get a bottle to-day—good housewives always keep one handy.

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Hemstitcher Co., Box W, Georgetown, Ont.

Federated Women's Institutes

British Columbia's Strong Health Campaign

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

BRITISH COLUMBIA Women's Institutes have always been "up and doing" in health matters. Dr. H. E. Young, Provincial Health Officer, says that although excellent "spade" work has been done, the public health problem has been scarcely touched on the fringe. "When school nursing is established in every rural district as a branch of the Public Health Nursing system, then we shall be ready for the order 'Forward march,'" he states.

He has circularized the B.C. Institutes asking for practical co-operation in the following:

1. Undertaking the distribution of application forms for advisory letters to expectant mothers. A prize is being awarded to the three women sending the greatest number of bona fide names and addresses during the year. The Department would also like to make a collection of photographs of babies, whose mothers have received and benefited from the advice contained in these letters.

2. Re staging a health exhibit at the annual fall fair or flower shows. Information and literature for distribution will be supplied from the Department—also financial assistance to the extent of a grant equal to 25 cents per capita.

3. Institutes are asked to distribute diet folders to mothers of young children.

4. They are asked to interview the school teacher and co-operate with him or her to introduce the health crusade into the schools.

5. Their support is solicited in undertaking to arrange a round table discussion on the annual provincial health report.

6. They are asked to look up the health report of the school children in the community and ascertain if nose and throat or dental treatment is needed, or eyesight corrected.

In conclusion Dr. Young states that at all times he will be glad to supply literature, upon request, to be distributed at the district conferences, and wherever possible to give assistance needed. A list of publications has been sent to all branches.

Full Time Health Units

Supporting the avowed policy of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, to reduce infant and maternal mortality, Dr. Thomson, Secretary of the Western Division, of the Social Hygiene Council, has submitted a resolution, hoping to receive the support of the Women's Institutes of Western Canada. This to the effect:

"Whereas it is expedient that the control of communicable diseases, and of maternal and infant mortality in child birth, as well as the medical inspection of school children throughout the smaller towns and villages and rural areas of the Dominion of Canada should be made more efficient;

"Whereas the most satisfactory method of securing this result has been demonstrated in the provinces of British Columbia and Quebec and in many of the United States of America, to be by the establishment of country or district health units in rural areas, such as health units consisting of a full time medical health officer, sanitary inspector, public health and school nurses, and a secretary in charge of the clerical work;

"Whereas the grants from the Rockefeller Foundation are of a temporary nature for a period of three years;

"Be it therefore resolved that the Government of Canada, through the Minister of National Health of the Dominion, be requested to provide for financial assistance to the provinces of the Dominion in the same manner as is at present provided for the control of venereal diseases, to the extent of one quarter of the cost of maintaining such local health units, and thus assume permanently the portion of the cost of such units covered by the temporary grants from the Rockefeller Foundation."

British Columbia has four such full-time health units—Saanich, Kelowna, Trail and Burnaby. Saanich and Kelowna owe their inception to the efforts of the Women's Institutes of those two districts.

News from Saskatchewan

THE sixth biennial convention of the Federated Institutes of Canada will be held the third week of June, at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, June 17th to 20th. At this time representatives from every province in Canada will meet together for the purpose of discussing Women's Institute work and how to better it. The F.W.I.C. Board will meet Monday evening and Tuesday morning and will then go in joint session with the Saskatchewan Homemakers' Clubs, which are affiliated with the national Institutes, and which will be having their annual convention at that time.

Some of the prominent National Women's Institute officers who will be present and take part in the programme will be Miss Annie Stewart of Grand Pre, N.S., national president; Mrs. A. H. Rogers, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta., corresponding secretary; Mrs. C. A. Patriquin, Wolfville, N.S., recording secretary; Mrs. J. F. Price, Calgary, Alta., publicity secretary; Mrs. A. J. Chambers, Shellbrook, Sask., treasurer; Mrs. David Watt, Birtle, Man., honorary president; Mrs. Hugh Dickson, M.D., Truro, N.S., special convener of the committee on "Maternal Welfare;" Mrs. Field Robertson, Lanark, Ont., first vice-president; Mrs. H. Ducie, Dundron, Saskatoon, Sask., president Saskatchewan Homemakers' Clubs; Miss Abbie deLury, superintendent Home-makers' Clubs; Mrs. V. S. McLachlan, superintendent Victoria B.C. Women's Institutes; Mr. George Putnam, Toronto, superintendent Ontario Women's Institutes and a representative of the Cercles de Fermiere of Quebec. Delegates from each province will be allowed to give greetings.

Outside speakers who have been asked to give addresses are Premier Gardiner of Saskatchewan; President Murray and Dean Rutherford of the University of Saskatchewan; Mayor Norman of Saskatoon; Dr. Helen McMurchy, Ottawa, Chief of Child Welfare Division; Miss V. Burnham, Ottawa, Department of Immigration; Dr. Oliver of Saskatoon.

Delegates have been invited to be guests of the Saskatoon Local Council of Women at tea.

Stress Committee Work

Gray Homemakers' Club has made a special effort to stress the committee work of not only their provincial organization but that of Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, with which it is affiliated. The Public Health Committee had Dr. Lillian Chase of Regina address a meeting on "Maternal Mortality," also at present the Public Health Nurse is conducting hour classes in Home Nursing every Monday afternoon with 'teen-age girls and later with the women of the community.

The Child Welfare Committee held a clinic where thirty babies were examined, also had Judge MacLachlan give an address on "The Work of the Juvenile Court," and Dr. Wilson of Milestone on "The Care of Children During School Age."

The Agricultural Committee had Mr. Ray come and cull the poultry flocks of the district. It put on an entertainment and raised \$46.50 for the purpose of buying trees and shrubs to beautify the cemetery.

The Legislation Committee asked Mr. Lewis, M.L.A., to speak to the Club on "Canadian Constitutional Advancements," also distributed leaflets showing how the Government co-operated with the people.

The Home Industries Committee held a demonstration in the church basement showing paper-work, stencilling, waxwork, tatting, crocheting, beadwork, painting on silk, etc., and had a table of suggestions for Christmas gifts.

Besides the Good Cheer Committee has remembered the sick and shut-ins, and the Gift Committee the brides, departing members, and deserving officers. Donations have been sent to the Children's Shelter, Good Cheer Fund, etc.

Elect Officers

Scotstown Homemakers' Club had its annual meeting recently and put in the following officers, president Mrs. P. Anderson, vice-president Mrs. R. Knowles,

Continued on page 84

An invigorating SALT RUB after the bath!!

A GLORIOUS experience that will rest your tired nerves tonight, leave you refreshed and rested!

Just moisten a handful of Windsor Salt and rub it well over the body. Rinse off and dry quickly. Salt rubs twice a day are a real tonic for nervous people—for everyone! Regular salt bathing gives grateful relief in asthma, rheumatism and other ailments—Windsor Salt is best. Keep a package of Windsor Salt always handy in your bath room for these and other uses, a few of which are suggested here.



Use WINDSOR SALT for

The gargle—relieves sore throat.

Your teeth—nothing whitens them better.

The shampoo—cleans scalp—keeps hair healthy

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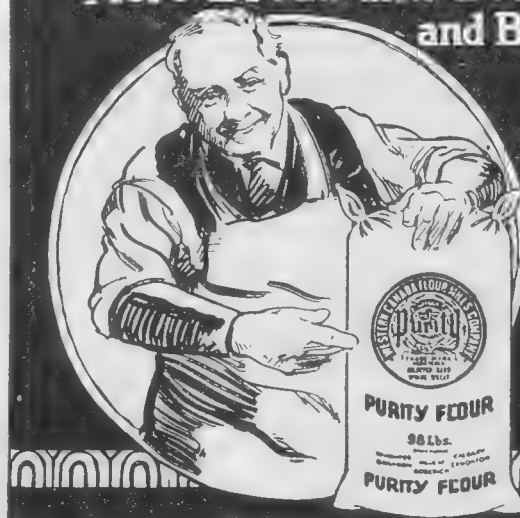
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"More Bread and Better Bread" and Better Pastry too



Use it in All Your Baking

A Welcome Visitor

Following its long-pursued policy of improvement month by month, the Western Home Monthly will give its readers the very best literature in the magazine field during the coming months. Writers of national and international fame will be regular contributors to the columns of the

magazine. Articles and stories by eminent Canadians will be featured. These will have a particular bearing on Western Canadian matters. In other words, the Westerner cannot render a better service to himself and his family than to see that not a copy of the magazine fails to reach his home.



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30 Samples
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Yet So Smart With

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Peter Pan
Guaranteed Fast Color
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Mothers, have you heard of Peter Pan—the gay wonder fabric that cuts children's clothing costs in half? It's a fadeproof, shrinkproof cotton of the highest grade, that comes in a marvellous variety of vivid, colorful, Paris-created designs. You can make the smartest children's dresses and charming frocks for yourself in less than an hour. The cost with Peter Pan is less than \$3 for your own dresses—much less for children's.

Peter Pan, absolutely color fast, so economical and long-wearing, is a wonderful all-purpose fabric, for drapes, bed-spreads, bureau scarves, etc. Launderers beautifully. Send coupon to-day for 30 free samples.

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Plate Powder
for polishing Silver

The shine that lasts
Sold in boxes: 25 cents

AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & Co.
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Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 83

secretary Mrs. J. C. Knowles, treasurer Miss Jean McCubbing, club reporter Mrs. J. Compton, auditors Mrs. Bannister and Mrs. G. Postlewhite. During the past winter the club has put on semi-weekly social evenings, to which the community was invited, these proving successful.

Reviews Work

Some of the activities of the United Homemakers of Macoun includes sending flowers and fruit to sick members and friends, donating \$5.00 to each of the four different churches in Macoun, sending \$20.25 in shin plasters to the children at the Fort Qu'Appelle and Saskatoon Sanitarium, \$5.00 to the Red Cross, providing bedding for a burned-out family, paying for cultivation of trees in the cemetery, and maintaining a relief chest for the needy. This club boasts six members who never missed a meeting all year.

Regina Programme

Regina Homemakers' programme for the remainder of the year includes: April—Mrs. Kliman's talk on "Mental Hygiene," readings Mrs. McDonald, solos Miss Taylor; May—Miss Moore "Canadian Poetry," reading Mrs. Welsman, piano solos Mrs. Brundage; June—Mrs. Corcoran "American Authors," music Miss McInnis; September—Miss Holmes "Traveller's Aid Work," music Marjory Espley; October—Mrs. Welsman "Motor Trip

East," Music Miss Gwen Aynmonds; November—Mrs. W. R. Morrison "West China," music Marjory Smith; December—Community Singing, music by Mrs. Brundage and Doris Banderoff; January—Mrs. T. L. Guild "Fruit Farms of B.C."

Busy Club

Material community work has been accomplished by the Dysart W.I. during the past year. This has included a course in millinery and dressmaking, helping the fund for a new skating rink, sending two girls to the Farm Girls' Convention, helping a burned-out family, financing the attendance of a deaf and dumb child to a school in Montreal, presenting baby spoons to mothers of new babies, and donations of \$30.00 to the Christmas cheer fund and \$10.00 to child welfare.

Seventh Annual Meeting

Bissell Club passed its seventh annual mark this spring. It has been very active in looking after the sick and needy of the district. In May it will send two delegates to the Farm Girls' Convention at the University of Saskatchewan. Another interest has been bovine tuberculosis, Mr. Sykes, M.P., having given the club several papers.

Put on Play

Leslie Homemakers sponsored a play put on a short time ago in the local hall by the Elfros Dramatic Society.

The Strangest Job in the World

Continued from page 31

republics in the world, sultans and mighty warriors, and leaders of men in religion, politics and science have come from every corner of the world to officiate at the flame's revival. And in scores of cases there have come with the different leaders important retinues to witness the occasion. From far-away Afghanistan recently came wild tribesmen. On the occasion of the Sultan of Morocco reviving the flame some five hundred of his chieftains and leading men, all in flowing robes of purest white, were in attendance, a beautiful and imposing sight.

A TREMENDOUSLY interesting sight light upon this ceremony is the great number of the societies which have been represented. The flame has been revived daily for six years. In the last two years, owing to the growing interest in the ceremony, a person always repre-

sented a different society has performed the act, making a total of 750 organizations, and 1,005 different bodies in all.

Shortly after the forming of the Committee, when the event so grew in importance, it was decided for historical purposes to make a daily photographic record of the varied societies and nationalities appearing. Thus came into existence the strangest job in the world, to photograph daily the "Revival of the Flame," which was given to H. Malorey, a returned soldier, shown in the photograph at work, who has served with distinction in the war. He has made pictures of more different races and more famous persons in the last few years than probably any other photographer. The negatives are carefully preserved by the society, and it is planned to continue this daily ceremony and picture-taking as long as the flame shall burn.



Mending Dolly's Socks

By William Thompson

My dolly's name is Betty,
She wears such pretty frocks,
I never have to mend them,
But my! her dainty socks

Have little holes in heel and toe,
And how they got there I don't know.
Of course, she'd mend them if she could,
But can't; her arms are made of wood.



Fine at Breakfast!



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Summer Is Here



Our Summer 1929 Fashion Catalogue

is easily the most pretentious that we have ever offered our readers. Up-to-the-minute styles are described in such an understandable manner as to make dressmaking simple to the youngest amateur. Many helpful suggestions are put forth to the needlewoman and practical clothing ideas for the whole family may be gleaned from its 48 well-illustrated pages. Send 20c. to cover postage and packing and we will gladly forward you a copy.

For Every Day Wear



6464—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. If tie and belt are preferred in contrasting material, this will require $\frac{1}{3}$ yard 39 inches wide cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 3 yards. Price 25 cents.

6484—Cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. A 31-inch size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch material. To finish the skirt with an inside band will require 1 yard of belting. The width at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{3}$ yards. Price 15 cents.

6466—Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. For scarf, collars, cuffs, belt and revers facing of contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40 inches wide is required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Price 25 cents.

6471—Cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. The slip will require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material. To finish with bias binding will require 8 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide. Price 25 cents.

6462—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 39 inches wide or wider. For vestee of contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard cut crosswise is required 39 inches wide. The underbody of lining requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25 cents.

6482—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size with long sleeves, will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. Without

sleeves 2 yards will be required. To make collar, facing and belt of contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40 inches wide cut crosswise. Price 15 cents.

6483—Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. For facing of contrasting material on collar and belt portions $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40 inches wide is required cut crosswise. $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lining are required. Price 15c.

6468—Cut in one size—medium. It will require $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material. To finish with bias binding as illustrated will require 6 yards. Price 15 cents.

6475—Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 2 yards 39 inches wide. To make collar, panel, sash and cuffs of contrasting material will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch material cut crosswise. Price 15 cents.

6480—Cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard of material 32 inches wide or wider. To trim bertha edges with plaiting will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. To make collar of contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{3}$ yard 39 inches wide, and cut crosswise. Price 15 cents.

6479—Cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 3-year size as pictured in the large view will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard for the blouse, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs and trousers of 35-inch material. If made with long sleeves the blouse requires 1 yard. Price 15 cents.

6470—Cut in 4 sizes: small 34-36, medium 38-40, large 42-44, extra large 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. For shoulder straps and string girdle of ribbon $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. The vestee of lace or contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18 inches wide. Price 15 cents.



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Westminster, 726 Yates Street
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Manitoba

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Winnipeg, 384 Portage Avenue
306 Main Street

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Regina, 1835 Hamilton Street
Saskatoon, 110 Third Avenue, South
Swift Current, 110 Central Avenue
Yorkton, 17 Third Avenue

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At Stevenson's Aerodrome the day Dorothy Bell received her landing card.
Left to right: Flt. Lt. Leo Charron (Examiner), Dorothy Bell, Flt. Lt. Carter (Examiner), Alvin Keith, M. de Bliques (Pilot Instructor), Walter Ross, Philip McBean.

UP IN the air with a lady for pilot! It's a new thrill of romance to

jump the heart of any man. And when spring comes warm and golden up this way, there'll be many a man hit the trail for Stevenson's Aerodrome in Winnipeg. There he'll choose his pilot, dark or fair, and she'll buzz him off to the ether for a nose dive or a tail spin, and perhaps for a parachute jump if his heart so desires.

For Winnipeg girls are high flyers, and the first pilot's license issued to a woman from Ottawa was the prize of Eileen Magill, of Winnipeg. Many people saw her for the first time as a mere speck five thousand feet up into the twilight. Below on the landing field were dozens of spectators with faces upturned to watch the downward trail of the "Moth" controlled by a young girl of twenty-two.

She spun down and down with breathtaking rapidity in a light too dim for clear-seeing and, with unerring judgment and control, landed to her mark. She stepped from the plane in a burst of congratulation, for she was the first Canadian woman to compete successfully for a private pilot's license.

Miss Magill who is a daughter of Dr. Robert Magill, secretary of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, commenced flying at the end of May last summer, taking her first lesson the day after the aerodrome opened. So enthusiastic was she that, in order to get instruction immediately, she arranged with the instructor to give her lessons in the morning just at sunrise, at an hour when she would not conflict with members who came before her on the list.

Every morning during June Miss Magill was up with the sun and out at the aerodrome to take her instruction, and on June twenty-seventh, scarcely a month from her first lesson, she made a solo flight. On August tenth she took her actual flying test—turning her engine off at a height of fifteen hundred feet and landing to a given mark on the field. This she did three times with splendid control and accuracy, and for the final test made her landing from five thousand feet in a rapidly darkening sky—turning off her engine and spinning fifteen turns in the last seven hundred feet.

Flying Co-Eds

(Score Big Successes at Stevenson's Aerodrome)

By Thelma LeCocq

Eileen Magill graduated from the University of Manitoba last summer and went straight from Convocation to the aerodrome. There she spent most of her days all summer long, not only as a pilot in the making, but as the club's most enthusiastic worker. Her first idea was to give it a club house, and for this she chartered a small hangar and went to work with paint and brush. Bare wooden walls were transformed into the lively blue of an aviator's heaven. Rude chairs and tables were blue to match

with a dash of golden orange for a sunny trimming. And not only did she work herself, but persuaded the most dignified members to come down to earth and wield a practical paint brush. After the little blue heaven was com-

plete Eileen donned a housewifely apron, to show that an aviatrix is still capable of charming domesticity. And after that there were tea and sandwiches for the sociable and hungry as long as the warm weather lasted.

But twenty below zero and a snow-bound landing field are no deterrents to a woman who will fly, and in the middle of winter, with her plane on skis, Miss Dorothy Bell sailed into the frozen air, executed five figures of eight, turned off her engine and glided down to her landings. And, despite the bitter weather and uneven field, she won her "landing card", so that Winnipeg now has two delightful pilots.

The picture herewith shows them photographed together just after Miss Bell had become a licensed pilot. Miss Bell, standing at the right, is tiny, dark-eyed and vivacious. Miss Magill, standing beside her, is tall, fair and carelessly boyish, reminding one of a "young man from Oxford" with her pleasant drawling speech and trim manish clothes. So visitors to the aerodrome have their choice of pilot, dark or fair, both attractive and both wonderfully skilful in the handling of a machine, according to Instructor de Bliques.

Instructor de Bliques who came from Belgium to Canada not many years ago, is the club's professional who passed his government examinations at Camp Borden, and has been at the Winnipeg Flying Club since its opening last summer. Since then he has trained twenty-one members up to the qualifications of pilot, and has others well on the way to professional status. So, not only the ladies, but many of the stronger sex as well are looking forward to the day of "flivver" planes, and they're ready with their air traffic regulations, making no mistake about who has right of way in the sky, and the law of "stars on, lights on".

It's fun to fly? Thrilling! say all those who have done it—thrilling to feel

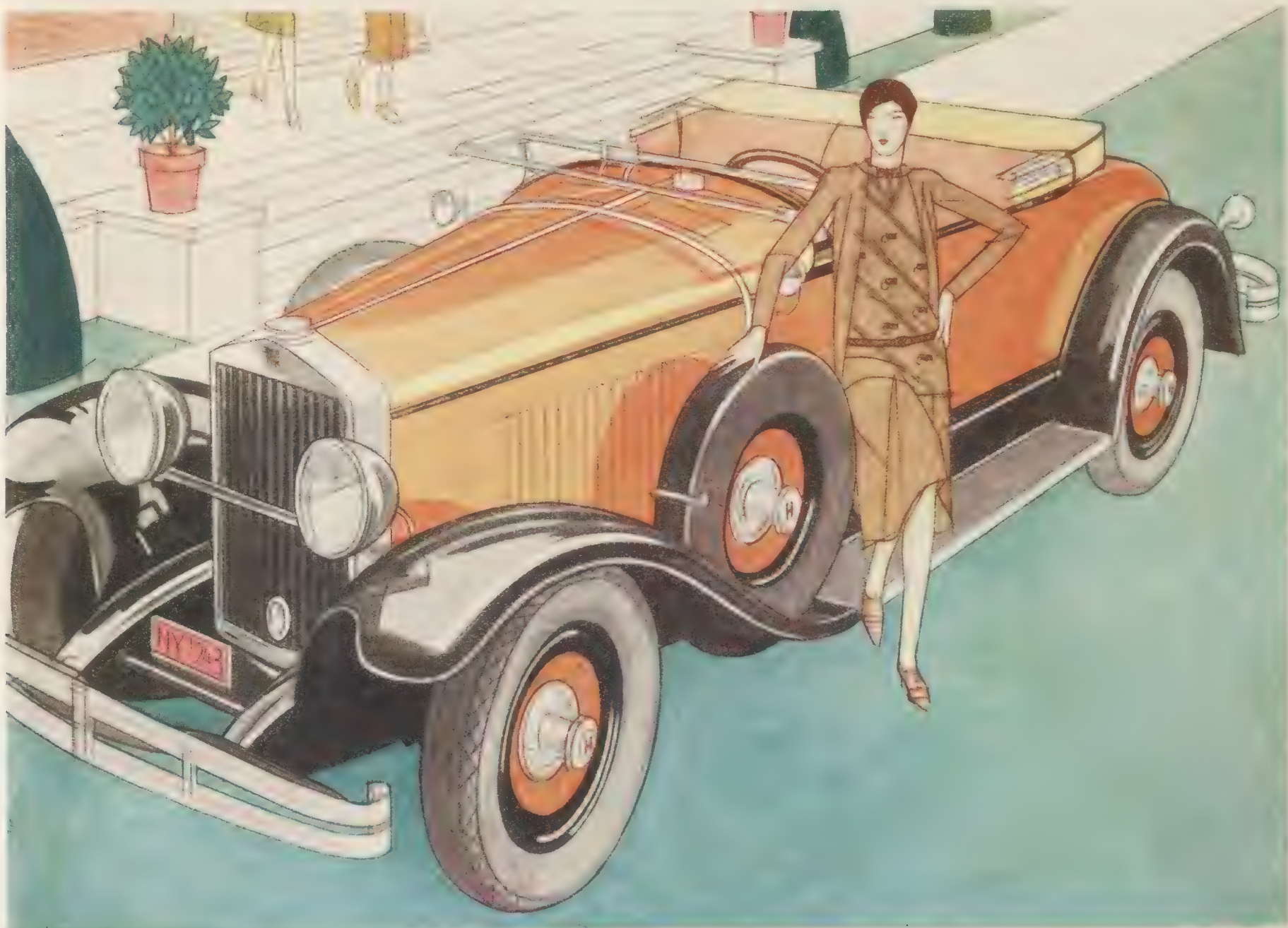
Continued on page 101



Left: Pilot Eileen Magill.
Right: Pilot Dorothy Bell.

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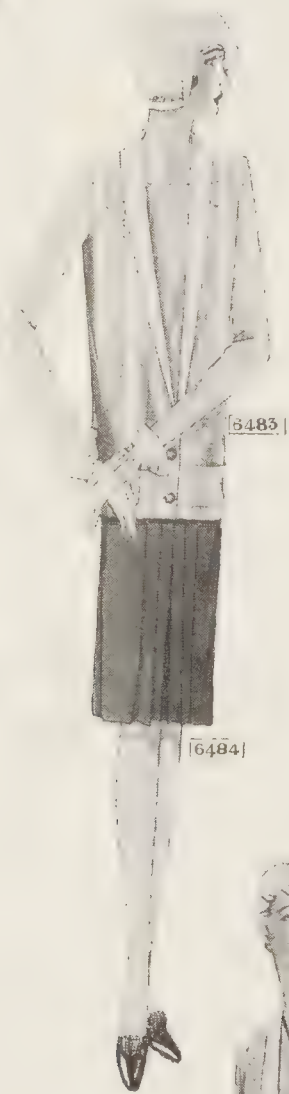
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Tunic effects, peplums and apron draperies are in vogue.

Skirts on daytime frocks are plaited all around. Some have inserted godets and all are ample in width so as to afford comfort in movement.



Tunic blouses are again with us. They are worn with skirts plaited all round or form part of two-piece dresses.

The silk dress ensemble is very important in the Spring Wareroom.



Description of these models may be found on page 85.

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' COME OUT TO PLAY

Yes, it is mostly play, but the ones who can think the best have the best chance of winning one of the tempting prizes that are offered on page 108 in the Cozy Corner section of The Western Home Monthly. Now let's see how many smart boys and girls we've got in this Western Country of ours.

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 65

his jewelled sword, turned in his chair and looked out above his glasses.

"Well, sir? What can I do for you?"

"I come with sad news of a friend of yours, Monsieur Tausanne," said Peter. He proceeded to give a rapid account of the tragedy of Jean Sendrecy. Robert Tausanne shook his head from time to time. He said: "Tst, tst, tst," several times, with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. "Mercy, mercy," he said. And when Peter had finished: "Jean should have come to me, he should have asked—oh, tst, tst, tst!"

Peter produced the message which the old burgher had scrawled on the plateau. Peter's heart ached to see it again. His heart ached, and the whole scene returned vividly, as he heard Monsieur Tausanne read: "This is my friend Peter. He has news of me. Help him. Jean Sendrecy. Tst, tst, tst!"

"A very fine man," said Robert Tausanne. "A very faithful friend to all. And they shot him, you say? Well, well. And now, Peter, what can I do for you?"

Peter explained that he had come to Calais to learn English.

So? A remarkable ambition. You desire to become a clerk, a merchant?"

All this time Peter had been studying Monsieur Tausanne. He decided that the merchant was shrewd and grasping in business matters, not to be trusted, perhaps, but the man's honest pity and his evident friendship for Jean Sendrecy showed Peter another side of him. He saw that Monsieur Tausanne really wanted to help; was really touched by Jean Sendrecy's simple appeal. And it would be good to get this business of the letter dispatched as soon as possible. He would not show it at once, but he would lead up to it.

"Monsieur," he said, "I do not want either of these occupations in particular. I must inform you that I am ignorant of my parents, knowing only that my father was murdered and that he was an Englishman."

"Ah! So you are English and desire to learn your native tongue—natural, laudable."

"Yes, Monsieur. I am in possession of a letter written in English which, I believe, will shed some light on my father's identity, could I learn to read it."

"Ah—but to learn to read, that is already different from learning to speak English."

"Yes, Monsieur. But I already read and write French easily."

"So? Very fine, very good indeed. I might put you to work right here, now. You have a high recommendation, Peter. Um."

"Thank you, sir," said Peter. "Unfortunately I have already made a tentative connection with a certain Sir Pentley of Calais."

"A CERTAIN Sir Pentley. You mean THE Sir Pentley?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I believe so. Sir George Pentley."

"Ah. He has enlisted you in his service"? Monsieur Tausanne was markedly impressed.

"He has promised to assist me, in return for a slight favor which I was able to render him."

"Well, well. You are fortunate. Indeed, I don't see how I can be of any service to you now. Lord Pentley is one of the most distinguished knights of Calais—he can get anything for you. I am disappointed at your good fortune, because I would like to prove that I am your friend, for the sake of the—of the dead. Unless, perhaps, you wish me to translate your letter for you"? Then, seeing that Peter hesitated, "I will treat it in strictest confidence, Peter. A matter between friends, a personal matter."

He was obviously so willing to please that Peter drew forth the precious letter. He drew it forth slowly. This, then, was the hour of revelation. After all, the secrecy with which he had guarded the letter was nothing but a childish superstition. It was an unreasonable attitude, Peter thought. The letter was just a letter—a private thing—a thing of no consequence to Monsieur Tausanne, who would, however, tell Peter just what to do, just how to go about those "legal steps" that Jean Sendrecy had spoken of. Robert Tausanne

Continued on page 91



Lovely Model Frocks PRISCILLA TRIMMED

To make smart frocks at home that have all the style and finish of tailored work, use Priscilla Bias Fold Tape instead of ribbon trimmings. Priscilla folded on a true bias, halves time and trouble in sewing and won't show a pucker.

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13

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 90

was reading the letter now, his brows knitting, his fingers tapping the arm of the chair nervously. What was he reading? Peter was so excited that he found it difficult to stand.

Robert Tausanne was looking at him now above his spectacles, with his mouth a little open, tapping his hands in front of him with his fingers spread apart. At last he said with difficulty:

"Where did you get this, Peter?"

"A woman named Clos, whom as a child I considered to be my mother, gave it to me on her deathbed. She confessed that she was not my mother; that her husband Clos had murdered my father in Picardy; that I had been with my father; that she had taken a fancy to me, having no children of her own, and had brought me up."

"Um. The story does not fit the letter," said Monsieur Tausanne. He was uneasy. Peter thought:

"Does not fit"? He could not hide his alarm. "Will you not read me the letter, Monsieur?"

"Yes, yes. But tell me. Is this murderer Clos living?"

"I do not know, Monsieur. When Mère Clos died he was living. That was nine years ago. But the letter sir, the letter!" Peter had no patience left.

"Yes, the letter. It is directed, Peter, to the Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk."

"Yes, sir. I already knew that. Monsieur Sendrecy told me that."

The merchant again glanced from line to line of the small script. He shook his head and looked up at Peter as if alarmed. "Tst, tst, tst," he said. He began to translate:

"To the Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk."

"Madam:

"We have met with misfortune in Picardy, where my Lord's troops have routed the English but with great loss, and my Lord has repaired to Paris at the request of His Majesty Louis, who, it is said, intends to offer him a handsome pension as well as the assistance of public recognition. My Lord the Duke has left your beloved son in my personal charge, bidding me to protect him with my life and my honor, a command, Madam, which I intend to perform. I am to hold your son here at Vimy for a fortnight or thereabouts until my Lord your husband has settled his affairs with His Majesty. Madam, I am instructed by His Highness to inform you that so long as you make your residence in Italy, your son Peter will not be restored to you, but that my Lord intends to find a place for him at the court of France and to educate him there for political reasons of which he has already informed you. I transmit this most humbly to Your Highness, begging you to take no offence with one who is in honor bound to my Lord's wishes and commands. Madam, I am glad to report that a messenger has this moment arrived to announce that the good King Louis has promised the Duke M. men-at-arms and considerable financial assistance.

"It gives me pleasure, Madam, to inform you of Mr. Peter's health. I await anxiously the day when you will come to join him at the French court. Meanwhile I shall stand between him and all danger.

"Your very humble and obedient and faithful servant, Madam,

GEORGE P.

"Written at Vimy, Picardy, this 17th day of December, 1508.

"To the Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk, Rome, Italy."

Peter was silent. Now that he had the news it did not surprise him much. Yet the full meaning of the letter had not reached him—"Your son Peter"—son to the Duchess of Suffolk! The Duchess? Why, then, to the Duke! Peter's father a duke! Robert Tausanne was watching him closely. The merchant's manner conveyed a deference apparently against his own will, but Robert Tausanne felt that nothing was proved.

It was preposterous. Then, seeing Peter's perplexity, he leaned forward in a fatherly way, his grey eyes meeting Peter's more sincerely.

"My boy," he said, "as a man who has seen much of the world and studied human nature not a little, I have but one bit of

advice at this juncture, which I offer in the name of my dead friend."

"Yes?"

"Burn this up."

"What? Burn it up? Why, it is my name, my life!"

"I say, burn it up. Destroy it. It will bring you nothing but trouble."

The suggestion had made Peter angry, and concerned for the safety of the document lying upon Robert Tausanne's desk. "And supposing I should choose to look for trouble?" he flashed.

"Yes, yes. You may, you may. You are young. It is the right of youth. I merely advise you. I advise you to lead a humble and happy life. I will see to it that you find such a position, if you should choose to burn this thing. I advise such a life in preference to one as the son of a traitor."

"A traitor! You call my father a traitor?"

"Hush, hush, now! Not so fast. I am merely advising, as a friend who knows the chart of this harbor. The Duke of Suffolk, as you doubtless know, was banished from England. The title has been given to Charles Brandon and has irrevocably passed from the house of Pole. Your father, if such he was, spent his days in trying to win back an honor, which, to my belief, had been righteously taken from him. I see nothing but evil if you follow in his footsteps."

"You say my father SPENT his life? Do you mean that he is dead?"

"Ah. You do not know?" Robert Tausanne raised his brows. "You are less informed than I had calculated. The Duke of Suffolk was killed at the battle of Pavia in February."

"Killed in February—less than a year ago?"

"Yes, my man. Killed at the side of His Majesty of France."

"Against whom?"

"Against the Spaniards."

Peter was silent. If only he had reached Calais a year earlier! How wonderful to know your father; to look into his eyes! Peter's emotions carried him away into a very distant place. At last he said:

"What did he look like, Monsieur Tausanne?"

"I never saw him." And then, since Peter did not speak: "You do not intend to take my advice, I see."

"No, Monsieur, though I thank you for it," said Peter. "The wisdom of it is profound, Monsieur. But my heart does not point in that direction."

"Then I bid you have a care, sir!" cried Tausanne. "At least, take my advice to the extent of leaving Calais."

"Why, no one knows of this but yourself, Monsieur Tausanne. And you promised to treat it as a personal affair, sir."

"I did. And I shall, to the best of my ability. But if you get into trouble on so large a matter I shall not be able to defend you."

"No, sir. And might I have the letter, sir?"

Tausanne handed it to him, biting his upper lip. "Dear, dear," he sighed, "I fear I have not served Jean Sendrecy as I should have liked." He passed his hand over his forehead. "Tst, tst, tst."

Peter thanked the merchant sincerely and offered to do him any service in his power. They parted with warmth, and yet Peter noticed that the man's eyes were not meeting him, were not frank. But Peter was too elated to think. He passed out to the street with his head held high, his feet feeling absurdly light beneath him. So it was true—he was of the nobility. Banished or not, he had name; he was world-famous. He had a father. And if only he had known a year ago while he was learning the profession of horse-boy in obscure villages of France, being kicked by landlords; if only he had known, it only he had met someone to translate the letter!

A kind of delirium characterized his mind for the next week, while he drifted from one coffee-house to another awaiting the return of Sir George. He did not even plan the steps necessary to establish his name. He did not speculate upon means to obtain the necessary proof. What proof, indeed, was needed, beyond the letter

Continued on page 92



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Bloomer No. 112 for Larger Figures

Ask to see our Bloomer No. 112, specially designed to fit larger figures. Size A for women of 125 lbs. Size B, 145 lbs. Size C, 175 lbs. Size O.S., over 175 lbs. This bloomer has regular leg length and is moulded to fit the figure perfectly.

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This fascinating Fashion Book shows pictures of the newest early summer styles. Become the proud possessor of these dainty garments. Write now for one of these exceptional booklets, 25c. Sent post free to any address.

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 91

which happily contained every reasonable proof. Yet in his saner moments he realized that he would have to find objective proof.

Sir George Pentley returned. He seemed very glad to see Peter again, very grateful for Peter's assistance in the tavern brawl. He took Peter into his service as a kind of secretary and personal guard combined. He wished to make of Peter one of those servants who can perform a master's will almost without command. Peter, still concealing his identity, or what he thought to be his identity, worked skillfully to obtain his lordship's confidence.

One day Sir George was riding out to the tilt-yard, and Peter, by way of instruction, was acting as his squire. Peter had expressed a wish to perform all functions of service at one time or another.

The knight seemed pleased to gratify him. They had been speaking of the battle of Pavia where King Francis, after losing the greater part of his nobles, had been captured by the Spaniards and imprisoned for a year.

"The Duke of Suffolk was killed there, wasn't he, sir?" Peter asked.

Sir George sighed. "Ah, yes," he said. "At the very shoulder of the King. His Majesty has told me that none fought with more ferocity than Suffolk."

"You knew him, my lord?"

"Strange to say, my eyes never had the happiness, though my father followed him for fifteen years."

"YOUR father?" Peter spoke with such emphasis that Sir George started and turned.

"Yes, my father." He seemed irritated. "And why do you look at me like that? I say, do you suppose me fatherless?"

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Peter hurriedly. "You must remember that the word affects me."

"Ah, yes. No offence, Peter."

"Is your father living, sir?"

"No." Sir George's forehead clouded. "He was murdered in Picardy, you know." Then he turned to Peter with a kindly smile. "There is that similarity in our pasts."

Peter had difficulty to control his voice. George P! George P! "It is gracious of you to say so. Yet I hope you are not so unfortunate as never to have seen your father."

"Not quite so unfortunate as you. But I was only five at his death, and now have only the fantastic recollections of childhood."

"You did not follow him in the service of Suffolk?"

"No. My uncle of London became my guardian, who taught me to despise Suffolk as a traitor. They defined him as such in England. Not until I reached the French court did I apprehend the greatness of him. And the poor Duke, you know, lost his only son by my father's murder. It is the way of great families. They vanish, they fall," Sir George sighed and became lost in his own philosophies.

Peter's eyes were flashing, his face was flushed. Sir George noticed the keenness, almost the triumph of his expression.

"But I say, why do you inquire about all this, Peter?"

"I am interested in whatever concerns you, sir."

Again he experienced a happiness akin to delirium. Yet his interview with the merchant Tausanne had warned him not to proceed hastily in this affair. He must gather his facts cautiously; he must know on whom to call for evidence. He would not tell Sir George yet. In the first place, in his present ignorance of the life of a noble, he could learn more as Sir George's servant than as his superior. Secondly, he recoiled from considering himself superior to Sir George. He could not get away with that just yet. He could bully inn-keepers with his imagination, but he did not want to exact obedience from a man of the calibre of Sir George Pentley. He would not be able to do it respectfully. Minds such as Peter's, which make their way by their own resources, are apt to have a clear notion of their own limitations.

Meanwhile, Peter listened to everything that Sir George said, noticed everything that he did and the way he did it. The Englishman had a peculiar position at Calais. He was in the confidence of both

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The Gentleman King

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the English and French governments, serving as a kind of liaison officer between them. When treaties were to be discussed it was Sir George who oiled the machinery. He was a knowing and sturdy politician, though he preferred to think of himself as a soldier. Due to the favor bestowed upon his uncle at home, he was trusted by Henry of England; and due to his father's connection with the Duke of Suffolk, he was received, and even regarded with affection by Francis of France. All this Peter learned by way of an introduction to politics.

But while Peter was educating himself Robert Tausanne struggled with his conscience. The issue before him would have given little trouble—he would sacrifice heaven to his business—had it not been for a regret in the matter of his relations with the late Jean Sendrecy, and for a real affection for Peter. Long ago Monsieur Tausanne had treated Monsieur Sendrecy rather shabbily in a business deal concerning some Turkish carpets. Monsieur Sendrecy had never discovered the shabbiness and had continued to serve Monsieur Tausanne at Paris, obtaining him the patronage of the Court. For this reason Monsieur Tausanne felt that he was indebted to Monsieur Sendrecy; that Providence had sent Peter as a quick and inexpensive means of paying his debt. It was easier to help Peter than to refund a dead man several hundred pounds. So much for the conscience of Monsieur Robert Tausanne.

On the other hand, as Monsieur Robert Tausanne repeated to himself daily, it was undoubtedly dangerous for a merchant of Calais to have a son of the rebel Duke of Suffolk under his protection. He did not trust Peter; he was convinced that Peter would get himself into trouble. What would happen to business when my lord the governor, upon Peter's word, should learn that Monsieur Tausanne had been the first to translate Peter's letter? Wouldn't that be the devil of a hole, now? Tst, tst, tst! They would be accusing Monsieur Robert Tausanne of promoting the interests of France and Suffolk with his vast wealth. They would exaggerate his wealth. They would run him out of town. Horrible! No, no, no! Tst, tst, tst! So much for the business of Monsieur Robert Tausanne.

Accordingly, after struggling with his problem for two weeks, Monsieur Robert Tausanne was to be found, one February morning, in the governor's chambers, drumming his fingers on the chair, leaning over near the governor's face, shaking his head, earnest, eloquent, practical. Monsieur Tausanne begged the governor not to disclose him as the informant. It would be awkward, he said. He was sure that Peter would have told the vagabonds about town, would have boasted to them, and hence that Peter would never be able to specify the informant. The governor looked at him, at first incredulous, and then, as he remembered a rumor to the effect that the Duke of Suffolk had lost a baby son in Picardy, conscientiously alarmed.

Thereafter events moved rapidly, over Peter's head and beyond his comprehension. A couple of months after his arrival Sir George returned from the governor's house to look into Peter's eyes anxiously. But Sir George had been sworn to secrecy and his conscience was of a different metal than that of Monsieur Robert Tausanne. Peter noticed that Sir George had become fidgety; that he often looked for several minutes, and would turn away hurriedly when Peter raised his eyes. What was all this about, anyway? Peter experienced a vague uneasiness. Did Sir George know anything about his identity? Had Monsieur Tausanne said anything about it?

Peter was not given time to decide. He was accosted on the street by a sergeant-at-arms commissioned by the governor: he was summoned to appear in court at once, upon His Majesty's business.

And so he found himself standing in a room before many nobles in velvet and silk, with jewels sparkling from their buckles and fingers and sword; standing before the governor, whose red face and grey eyes regarded him from a tremendous judgment desk; and who was dressed in a magnificent scarlet robe fringed with fur, and had a scarlet cap on his head. A line of royal advocates in black robes sat

at a long table, their heads together industriously. The nobles sat alone between the advocates and the governor, looking at Peter—looking, gazing. At first Peter was afraid. There was so much learning and power assembled here—the two qualities that most awed Peter. He was to be tested upon his own ground, by his own standards. . . .

For as soon as he had run his eye over the conclave he realized that somehow his parentage had been discovered to the authorities. How? Well, there was only one channel. He had told no one but Monsieur Robert Tausanne, who was not present. The villain! Peter would like to get his hands on him.

They were all staring so. Not only the governor and Sir George Pentley, but the dozen unknown lords looked and looked. He could not help being reminded of his last night among the Thousand Devils. There also he had been the centre of many intense, curious eyes. But he could not act the clown here. He must return the haughtiness of these faces with more haughtiness. He must appear at ease. He who had acted before the Thousand Devils was not to cringe, even though unaccustomed to this new part.

He stopped in front of the governor, turned, bowed to the nobles. Then there was a cry from the corner of the room. Before anyone could stop him, an old man with grey hair, holding a staff and dressed richly, hurried between the chairs. He reached Peter, his hands trembling before him.

"Master, master!" he cried in English, dropping to his knees before Peter. "Master Richard, my lord!" He looked up at Peter. He had a long, sharp nose weakened eyes, and an open mouth showing gap-toothed. "Aye! It is thou! Thou art walkin' the green earth again, m'lord! Aye! Hast no word for me, Lord Richard?"

His voice was high and broken. Peter did not know him, and could not understand much of what he said, but was touched with pity for his eager face. Peter put his hands upon the man's shoulders. "Rise, rise," he said in French. "I do not know you. But I love you and I shall care for you. You shall never leave my side."

"Eh, master, thou knowest me not? But thou'rt a living image of thyself when thou wert a-runnin' from England with Sandy beside thee. Aye! An' what a ride we had! Dost remember—"

"Order in the court!" cried the governor, hitting his desk sharply with his gavel. Peter was helping Sandy to rise, though the old man would not stop speaking. A guard led Sandy to a chair, Sandy shaking his grey head, leaning on his staff. Peter was left alone to face the governor. The incident had given him courage, a definite evidence that he was the son of Lord Richard Pole—evidence from the past which had been burning like a latent coal in the old man and now burst to fire in Peter's eyes. He looked around him proudly.

Peter discovered that this was in no sense a trial. It was a piecing together of evidence that someone had collected for several months. Monsieur Robert Tausanne had a good memory and had been able to give the governor the substance of Peter's letter. The governor had proceeded to gather witnesses and facts. At his command, now, a clerk arose. He read from a paper. It was a kind of testimony.

In pursuance of a paper known to be in possession of an individual named Peter who styles himself "P," his honor the governor has been informed by a reliable witness to the document that the said Peter considers himself, or is about to consider himself the son, and presumably the heir to the late Richard Pole, the so-called "White Rose," erstwhile of England. The first witness, Gabriel Clos, under the pressure of the rack, confesses to the murder of a man named George Pentley at Vimy, Picardy, in 1508, or thereabouts, the motive of the murder being robbery. The said Gabriel declares that the said George Pentley was in charge of a child of three whom he called Lord Peter; that the said George Pentley was not the father of the child, but merely its protector during a stay at Vimy, Picardy. The said Gabriel Clos does not know, or

Continued on page 94

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The Gentleman King

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has refused to confess the name of the child's father. The said Gabriel Clos further confesses that his wife, Susanne, was terrified by his plan of murder; that to allay her fears, he, Gabriel Clos, allowed her to believe the said George Pentley was the father of the child Peter, saying that the said Sir Pentley was an obscure knight for whose murder no punishment need be feared. The said witness, Gabriel Clos, finally, confesses that his wife consented to the murder of Sir Pentley upon condition that she should be given his supposed son Peter, having no children of her own; that the murder was committed; that the two fled to Chateaubourg, Maine, where they remained in safety until the present time; that Mère Susanne Clos died in 1518, or thereabouts, and that the day after her death the said child Peter, being then about thirteen years of age, stole a donkey from the said Gabriel Clos and made his escape.

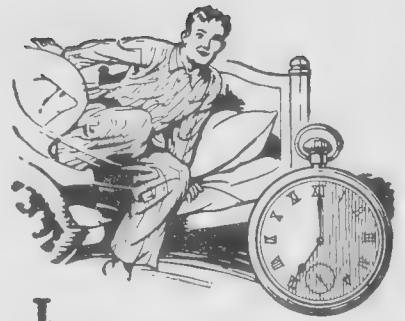
The second witness, Sir George Pentley, testifies that his father, Sir George Pentley, mysteriously disappeared in Picardy in the month of December, 1508, while in the service of the late Richard Pole, the so-called "White Rose"; that, at that time, there was a rumor that the said Richard Pole had lost his son and only heir in Picardy; that the said claimant Peter, called "P," had been in his service for the past three months; had served him honorably and with great intelligence and bravery.

The third witness, Signor Leonardo Thomas of Rome, testifies, by proxy, that the Lady Pole, so-called Duchess of Suffolk, wife to Richard Pole, the so-called "White Rose," resided at Rome until January, 1509, when she died; that she had been deprived of her son by the said Richard Pole, who wished to educate him at the court of France; that her son's name was Peter; that she had not seen him for a year previous to her death. The said Signor Leonardo Thomas testifies, by proxy, that the Lady Pole married Richard Pole when the latter was but eighteen; that he, Signor Leonardo Thomas, was ignorant of the lady's age, but that she was at least twenty years older than her husband. He surmises that she was not loved by her husband, but that Richard Pole had married her for her wealth. The said Signor Leonardo Thomas testifies, by proxy, that he was in the confidence of the lady, who had complained to him of her husband's neglect; that he, the said witness, was chancellor of her villa at Rome.

All this research had been accomplished before Peter was summoned and while spies were watching his actions. His English was by no means far enough advanced to understand the clerk, so that the testimony had to be translated for him, step by step. He stood in the centre of the room, having refused a seat, listening keenly, nodding his head, pursing his lips, asking questions of the interpreter. Richard Pole's lost son was showing himself to be a capable fellow with a great deal of poise.

The fourth witness, who had not given his testimony, was now called to the stand. This was the old servant, Sandy. He swore "by Almighty Gawd that His Lordship here—" pointing to Peter—"is the livin' duplication of His Lordship there—" pointing to heaven. "I mistook him for his father Lord Richard, b'Gawd, he was that wide in the brows and that sharp under the lips."

Meanwhile Peter had been asked to produce his letter, which the governor was inspecting. Sir George Pentley was called upon to testify whether the handwriting was that of his father. Sir George looked troubled. That made Peter uneasy. The knight produced several of his father's letters and compared the handwriting with Peter's letter, stroking his red beard. Yes, he said, it was the identical hand. He passed the several letters to the governor, who inspected them and passed them to the group of nobles. Finally, a witness was called representing a lady of Metz who had known Richard Pole intimately. In the name of his mistress, the witness testified that Richard Pole had often spoken of his lost son and had regretted that loss more than any other of his life, even more than the ruin of his title in England; that the son had been



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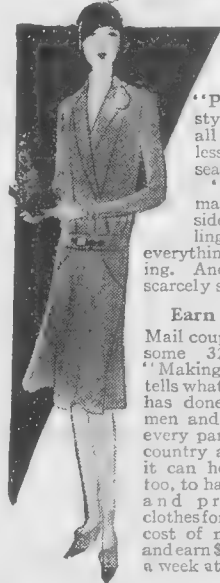
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The Gentleman King

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left in Picardy under the care of a knight, whose name, as far as the lady could remember, was Bentley; that, after leaving his son there, Richard Pole had never seen either him or Bentley again, though he had searched Picardy thoroughly.

At this point there was a stir near the door of the large hall behind Peter's back, a scuffling of feet, a clatter of arms as the guards came to attention. Then an usher loudly announced His Lordship the Cardinal Wolsey, adding several lines of titles. Peter stood to one side while a tall, bony man with a thin face and a hawk nose hurried up the aisle, the skirt of his scarlet robe flapping at his heels. He was the most magnificent lord Peter had ever seen, with his ermine, his red cardinal's hat, his great golden chain and crucifix, his thin white fingers flashing with jewels. He was a type of pride. As he swept down the room his eyes exacted humility from all present; aspirant to the papal chair, advisor to the English King, said to be the most wealthy churchman in the world next to the Pope. All arose and bowed. The governor arose and bowed and relinquished his judgment chair. The Cardinal stood behind the great desk for a moment, blessed them, crossed himself, sat down with a flourish of his wide sleeves, and fastened his eyes on Peter.

"Well," he said. "So this is the Pole orphan?"

Peter felt like a rabbit, a foot from the fox's jaws.

"I am the son of Richard Pole," he replied, meeting the haughty eyes.

"So? You believe that, do you? I would not proceed so quickly, sirrah! You will catch a hook bigger than the one you bargained for." He turned to the governor. "Has the testimony been satisfactory, my lord governor?"

"Everything has fitted together remarkably, my lord. I myself am convinced of this man's identity."

"The legal forms have been prepared?"

"Everything, my lord. There is only the final witness. If his testimony coincides with the rest, this man is proved to be the son of Richard Pole beyond a cavil."

"Show him in."

The governor gave orders to a guard. Peter waited uneasily. Who would this witness be? At length two men carrying a stretcher appeared at the door that opened from a kind of prison. Upon the stretcher lay a man with a white face. The cloths that covered his legs were bloody. His limbs seemed twisted out of shape. He had come from the rack that morning! Peter started. There could be no doubt concerning those bloated cheeks, those small piggy eyes, those thick lips. It was Gabriel Clos.

He had heard the report of Gabriel's testimony without asking where and how it had been given. Now he understood that the merchant Tausanne had remembered Gabriel's name, his occupation, and the town where Peter had left him. They had traced the poor fellow, seized him, tortured him. Peter's boyish hatred and fear of Gabriel were turned to pity as he looked down into the bloodless face.

The guard jabbed Gabriel in the ribs. The governor asked loudly: "Fellow, who is that man standing before you?" And Gabriel's eyes surveyed Peter, too lifeless to express the surprise of recognition.

"Speak, or to the rack with you!" cried Cardinal Wolsey in a harsh voice. Gabriel moaned and whimpered. The governor repeated his question threateningly. Peter was afraid they would rack Gabriel again. At last the blacksmith murmured: "How should I know who it is?" The guard prodded him in the ribs viciously. "Aie! It may be: it looks like a boy named Peter."

"Who was Peter?" asked the Cardinal.

"He was the child I told you of whose guardian I—we—" his words came thickly, each separated from the other by a pause.

"Well?" The guard prodded him again.

"Aie! Killed! The guardian we killed!"

"Are you sure this is that child?"

"Oh, it is impossible to say so surely your highness my lord—" the voice sounded to Peter as if it came from another room—"the scoundrel was but thirteen when he ran away—God curse his soul, if this is he, standing here—Aie! Oh!"

"Are there no marks by which to identify him, fellow?" demanded the governor.

"He should have a scar in the palm of his left hand—if he is Peter—where I cut him with a knife—once—when he called me a dirty—blacksmith." Gabriel's voice was expiring. Peter was required to extend his left hand. The scar was verified by half a dozen witnesses.

"I think, my lords," said Wolsey, who had been reading the testimony rapidly, "that we have proved this fellow's name and heritage to every satisfaction. Does anyone disagree?" The Cardinal glanced about the room. No voice was raised. "Good," he said. He turned to Peter: "Now, sirrah, do I understand that you lay claim to the honor of being the heir to Richard Pole?"

"Yes, my lord. In view of the testimony submitted to me today, I make that claim."

"The testimony submitted to YOU?" The Cardinal raised his brows. "You take a haughty tone for one so lately elevated."

"I have been the son of Richard Pole for twenty-one years, my lord." He enjoyed the stir that went the rounds of the courtroom.

"So?" said the Cardinal. "You are impudent, sir."

"As you choose, my lord," Peter did not like him; and Peter was uneasy.

"Is the petition prepared, my lord governor?"

"Yes, my lord, it is here."

They gave Peter an English document to sign. Peter, braving the irritation of the Cardinal, demanded that they translate it to him aloud. It was a petition that he be recognized by the King of England as the legitimate and sole son and heir to the late Richard Pole.

"I will not sign that," said Peter, eyeing Wolsey steadily, "without the addition of a clause."

"What clause?"

"I desire to add a clause to this effect: It is understood that I make no claim to the title to Duke of Suffolk which my father forfeited."

"Aha! You are a clever dog! A Pole is sure to be cleverer than his own wits. Write the clause, Master Clerk; write it in! So, sir, you have been planning your tactics for a long while."

"For about five minutes, my lord." Again there was a stir. Wolsey glanced at him suspiciously. Peter noticed that Sir George, at the mention of this clause, nodded his head, smiled, stroked his red beard.

When his condition was inserted, Peter signed, using the name of Pole for the first time. He wrote it firmly and proudly, with a great deal of satisfaction, thinking of the Baron, of Renée, of Philippe. How surprised they would all be to see Peter write that illustrious name!

"Now my lord governor," said Wolsey. "Have you the papers of recognition?"

"Yes, my lord."

Another document was produced, which was signed and sealed on the spot by the Cardinal Wolsey, the governor of Calais, Sir George Bentley, and several other witnesses. Then it was handed to Peter.

"By this document," said the Cardinal, "and in the name of His Majesty Henry VIII of England, you are recognized as the legitimate son and only heir to the late Richard Pole, and hence as head of the banished house of Pole. Sign it."

Peter signed.

"Is that all, my lord?" he asked.

"That is nearly all. First, however, I would ask you just what you consider yourself to be?"

"I am exactly what this document proves me to be, my lord. I make no claim beyond that which His Majesty, in the person of yourself, has freely granted me. I claim no title and no renown."

"Brave words, sir. What is your guarantee?"

Peter flushed. He was no longer a horse-boy. He had a name to defend. "My word are my guarantee, my lord Cardinal!"

"Hzh! And do you expect me to let you leave Calais upon such flimsy security? to roam about France, stirring up her dregs after the manner of your predecessors? Sirrah, you are under arrest! Seize him, guards!"

Peter did not move a muscle. The two guards grasped his arms from behind.

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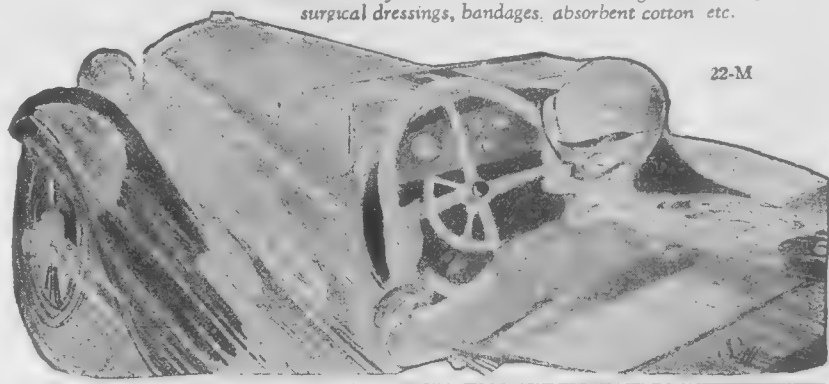
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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 95

"We have had enough of the family of Pole!" cried Wolsey. "You have been claiming the throne of England these fifty years, with your dirty white roses! It is a pity that such villains should choose a color that is so easily smudged. Give you liberty for a year and the French King will have you at the head of an army claiming the English crown. So much for the French King and his peasant retainers! My Lord of Pole," he cried sarcastically, "I regret that I cannot at this moment put you in possession of the whole of your father's heritage. But the last title of it will be conferred upon you tomorrow morning at the hour of sunrise, when this idiot here"—he pointed to the suffering Gabriel Clos—"is hanged for murder. And when your head rolls from the block you will have inherited all that Richard Pole bequeathed you!"

Peter had not moved. His face was expressionless, stubborn. But Sir George Pentley arose hurriedly and, crossing to the judgment desk, knelt on one knee before the Cardinal.

"My Lord Cardinal!" he cried. "Grant me a word!"

"Not now, not now, Sir George!" cried the Cardinal. "I know what you would ask. I hasten to an appointment with the Bishop of Calais. My time on this side of the channel is too brief. I cannot listen to you."

"My lord, I insist! Have I never served you?"

"You have, Sir George. I owe you love." He paused, then said sharply: "Come to my chambers tonight at eleven o'clock. I will see you for a few minutes and explain to you the necessity of executing this fellow; the necessity, sir, of ending at one stroke this family of traitors!"

"I thank your lordship. I shall be there to listen and to answer." Sir George arose, and gazed at Peter a moment. Then he went sadly to his seat. "A cool fellow," he thought.

Peter grasped very clearly the meaning of this. It was a trap, and he had entered it like a lamb! He hated himself for doing that. He had always admired foxes, and in spite of his danger he could not resist an admiration for the Cardinal. To control such a smooth, machine-like organization! And Peter was worried about this poor fellow Gabriel Clos. Therefore, seeking his usual dramatic effect, he stepped forward and said:

"My Lord Cardinal."

"Well, sirrah?"

"As a condemned man who has as yet done no wrong, I have a humble request to make of you."

"Then do not make it so insolently."

"My request is humble enough," said Peter. He pointed to Gabriel Clos, who lay motionless, seemingly unconscious. "I hate this man; I hate him more than you would deign to hate the family of Pole. You have called me a traitor to your King; but I call him the destroyer of my name, my honor, I have not yet betrayed your King, but this man has long ago ruined my honor. And yet—and this is the last request of the doomed house of Pole. I ask you to forgive this fellow who has wrecked the house of Pole! I ask you to forgive!—or if not, that, commute his sentence to imprisonment!"

The whole room gazed at Peter. The Cardinal was more impressed than he would have dared to admit, by the angular face looking up at him. He was in a hurry. He waved his hand impatiently.

"Since this is all you ask, I shall put the bit of power in your mouth for just one second. The murderer shall have his life! Tell him he shall have his life, in God's name, and get it over with."

Peter turned dramatically to the half-conscious blacksmith. "Gabriel Clos!" he cried. "My accusers have granted me a power which they themselves have not."

"What's this, what's this?" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"Your indulgence, my Lord Cardinal, to execute your favor," said Peter.

"Mind your tongue, then, sirrah."

"Which they themselves do not possess," continued Peter, turning again to Clos. "The power of mercy. Therefore, in the name of God, by permission of his body representative on earth, the Cardinal! Wolsey, I grant you mercy for the sin which you have committed against the

Continued on page 97



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MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 96

house of Pole, and for that sin of murder against the family of Pentley, a family that I love. Take your life, blacksmith! I give you more than I own."

He turned and bowed to the Cardinal, conscious that he had made his gesture.

And after a few formal words, Wolsey arose and strode down the aisle without glancing on either hand. And Peter was led away by a dozen guards to the citadel, where he was pushed down a dismal passage and chained to the dripping wall of a dungeon.

PETER had been in his cell several hours. There were four damp stone walls one of them dripping with water, that ran along a little gutter and passed under the iron-barred door. There was a small window with thick bars, about a foot above the muddy water in the moat outside. The farther wall of the moat was too high for Peter to see anything beyond it but a few trees, winter trees, like skeletons in a grey rain. Then it was dusk and he could see nothing. A candle was brought to him and set upon a box near a bed of straw. The bed had wooden legs about a foot high—a special honor. Peter was a lord now.

There was no hope. The most that Sir George could obtain for him would be a commutation of his sentence from death to life-imprisonment. At twenty-one they are the same. Peter had risen to power; power had been his ruin. He reflected that Wolsey was attacking him with considerable justice, for he took his position quite seriously. He considered himself the heir to his father in every capacity. Since they would not allow him to renounce his title he would assume it entirely; he would be, for a few hours, the White Rose. As for the throne of England, he would throw that into the bargain, with a grin.

Some hours after his arrival, however, there was a disturbance outside. Presently an old man appeared at the iron grating, seized it with his two hands, and looked through it. It was Sandy.

"Master!" he cried; "Master Peter!"

"So it is you," said Peter in broken English. He had not been able to understand the man's name.

"Aye, 'tis Sandy, comin' to see your lordship, to make thee comfortable. 'Tis no rest for the likes of thee, with a bed of straw."

The captain of the guards had arrived with papers that Sandy had obtained from Sir George. There could be no harm in letting the old man stay with Peter. "I'm his lordship's man," Sandy kept saying. The captain was surprised to hear Peter called his lordship, for his identity had not been disclosed. He rebuked Sandy, who was wise enough to hold his tongue.

So Peter found himself seated on his straw bed, with an old man squatting at his feet. They had some difficulty in understanding each other, for Sandy's English was colloquial and Peter's was but three months old. Sandy could understand French quite easily, having lived nearly thirty years on the Continent, but he had trouble in transferring his picturesque thought to that language.

But Peter urged him and urged him. Peter wanted to find out about his father. Sandy told him that the French King had made use of his father to threaten the English throne; that Peter's claim to the throne was the only true one. Peter took this with some qualification, and wanted to know how King Francis would regard his imprisonment.

"Lord, he would raise hell to heaven to get thee if he knowed thou wast here," cried Sandy enthusiastically, using his native idiom. "They's have a thousand men, m'lord, an' mighty gold. An' thou'ld be known throughout Christendom for the great Suffolk that thou art! An' 'tis a pity that thou'st fallen into the claws of the wolf, an' for me too, livin' on an' on after the death of Lord Richard, to find his son, to find his son, and lose him, an' lose him—"

The old man put his hands to his head and shook his head from side to side. His eyes were watering. But Peter made him continue, hurried him along the paths of his fascinating memory. At the end of an hour Peter had a rough idea of himself and his new position.

"An' to think that they're keepin' thee a secret! No one'll ever know; no one'll ever believe Sandy when he says he found the White Rose."

"You mean, they have kept my identity secret? No one knows who is in prison here?"

"'Zactly, master. An' Gawd'll rebuke 'em for it when Sandy gives Him the word." He crossed himself.

"Why do they keep it a secret?" asked Peter.

"Lord, Master, the English Cardinal—blast his soul!—Sandy looked about him in terror—"he's 'fraid of the French King, he is. If anybody ever knowed who thou wast, an' that he was killin' thee here, 'twould be breakin' the treaty, 'twould be."

"What treaty?"

"Why, that the Englishmen has with the French, that thy family ain't to be persecuted. After every treaty atween 'em, Lord Richard 'ud come to me an' say, 'Well Sandy,' says he, 'Henry tried to get Francis to surrender me up,' says he, 'but King Francis is honorable,' says my Lord Richard, 'an' he makes me a condition in every treaty that I ain't to be surrendered up to nobody,' he says. An' then he says: 'Sandy,' he says, 'I ain't to live in France no more, but you an' me goes to live at Metz an' we can join the Frenchmen when the next war is begun.' Which is what he done, my lord Peter; I'm givin' thee his very words. An' I'll tell thee, 'tis understood in France that the Englishmen'll let the house of Pole go free, only there ain't been no house of Pole for a year since Richard went down by the side of King Francis in that terrible battle."

The above was given half in English, half in French. Peter puzzled over it, allowing for inaccuracies. As he discovered later, such a treaty had in fact existed, although its terms were applicable to Richard Pole only, not to Peter.

"You think if King Francis heard that I was being executed, he would interfere?" he said at last.

"'Zactly, sir. Oh lord, sir, I knows it."

"But there's no time."

"'Xactly, sir. There ain't no time."

It was comforting to hear the voice from the past. It gave some substance to this title that had been thrust upon him. Sandy was assurance that the title had come from somewhere; for instance, that Peter's ancestor, John, was brother-in-law to Edward IV; that if Richard III had won the battle of Bosworth, Peter would now be seated upon the English throne. He kept thinking. He possessed more power than ever in this life, and he was making no use of it. At last he ordered Sandy to go immediately to the French ambassador; to bring the ambassador to the prison. Peter said that his life depended upon the arrival of the ambassador before dawn, that Sandy must spare no means. The old man, overjoyed that he could perform a service, hurried through the grated door, his staff tapping the stone floor.

For Peter had an idea.

Presently, however, he shook his head. He reached into his pocket and drew out his marriage certificate. By this he could be rescued, by this the execution could at least be delayed. This contract of marriage with a distinguished French family would make it impossible for the English to execute him without a French trial. But he had promised not to show it to anyone—a forced, a dishonorable marriage. Peter ran his hand around his neck nervously, and swallowed. Tomorrow at dawn the blade would cut him there. It would go through so easily—it would cut through his consciousness. And now that he was the Duke of Suffolk, a royal personage with a claim to England, would René object to his marriage. Would she care? The question was like fire. He had but to give this to the French ambassador: the name of Duprès, so well known in political circles, would protect him. He had but to—

"Guard!" he cried.

A coarse-faced soldier poked his nose through the bars.

"Bring me some fire. I have papers to burn. You can leave it just outside the door."

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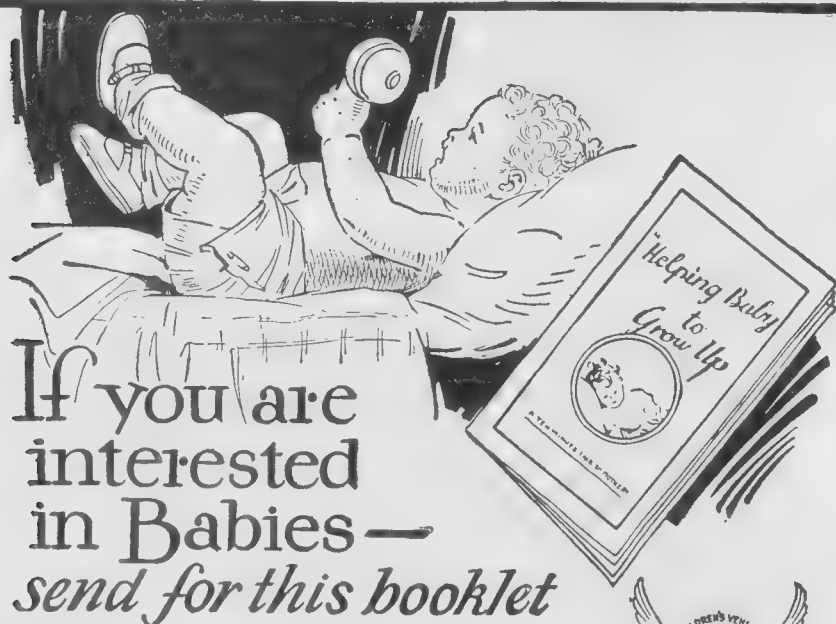
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TRADE MARK

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 97

The guard went off to submit Peter's request to the captain. Peter sat on the edge of the bed, struggling with himself. To be free! And yet, Renée might not want him; she might not, she probably did not, love him. Unless she loved him, as he loved her, it would be despicable to make use of her contract. The publicity of it! How could he be sure she loved him?

At length the guard arrived carrying an iron bucket with a few coals in it. He set it down outside the door. Peter crossed to the door and looked into the red, treacherous coals. Would it not be cowardly to burn this thing?

And would it not be cowardly not to burn it?

Then he stretched out his hand. He pushed the paper through the bars and let it fall into the coals. The treacherous coals. It grew brown. A brown stain crept over the surface of it, like a disease, so that the paper and the contract written on it were perishing. And Peter felt as if it were alive; as if he were burning Renée. But he did not move. He and the coarse guard watched the flames spring up, the paper crumble away.

"Illusion," muttered Peter, as he turned and walked to the far end of his cell. He stood with his hands behind his back, studying a star which had appeared among the winter clouds.

Meanwhile Sir George Pentley was seated in a carved chair opposite Cardinal Wolsey, who was likewise seated in a carved chair. The room was rich with tapestry and decoration. The Cardinal was saying:

"No, sir, I cannot do it; I cannot, I dare not grant your request. It is a laudable request; I believe you when you say the fellow means no damage, means to make no claims upon his former title; but his life cannot be granted. I know human nature too well, sir. A year would go by, perhaps two; by the end of three, your Peter has become sois-distant something or other; in nine he'll be a duke; in twelve he'll be after the English Crown. We've had enough of Pole. His Majesty's satisfaction upon hearing of the death of Richard was profound. When my lord the governor informed us that Richard's heir was discovered, His Majesty was overwrought and troubled, and had dreams. Since I was on my way to Calais he conjured me to give this my personal attention, and to spare no means, sir—to spare no means, sir—of ridding politics of this Pole pest. I have done so, sir, though I like the lad's looks. If he had an honest ancestry he should go free.

"And another point," continued the Cardinal, driving this home with his thin fist in his palm, "the relations, as you know, between His Majesty and the King of France, are exceedingly precarious. It is my business to draw up a treaty, a very dangerous treaty. If this Peter Pole were discovered by the French I would simply have to yield him up. There would be no question; I would have no choice. The treaty is of such a nature that a little salt would act on it like gunpowder. Is that all sir?" The Cardinal waved his hand, signifying that Sir George was dismissed.

Sir George reached the street. "Bitter, bitter," he thought, "to have that cool fellow go like this." He found himself hating the Cardinal, though the latter had informed him of a large tract of land which King Henry was giving Sir George as a reward for his services. Of course, King Henry had done nothing of the sort: but Wolsey had seen the necessity of impressing upon Sir George the wisdom of obedience. The King would follow Wolsey's advice.

And, indeed, though the gift of land could have no effect upon Sir George's honor, it nevertheless served to remind him forcefully that he owed allegiance to King Henry of England—a fact which always caused him surprise, when he thought about it, since his father had rebelled with the Suffolk, and his mother had been French. And he himself was closer to the French than to the English king, both by geography and by taste. Yet there was his allegiance like a prison around his affection for Peter, around his desire to set Peter free, to serve this new Suffolk as his father had

served the old. But Sir George's honor would not allow him to disobey his government. He held Peter's life in his hands—he knew a means to effect Peter's escape—but his hands were bound.

And yet, if he could only suggest to Peter this way of escape; suggest to Peter's clever mind the political situation which Wolsey had outlined; to pull the familiar wires once more, pull secretly! But no. "If dishonor is to be done, it shall be openly done," muttered the good knight between his teeth.

Sir George Pentley went back to his lodging to study his own heart.

He had not long been home before there was a voice in the street below his window, a rapping on his door which broke into the stillness of the night alarmingly. Sir George hurried downstairs, throwing a rich cloak over his shoulder, snatching his hat and sword.

In the hall he met the excited French ambassador, gesticulating under his blue cloak and talking violently to an old man who leaned over his cane and shook his head, and kept repeating: "Yes, that's it, sir. That's what I was sayin'."

"Ah, Monsieur Pentley!" exclaimed the ambassador, rushing up to Sir George. He was a middle-aged Frenchman with ruddy face and jovial expression—excitable and quick in his movements and violent with his hands. His blue felt hat, with a white feather in it, was on the back of his head. "What is this, Monsieur Pentley? What have I heard tonight? Are my ears to believe?" He pointed to Sandy. "It is the White Rose's servant that arrived at my house—bang"—he clapped his hands together three times—"in the middle of the night—raising a cry, Monsieur, a cry—telling me as soon as I had on my vestments that—"

"Yes, yes, yes, I know, Beaumont," interrupted Sir Pentley gently.

"You KNOW! YOU! And you have allowed, you have permitted, you have suffered, you have stood by to watch, you have approved of the execution of the Lord Pole without informing me!" The ambassador's eyes largened with incredulity.

"Sir," said Sir George, "I have acted under orders. I could do nothing else. The finding of a new White Rose was to be kept inviolably secret."

"Ah, you miserable English!" exclaimed the Sieur de Beaumont energetically.

"Aye," said Sir George, "we are wise fools, I grant you."

"But the story is true! That is what I want to know!"

"Yes, sir. It is true that Peter Pole has been declared by His Majesty of England the legitimate son and heir to Richard Pole; and that his lordship is now in the dungeon of the citadel, and will be beheaded at dawn."

"God of God of God!" cried the Sieur de Beaumont, taking a step with each exclamation, pacing back and forth before the stairs, knocking his hands against his head. "And what will happen to me! What will His Majesty think of the Ambassador at Calais? What kind of a fellow is this Ambassador? His Majesty will cry. And I will say 'Your Majesty'—and he will shriek me down, and—Oh, holy name of a Spanish cow!"

He stopped suddenly and stood before Sir George, putting out his stomach. "I am off for the prison!" he shouted. "I am off!" and still he did not go. In fact, he was studying Sir George's attitude.

Of course Sir George wanted him to go to the prison. But he could say nothing officially. He went up to the Sieur de Beaumont and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Monsieur," he said slowly, meeting the Frenchman's dark eyes. "I can do nothing officially. You understand that my honor allows me to do nothing. But as for my affections, Monsieur—they would have you do everything in your power."

"Ah! I am off!" He started toward the door.

"One moment, sir!" cried Sir George, upon whose face was written a determination to violate his moral scruples. The Frenchman stopped immediately, sensing by the voice that a disclosure was to be made.

Sir George, obviously under strain, said deliberately: "As representative of His

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Are You Ever Puzzled About Any Question of Law?
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Majesty of England I forbid you to attempt the rescue of Peter Lord Pole. However, this man has been a French subject by the name of Peter Clos. Whatever business you have with Peter Clos is no affair of mine. If you have papers from the King of France demanding Peter Clos, that is no affair of mine. If you wish to visit Peter Clos, that again is no affair of mine provided that you remain ignorant, and show yourself to be ignorant, of his true identity. Go. If you are clever, you will find this Peter Clos is clever also; if you are dull, you will not understand him. Good night, sir."

The Sieur de Beaumont reached the door. "Good night, good night!" he cried without so much as turning around. "You, fellow—Sande—follow me as fast as you can. Wait at the east gate of the citadel. Speak to no one."

He banged the door behind him, and you could hear his horse, and those of his retainers, clattering down the deserted street.

The clock in the steeple beside the citadel struck two.

But it took the Sieur de Beaumont an hour to obtain the necessary papers for admission into the citadel. First, acting upon Sir George's hint, he hurried to the embassy and forged several papers, for which he had abundant material. Peter Clos was wanted in France upon a charge whose specific nature the Sieur de Beaumont artfully avoided. It was not necessary to be very specific. He then awoke one of the governor's clerks and bullied the man into giving him permission to examine this Peter Clos. "You must grant me the courtesy of sending His Majesty a report," the Sieur de Beaumont said to the sleepy clerk. "I do not see why there is so much fol-de-rol about this peasant Clos." To visit the prison was a usual privilege granted to the ambassador in time of peace. The clerk felt that resistance would arouse the ambassador's suspicions. So he gave him papers of admission into the citadel, together with a guard named John Gates, who kept watching the Sieur de Beaumont suspiciously. John Gates was a soldier with a square forehead and a dogged Saxon expression. He was not going to allow any Frenchman to befuddle him!

The ambassador's ardor had cooled during this process. He was protecting himself, so that King Francis would not be able to accuse him of having had the wool pulled over his eyes. He did not really expect to get Peter out of this; he did not really intend to try.

And the governor's clerk was nobody's fool. After making out the papers for the Sieur de Beaumont, he retained the ambassador for half an hour and sent Master Gates around to the citadel. Gates had a brief interview with Peter. He informed Peter that the ambassador to Calais was about to visit him; that the ambassador thought his name was Peter Clos; that, upon the pain of torture, Peter was not to disclose the fact that his true name was Pole. Then Master Gates returned to the Sieur de Beaumont and escorted him to the citadel.

They found Peter sitting on the edge of his straw bed with his chin in his hands. A little pile of ashes remained in the iron pot before his door. The Sieur de Beaumont and Master Gates were given chairs opposite Peter. The ambassador was quite calm now, studying the strange face before him, noticing how deeply the eyes were set in their sockets.

"Peter Clos," he said, warning Peter by his voice, "I am the ambassador of His Majesty of France, and this is the representative from my lord the governor, Monsieur Gates, who remains with us to see that we hatch no plots."

Gates executed a lugubrious smile. Peter thought him very sombre and probably very stupid; Peter thought he took his job too seriously.

"I regret that I have no suitable accommodation to entertain France and England simultaneously," said Peter with a bow. And since the ambassador smiled, he turned to him: "I am entirely at your disposal, sir."

"Fellow," said the Sieur de Beaumont, striking an arrogant pose with difficulty, "I am not allowed to dispose of you. I come merely to question you."

"You are at liberty to do so, my lord. Yet I cannot but be impressed by the sight of France and England standing side by side. May I not take it as symbolical? Tell me, have we not reached the end of

those mutilating wars which you diplomats promote? Are not England and France upon good terms at last?"

The Sieur de Beaumont would not have known how to answer, had it not been for Peter's searching eyes, and his certainty that Peter's question was intended to draw him out a little, to obtain information over the head of the determined Gates.

"Well," he said, with his head a little to one side, "I will tell you confidentially. It was only with the utmost difficulty that I obtained permission to visit you, to ask certain questions. The Cardinal Wolsey is here to arrange a treaty in which I represent His Majesty of France. We are not satisfied. It is because of the treaty that I was allowed to see you. If Master Gates will permit me to say so, the Cardinal is too eager, and I have been taught to beware of eagerness. But why do I say this to a peasant? You have been over-educated, fellow!"

"As you desire, my lord."

Peter was hesitating. The ambassador was calling him "Peasant Clos." And yet, surely, the ambassador knew that his name was Pole. Sandy must have told him. The Sieur de Beaumont was hiding, then, from Gates his knowledge of Peter's identity. There must be some reason for this. Given the hint, Peter's mind began to build a structure of artifice.

"But how did you discover that I was in prison, my lord?"

"One of my spies told me, fellow. We have been looking for the name of Clos already a year."

"His Majesty Francis would like to have me safely tucked away at Paris, eh?" Peter forced a laugh.

"Diable!" cried the Sieur de Beaumont; and then seeing by Gates' eyes that they were on dangerous ground, he changed his tone. "You are a presumptuous villain! If His Majesty troubles himself about you at all, it is to put you on the rack. But the English, having already deprived him of that pleasure, I think I am safe in saying that His Majesty gives not a Greek damn!"

Peter tried not to laugh. And he tried to look humiliated, though it was difficult to do so, since the fact of the ambassador's presence was a denial of his statement. The situation was becoming clear. Peter was beginning to understand.

"My lord," he said, forcing a gravity of expression, "I am aware of the nature of your papers from His Majesty Francis. And here, faced by death, I admit that I have indeed deserved His Majesty's anger. I suppose, Monsieur the Ambassador, that His Majesty has sent you an order for my arrest in France on the score of my lawlessness?"

He said it very easily. The Sieur de Beaumont was surprised, bewildered. He hesitated, not knowing what to say with the guard here. "A clever fellow," he thought. "It would be worth while to get him out of this."

"I intend to make a full confession before my death," continued Peter. He felt like a pilot steering among rocks. Gates' eyes were upon him. There are some natures—and Peter's was one of them—who can feel reactions in another personality with almost the same accuracy as their own. It is a dramatic instinct. Peter knew that Gates had not taken alarm.

What sort of papers would these be? the good ambassador was wondering.

"My lord," said Peter, drawing out a handkerchief and touching his forehead and eyes with it. "I shall be frank. As we approach death we become frank with ourselves. We do not mince matters. And we like to get matters off our chests." He paused and looked at the guard. "If the gentleman is not too hurried, and you yourself have come to hear, Monsieur the Ambassador, I would like to tell you of my crime, so that you can report it to King Francis. Only you must question me a little. You can begin with the brigands."

"Yes," said the Sieur de Beaumont, seizing the idea that it must appear as if he were extracting evidence from Peter, "just what did you do with the brigands?"

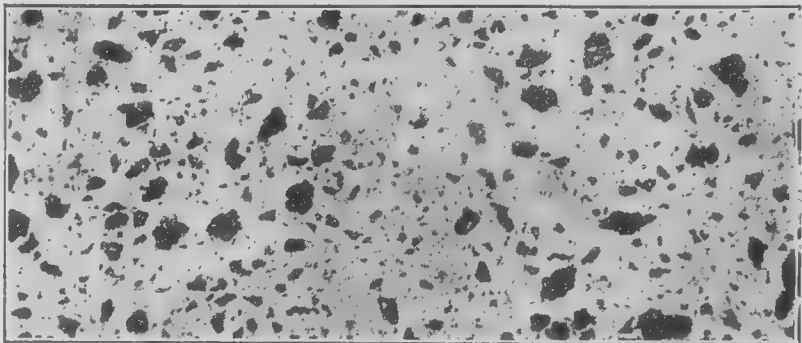
"I joined them, Monsieur, I confess that I was one of them. I was one of those famous Thousand Devils. I could give His Majesty a great deal of information concerning them; enough information to enable him to exterminate the whole band if I were at liberty! I assume that his Majesty wishes to exterminate them, Monsieur?"

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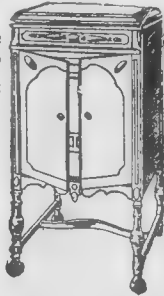
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E. G. Bayne, Canadian writer and playwright.

Ellis Parker Butler, one of the Continent's most brilliant short story writers.

Robert Watson, Western Canadian author and poet.

Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D., LL.D. (Ralph Connor) Western Canadian author, whose writings are familiar to the entire English speaking world.

Professor Watson Kirkconnell, noted linguist and European authority.

These are but a few selections from a wonderful list of gifted writers. Our readers will share with us in the pleasure that we have in making this announcement. A bigger, better and more beautiful Western Home Monthly will result. Tell your friends about it.

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 99

"Without a doubt I am here to receive the necessary information from you." The ambassador was catching on.

"But you must know, Monsieur, that I have had a hard time of it—that is my excuse for such disreputable conduct. I had misfortune when I was a boy."

At this point Peter noticed that Gates became uneasy, fearing that Peter was about to give the story of his life, and hence to disclose his true name to the ambassador. But the Sieur de Beaumont, sensing the same uneasiness, rescued Peter.

"Yes," he said. "But what of the brigands, fellow?"

"Well, you know the Count Duprès?"

"KNEW him, villain. Is he—" and then, seeing a scowl flash upon Peter's forehead, "Ah." He bowed his head.

"I know. You do not like to talk of that. I see plainly enough that they accuse me of murdering him."

The ambassador raised his eyes wonderingly.

"Alas, yes, you ruffian," he said. "Tell me about that murder."

Very briefly Peter reviewed his experiences at Ardent and upon the brigands' plateau. He became more and more dramatic as he approached the death of the Count Duprès. He took upon himself some of the blame for the Count's murder. He did this on purpose. At last he arose with a gesture, as if pushing his accusers away.

"I can see the new Count Philippe speaking to His Majesty, saying: 'That fellow Peter Clos, that fellow Peter Clos, that peasant, tried to murder us, and did murder my father. I can hear the new Count Duprès saying that, my lord,' cried Peter. I can even see the letters which he asked His Majesty to write you, urging my capture as a member of the Thousand Devils and as a murderer, urging you to capture me that I might give information against the Thousand Devils, my comrades, under torture perhaps. But it is not true—not all true. Would that the Englishmen would give me a trial. I am not really as bad as they make me out, Monsieur the Ambassador! When the English have killed me, so that I can no longer inform the King myself, will you not write to His Majesty and tell him so? And tell him so?" Peter sank upon the straw bed with his fingers in his hair. "Oh, the whole world is against me."

The Sieur de Beaumont was so astonished by this outburst that he dare not speak. What was the fellow up to? Was he mad? Had his fortunes produced madness?

"Monsieur the Ambassador," said Peter, looking up with a face that seemed to be drawn in agony, "write to His Majesty, these my dying words: that the papers he has sent you, which say I am wanted for murder and for complicity with the Thousand Devils, are true; their charge is true; and yet, since the King and yourself have not heard all my story, ask His Majesty to forgive."

Then Peter leaned over, taking one last chance for life. He looked intensely into the ambassador's eyes and said: "My lord, the charge is substantially true, but I know he would forgive me!" Then Peter leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes, feigning fatigue. Gates had his ears open now, alarmed by the intensity of Peter's last remark. It seemed to carry a double meaning.

"Go! Go!" cried Peter, waving his hand without opening his eyes. "Tell His Majesty that I, Peter Clos, would have given him all necessary information to demolish the Thousand Devils forever. As it is, I am too exhausted. I shall confess the rest to the holy father, who must be due here shortly."

"Oh God," he thought, "if I could only get rid of that Gates fellow!"

And the Sieur de Beaumont was thinking the same thing; was rising to go, wondering whether Peter was mad, or whether he was acting out some great play of his own; and, nevertheless, very much impressed by the sincerity of Peter's eyes that time when he had leaned over so closely.

The guard was looking at them suspiciously, but still convinced that this was a personal affair between Peter and the ambassador—if, indeed, the intense-faced prisoner was not completely mad.

The door clanged behind them. Peter listened to their steps echoing down the corridor, falling away into nothingness and silence. His last, his only chance for life. How clever was that ambassador? How stupid was Gates? He did not know. They had gone—phantoms from the world of life visiting for a few moments in his cell, this world of the dead. The holy father came to hear Peter's last confession. Peter felt that death was close, inevitable. He looked up into the gentle, ghostly face; he wondered why the face was alive. What makes life? What makes it so unlike death? The father murmured on. Peter confessed freely—and yet without a very satisfying conviction that he was being forgiven. But he liked the comfort of this living face close to his, of something alive. When the father had left, him he returned to the straw bed and sat down and settled his chin into his hands.

And the Sieur de Beaumont was so puzzled. What did the fellow mean by trumping up this accusation? These papers for his arrest of which he, the ambassador of France had never heard? And was the Count Duprès really dead? If so, they would be looking for the murderer. And was Peter really the murderer? He had said yes, and no. And was Peter really a member of the Thousand Devils? He had confessed it eagerly. Surely it was all too clever to be believed! The ambassador pinched himself.

When he reached the embassy it was nearly five and the Sieur de Beaumont thought he could distinguish traces of light in the wintry east. The poor fellow would be gone soon. The Sieur de Beaumont experienced a ridiculous desire to examine his papers, to make sure that he had received no orders for the arrest of Peter Clos. Bah!

The ambassador of France poured himself a glass of English brandy and sat down in his great chair to think. He began piecing Peter's story together—slowly at first, then with the rapidity of excitement. Wanted under the name of Peter Clos! If he really desired to get Peter out now—if he REALLY desired—if that would really be a feather in his cap, that astuteness—why, he could do so, could he not? Or wasn't there time? He glanced up at his clock—after five! And the streets were grey, very grey. No time, no time. Still, if he were to say that, now. If he only had time to get him out, temporarily, of course! But time—time—

And meanwhile Sir George Pentley was pacing his room.

And meanwhile Peter, sitting on the edge of his bed, had not moved. He was thinking. He was thinking all about his life and other people's lives; how strange they were, and fantastic; how interesting, with their hearts pumping them along, seeking for power. He, Peter, had been ruined by power. Yes, he had just now over-estimated his man. The ambassador did not see the full significance of this business. He could see the parts but not the whole. He would understand tomorrow, perhaps, but it was necessary to understand tonight. Tonight? It was already grey, the sky was grey above the wall of the moat.

"That fellow's mind does not work quickly enough," said Peter. "A good man otherwise."

He sat on. He thought only of Renée now. That marriage contract! He had been a bit of a fool about that, perhaps. He could not help feeling that it had been foolish to burn it. And he would like to kill the Cardinal. But Renée—if he could tell her—if he could hold her for a moment in his arms—

He was still sitting that way when the guard turned the key, opened the door, and led him out into the corridor. They shuffled down the corridor. Peter wondered if the other prisoners could hear his steps echoing away. Then he was led to a bare stone room, through a large door, out into a grey courtyard. At one end he could see the platform on which he would lose his head as soon as the sun rose. And he could see the pinkness of the sky just above the houses and above the dark wing of the citadel.

He could hear a few horses trotting in the city, and the harsh twitter of winter sparrows on the wall.

(To be continued next month)

Flying Co-Eds

Continued from page 86

yourself rising, rising, up and up into the blue, with the "Moth" gliding along under your guidance. There's no sensation of dizziness, no consciousness of great height, no qualms of vertigo like skyscrapers and sinking elevators produce—nothing but a glorious sensation of detachment from the earth and a satisfying feeling of freedom and power.

And hereabouts the air is smooth as a ribbon, particularly in the morning when there are no "rocks", and flying is just a soothing glide. And most joyous of all, say the new young pilots, is flying above the clouds, not the thick, rain-drenched clouds, but the white curling clouds like balls of snowy wool floating gently below you, with a distant green landscape unfolding itself in miniature.

And there's always an unexpected gem of beauty to be discovered in the air, as for instance, the rainbow seen below and in its complete magic circle—a picture that Eileen Magill was lucky enough to chance upon in one of her flights, the clouds rolling out below her, the rainbow resting on them in an unbroken ring of vivid color, and right within the circle—the dancing shadow of the "Moth".

ACCIDENTS? There's not been even a hurt finger at the Stevenson's Aerodrome—"But lots of frozen faces", the winter flyers cry in chorus. For as early as September when it was a soft and golden autumn on the earth, there was a sharp nip in the air at ten thousand feet and since then it has become steadily colder, in fact, so bitter at times, that only one or two of the more hardy and enthusiastic members would venture up into the "north pole" of the air.

Still, flyers were not lacking on the bitterest days and they stepped into their ski-ed planes wearing "simply everything"—in breeches, leather jackets, and chamios-lined face masks. Eileen Magill on a twenty below zero day took her flight wearing an R.A.F. sidcot, that is to say, a man's waterproof and wind-proof suit. Then she covered her head with a silk sock and a fur helmet, strode out in a monstrous pair of sheepskin boots, and manipulated her controls with hands clad in fur-lined mitts.

But the warm weather is the pleasantest. Then there's an urge to stunt-flying and long trips and already the flyers take their new thrills so casually as to go off a hundred miles or so in answer to an invitation to lunch.

Miss Magill took one of the first of these trips to Crystal City in company with F. D. Bradbrooke, another of the club's pilots. They started out in a "Moth" at eleven o'clock one morning and soared into the cold and rain-filled sky. No sooner had they passed the city than the engine began acting badly and they flew for miles skimming the earth at a height of less than eight hundred feet, looking in vain for a landing. No suitable place presented itself and they flew south against a head wind with a faulty engine, taking turns at piloting, and finally reaching Crystal City without mishap and in time for lunch. There they caused a big furore, being the first luncheon guests to arrive by air, and crowds of townspeople came out to welcome them.

ANOTHER casual little jaunt was taken by Mr. Edward Nanton piloting a young lady home to Minnedosa to lunch with her family, who put out a sheet as landing mark for the winging guests.

After that Mr. Nanton with Dr. Dick Alleyn decided on a lunch at Morden. It was a cold day and after landing in the outskirts of the town they folded their wings, taxied their plane a mile and a half to Dr. Alleyn's house and parked it by the door-step, passing an electric cord through the window and connecting the plane's heater to a socket within the house. So that after lunch the engine was warm as toast and they came humming back their homeward way, convinced that a plane is far more speedy and just as adaptable as a motor car.

Nor is it only the club members who get a "kick" out of the new aerodrome for there are monthly memberships for passengers and more than a third of the club's flying hours have been for the pleasure of these. Then too, there have been gala events in the form of "sky" shows. The first show made a sensational debut for the club last May when more than twelve planes were in the air, many of them from across the line, fresh from their triumphs at the Crookston Air Derby. Again on the eighteenth of September Winnipeg joined in the excitement of a "sky" show when Miss Magill, then the only licensed woman pilot in the club, scattered tiny parachutes from the air, each one carrying candy and tickets of admission to the R.C.A.F. Band Concert.

And Winnipeg is proud of its Flying Club—proud of the women who have achieved professional status—and proud of all the young people who have taken such a lively interest in this new sport. For in the six months from May to December Winnipeg's Flying Club have had their machines one thousand and three hours in the air, leading the record of every club in Canada in the number of hours per plane. The Club commenced with one de Havilland "Moth" presented by the Federal Government at the Club opening in May. Since then they have acquired two other planes and are expecting to add to this number when the flying season gets into full swing. These "Moths" are light two-passenger planes with a wing span of twenty-seven feet and are used extensively by the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F.

Their mechanism is simple, the young pilots declare, in fact it's easier to learn than the gear shift of a car. And Miss Bell and Miss Magill can explain the working as readily as any of the men. "It's just the co-ordinating of three motions," they say. There's a rudder control for lateral direction and the joystick for gliding and rolling plane movements. After that you let out the throttle as in an automobile, and then you're off at your own speed. Nor can the fair pilots be stumped on any question of engine construction or a cause of engine failure. They know it all. They fly by themselves. They take tail spins, side slips, vertical banks—and when the apparatus arrives this season they're planning to do loops and parachute jumping.

Are they steady? Calm as the air at sunrise, is the verdict of those who have been their passengers—all but one young man who trotted out to the aerodrome one bright day for a flight with pilot Magill. Passenger and pilot climbed into the "Moth" but they never left the ground, for while taxi-ing across the field a high wind caught them, dumped the "Moth" ungraciously upon its nose and smashed a propeller. But the young man was undaunted and came again, this time to take his flight and enjoy it. Nevertheless Eileen Magill has been chaffed relentlessly over this incident, but she's a real aviator and to an aviator a broken propeller is much the same as a flat tire to a motorist—a trifle annoying—a trifle expensive—but that's all. So she carried it off as a trophy and it forms a somewhat enormous but very unique souvenir, spread wing-like across her bedroom wall.

Miss Bell, too, had an amusing mishap, the result of mid-winter flying. After a joyous hour in the air she came gliding down to the flying field, made her landing, but taxied straight for a snowdrift. The "Moth" struck it with a leap and turned unceremoniously on its back with skis in mid-air and fair pilot underneath. Several spectators rushed apprehensively to the plane and pulled Miss Bell from under, unhurt and laughing merrily.

NOW spring is here! The flying season begins again and the members are all eagerness and enthusiasm. For the club has let nothing lag during the winter. Every week there have been club luncheons at the Mikado with talks on

Continued on page 102



What a Joy Is Good Health

MOTHER and baby are healthy and happy. But they were not always so. There were many months of run-down health, of sleepless nights, excited nerves, worry and discouragement. Baby reflected mother's weakness and was cross and fretful.

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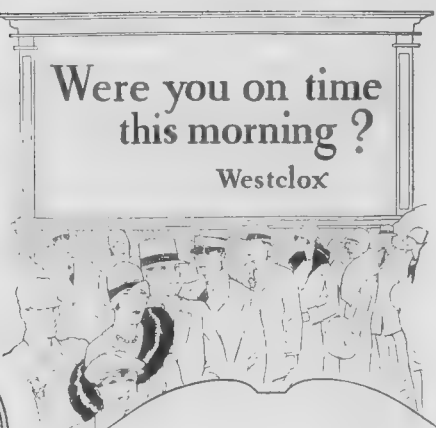


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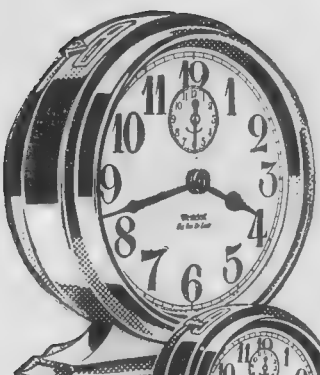
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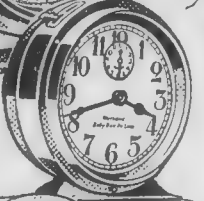
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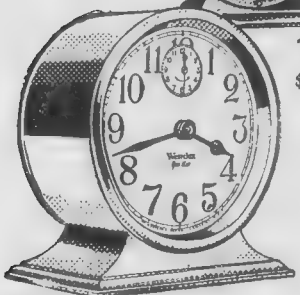
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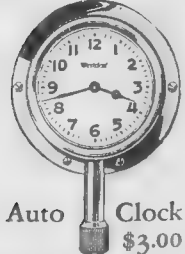
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Flying Co-Eds

Continued from page 101

aviation by veteran pilots including Bill Snaith, who not only is a champion flyer but has built his own plane as well. And, so that nothing would be forgotten in the months of inactivity, there has been a series of ground lectures by Mr. Birchell of the Western Canada Airways, who has given the young pilots instruction on engines and flying technique. Nor are the members forever in a serious mood for high flying makes for jollity, and there has been many a merry party throughout the winter when flying gave way to dancing.

Every bright day now is a busy one for the "Moths" for the pilots of last summer are all eagerness to be up and at it once more, and there's many a new aspirant—including Mrs. Oakes who is the wife of Captain Oakes, winner of the Canadian Air trophy. Mrs. Oakes commenced her lessons last summer and, according to Instructor de Bliquy, will not go up many times more before she's ready for her test. Another promising young aviatrix is Mrs. John Gilbert who also has a flying husband to compete with—and Mrs. Edward Nanton, whose name tops the list of those who haven't yet tried but wish to.

And, to keep up with the young enthusiasm, the club is expecting to land two more "Moths" at Stevenson's aerodrome before many weeks are out. These planes have a hard working summer ahead of them, says Michael de Bliquy who is looking forward to a strenuous season for himself. Strenuous because of the ladies? we asked him. But he denied the implication vigorously for he's a staunch defender of the aviatrix, and claims that she flies as well as any man and can do it even better once she's found her wings. At first she's temperamental, making great flights one day and being a trial and an aggravation to her instructor the next. But when she's learned to soar there's nothing she can't do, for she's sensitive to every little motion and every little vagary of her plane, and responds to it intuitively. On the ground she takes her successes as naturally as she eats her breakfast. In the air she knows no qualms for herself but only a feeling of protectiveness for her plane.

Trust yourself with a pilotess? There's nothing to fear. She knows her "Moth". She masters the ether. She's charming but sticks to business. She'll rush you hundreds of miles to keep an appointment or she'll take you for a lively pleasure spin. But whatever it is there'll be a new thrill—a glorious, indescribable "dizzy" feeling that's all the spice of life.

The Dread of Spinsterhood—Why Not Adopt a Universal Title?

By June Carson

IN THIS progressive age Woman is rapidly coming into her own place in the world. A spinster is no longer the object of ridicule and derision, as in previous generations.

Yet the dread of spinsterhood is a very real one to thousands of women reaching the age of thirty and onwards, and this dread can be held responsible for many foolish actions on the part of those who suffer its torments.

Almost every day now we read of some achievement by a woman in the literary, academic or professional world. Many of these women are single, and the credit due to them is readily accorded by an ever-increasing majority.

The question arises, as to why these clever, capable women should be doomed to the immature title of "Miss"; the title rightly belonging to youth and inexperience. It is not as if it were through any fault or neglect of their own that these women have missed the best.

Since the last decade, there are many women whose lives are unfulfilled, through patriotism alone. Having met and loved, the man responded to his country's call, urged thereto by the beloved, and departed in high hopes to fight his country's battles. But there was no coming back, and she is left to mourn and live her life in singleness of heart, or else accept the second best, should the opportunity present itself.

Is she not a widow? In every sense of the word, yet the rest of her days must be passed without the dignity of the married title, simply because convention demands it. In addition, she is faced with the necessity for a recital of her life's tragedy, whenever her position requires justification.

Of course the second best may offer, but to some natures, its acceptance is repugnant, and it presents no solution of their difficulty. The attribute of faithfulness prevents the consummation of their lives in this way.

In this respect, it is interesting to note that Denmark, that truly progressive little country, has decided to abolish the equivalent of "Miss" altogether, and to address all its women, whether married or single, as "Mistress."

Looking back, we find that up till the seventeenth century, there was no distinction in feminine titles, in Britain. "Mistress" was the correct title for all women, and the title of "Miss" dates only from the time of Charles II.

Would it not be a step in the right direction if this old custom were revived by all civilized countries, and all women of the present day addressed by the title of "Mistress"?

Two Journeys

By Mary Matheson

Soon the Winter-time
Will go
Walking where
The roses blow,
Silent as
The dews that fall
When the twilight's
Over all,
—Feel the wind
Upon his face,
Seeing shadows
Weave their lace
On the moonlit,
Greening lawn;
—Strange, new patterns
They have drawn.

So shall I
One future day
From the turmoil
Slip away,
Through the window
Half upraised,
Past the fields
Where cattle grazed,
Down the river's
Winding hill,
Past the tottering
Old saw-mill,
Where the stars
A roadway make—
This the journey
I shall take.

Stranger flight
Then shall I wing
Than the winter
Into Spring.



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Windows of the Soul

Continued from page 73

say he'd be glad to leave the picture . . . sometimes Miss Gray reminded you . . . she was coming back. He straightened his shoulders to take his punishment.

Slowly Miss Gray ascended the platform, facing the class. "Children I want to talk with you. Some one, I don't know who, took advantage of the fact I trust my class to place that snake in my desk. They betrayed the trust I placed in them; took a poor harmless creature and caused it untold misery; they did worse, they nearly lost a little girl her life. Jane is terrified of snakes; her heart isn't strong and it might have been fatal. Those of us who know, know a garter snake is harmless, but Jane doesn't. It was a most ungentlemanly thing to do . . ."

"Please, teacher," a hand waved furiously, "I know who did it."

Miss Gray looked straight at the waver. "If I let you tell me we'd both be worse than the one who did it. Perhaps they did it thoughtlessly or unknowingly, but we'd be deliberately telling. Now we'll commence work again."

Jimmie sat, a burning red covering face and neck. "She knew I did it and was too square to let on. Gee, I wish she wouldn't act like that or I didn't do the things I do. My she's white. I believe she was scared herself. Why don't she up and paste me one? She knows she's only got to report me and I'm out . . . maybe that's why . . . I never saw anyone like her."

In her room that night Miss Gray went over the afternoon. Was there any use? It was coming to the place where she'd have to report him. Probably the children would spread the story and she'd be blamed for not ferreting it out. Somehow she felt perhaps Jimmie was changing, she felt he had, was this a relapse . . . her decision was made, not if she could help it would he be expelled, she'd give him his chance. But suppose she lost out herself? Well that would have to take care of itself.

A week passed, sometimes Miss Gray felt sure Jimmie was on the verge of one of his old tricks; there was a meditative look in his eyes that spelled mischief; at least it used to; but not again had anything developed. A new pupil, whose shortsightedness demanded a seat near the board, determined her on the experiment of placing Jimmie nearer the centre of the room. It seemed to have no particular effect for some days.

DRAWING was again the order of the afternoon, Miss Gray glanced up from her book just in time to see Jimmie take an elastic band from his pocket, mentally measure the correct spot at which he wanted to hit the girl three seats in front; the one whose waving

hand had threatened him: he hesitated just a moment, and, watching from under her lashes, she saw his eyes look above her head, then, slowly, his hand went back to his pocket and he sat watching straight ahead. Her heart sang. There was a change. Maybe she could help now. Near closing time she said, "Jimmie will you stay and clean the boards for me tonight?" a much coveted task, but one which had never fallen to him yet, almost holding her breath for his answer.

"Sure," it was laconic enough but a few weeks before it would have been "NO".

She watched him as he started the one nearest the door and worked round. She wasn't wrong, his eyes did study that picture. Every few seconds he'd look at it, seemed almost to hold communion with it.

"Jimmie, do you like that picture?"

"Miss Gray I just love it." Slowly he went on, "you know when I came in here I sure intended to make life miserable for you. I started with the mouse. I had a garter snake that morning I intended to let loose; I thought likely from what the kids said you'd start and preach at me. When I came back from taking the mouse out and sat down again I looked up to see how you were taking it and the eyes of that picture caught me . . . they looked so sad they hurt . . . then when I came back without the snake, after recess they smiled and I loved them. Whenever I'd start to think up something," he turned toward Miss Gray, "I'd try not to look at the eyes, but even if I didn't look I could see them sometimes I wouldn't . . . but I couldn't look up without seeing them, and the fun of going on was gone. Then when you wouldn't let them tell you," he was blushing again, "you knew all the time and all you had to do was say so and I'd had to go . . . that day I thought your eyes looked like the picture . . . gee this chalk gets into a fellow's throat; even when I was going home or wherever I was those eyes seemed to be there and I couldn't bear them when I'd been mean, I'm going to try and not be mean any more. Guess you wondered what happened to me," the boards were being brushed with a vengeance, "that's all. I found out where you can buy them pictures and I'm saving up to get one . . ." the boards were cleaned and Jimmie half ashamed of his confidence was for hurrying on.

"Jimmie . . ."

"Gee, I never saw her eyes shine like that."

"I have a copy of that picture at home, just like this one if you come along with me I'd love to give it to you," and together they left the school.

Largesse

By Blanche Adcock

I cannot seek the grandeur
Of Paris or of Rome.
But I can till a garden plot
And beauty make at home.

I cannot paint a picture
Of mount or waterfall.
But I can train a graceful vine
Beside a cottage wall.

I cannot change the prairie
When all is brown and dry,
But I can grow geraniums
To cheer the passer-by.

The Eastern flow'r and forest
Are a thousand leagues from me.
But I can make the desert bloom
And help to plant a tree.

I cannot give large bounty
To raise the sin-defiled,
But I can share my joy and give
A flower to a child.

'Tis joy to be a partner
In the magic of the sod
And thus, through nature's largesse,
A partner be with God.



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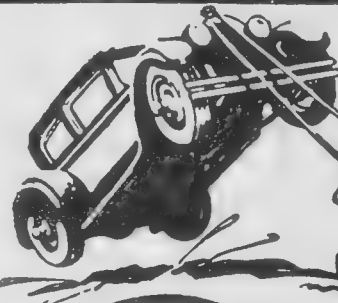
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A Deb, and the Drawing Room

Continued from page 76

ourselves, for next evening was the Drawing Room. A train is no mortal use to me except for the Drawing Room. Invariably I buy enough contrasting material for my train to make a gown of afterward. This year it was black satin lined with white satin, which means that Deb. Jean will have a white satin dress next month and I shall have a black satin, all from a court train. Eighteen inches from the heel was regulation this year, so trains were not nearly so grand as last year when some billowed behind nine feet.

At seven next evening a tremendous florist's box arrived, followed slightly later by Robert! A dozen crimson roses nodding from a bed of fluffy white blossoms, fernery and tulle! Jean's arm bouquet! A mist came over Robert's eyes as I led her into the living room in her white and silver with the tulle court veil floating around her and the Prince of Wales plumes carried high on her bonnie, bronze head. She took the roses from their box and held them like a sleeping child on her arm, showed him how she would curtsy, low, almost, on one knee, with a deep, slow inclination of the head.

Then we whisked into a taxi. Robert waved a wistful goodbye and my deb. was away to her first Drawing Room.

"Oh, Jan, Jan!" she squeezed my arm, "the very first really wonderful thing I have gone to."

"But you went to the Opening yesterday, darling, and it was wonderful."

"Yes, but I only looked on. Tonight I am going to bow in front of the throne."

I smiled a reminiscent smile, remembering my first Drawing Room and all the glory of it.

Arrived at the Parliament Buildings and the robing room there was a scramble for the one and only small mirror. Lady B—scrambled with the rest of us. They are out of official life now and, while she has the privilege of

the private entree, she never takes advantage of it.

Finally arm bouquets, trains and feathers were adjusted, noses powdered and hair fluffed or smoothed to the proper degree as the style warranted. We swept into the narrow corridor, but we didn't sweep long, soon coming to a jam. Veils were brought around the left shoulder, trains drawn over the right shoulder and flowers held high over the head to protect them. One's lower draperies bore the brunt, and occasionally one set of feathers knocked another set galley west or galley east. The perfume of a thousand blossoms and a thousand varying face powders filled the air. The black coats of the men carried rose petals, powder and occasional sequins rubbed off the much be-sequined gowns in the melee. One beautiful white-haired lady who saw Confederation ushered in kept her place gallantly, and shed an atmosphere of gaiety around her.

"My twenty-eighth Drawing Room," she confided.

We moved inch by inch to the turn in the corridor. Separated by a rope were the soldiers of the guard of honor, the younger ones gazing ardently at our deb., the older ones looking cynical.

Two policemen held locked arms across the foot of the stairs leading to the Senate Chamber above, and let us through a few at a time.

The stair is stone and brass railed with a wide landing half-way up. You looked up at the massed gowns at the turn, a midnight-blue velvet, a rose sequin, a white velvet with orange train and feather fan and, on one "fair and divinely tall", a white tulle floating and billowing as she moved. It looked like a scene from the court of Marie Antoinette. The aristocrats, all plumes, velvets and satins, ascending the stair—to what?—the scaffold or a ball?

At last we were at the top of the stair. We fell into a single line. Our trains and veils were dropped, an official straightening them for us with, "Walk slowly, ladies, keep the distances."

We passed under the dim red and gold roof, wound around the pillars, and entered the Senate Chamber, trains softly swishing over the crimson carpet.

The two chairs on the throne platform were unoccupied. The Governor General and Lady Willingdon were standing at the top of the steps. More than ever it was the court of France. His Excellency in white satin, knee breeches and brilliant uniform. We did not realize that he lacked the long, powdered hair, he so thoroughly looked the period. The train of Lady Willingdon's apricot velvet cascaded over the steps. Glittering sequins as large as shillings were massed upon it. Her orders were on her breast. She looked a queen, but a modern one.

In row after row behind the throne were the high officials of the military, most of our generals, our naval officers, our air heroes, the veterans of the "Royal Mounted."

One's name went from one aide to another until it reached the one next the throne who announced it in stentorian tones. In presenting our deb. I must go ahead of her, so did not see her curtsy. I heard the "First Presentation, Miss Jean Clarke Munro," and from one of the watching throng on my left, "Isn't she sweet? What beautiful roses!" It was all I asked. Then we had passed back of the Speaker's chair and were on the terraces facing the Governor General, usually occupied by the seats of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition of the Senate.

Here cabinet ministers and their wives, foreign consuls, the American ambassador and his suite, commoners,

uncommoners, deb., and mere men mingled in a scintillating mass.

We got near the rope and watched the gowns. The curtsies varied from a mere nervous dip to a prostration. Dowagers and deb., passed alternately. Men followed shamefacedly, made their bows and scuttled around the corner, very red about the ears. In all my experience at Drawing Rooms I have seen only one man who bowed as though he belonged to the scene. That was the late consul from Japan. One doesn't think less of men for their apparently unwilling attendance. It is pre-eminently women's sphere and men are merely "thrown in", as it were.

As suddenly as the sun passing under a cloud it was over. Their Excellency stepped down, the guard formed behind them, a bar or two of "God Save the King" from the band stationed in the entrance, and they were gone.

The crowd moved like a sunrise across the floor and overflowed into the corridors. We heard the royal salute of the guns from the point where Champlain landed nearly three centuries ago, and knew that Vice-regality was sweeping down the drive from the hill.

It was over for another year. There remained Speaker and Mrs. Bostock's dance in the Speaker's rooms of the Parliament Buildings for the official set and their relatives, for others a dance at the Chateau Laurier, or at the houses of friends.

I left our deb. to other chaperonage and taxied home to bed, to sleep until the events chronicled at the beginning of this narrative.

Each year I swear I will not attend the next Drawing Room. Each year I cannot resist. Each time I awakened I saw patterned in the moonlight on the floor jewels of an unearthly glitter in every color under the sun, waving plumes, gold braid and scarlet uniforms.

May another year be all velvet. These sequins that look like jewels are hard on the eyes.

Fuel for the Melting Pot

Continued from page 74

comprehensive collection of handicraft of different nations ever shown on this continent was placed along the corridors, in the ballroom and billiard rooms of the Hotel Saskatchewan. This had been arranged by the Canadian Handicraft Guild, the Arts and Crafts Society of Saskatoon and by W. M. Graham, Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The loom, the potter's wheel, the simple needle had been busy all over the Dominion, utilizing such materials as were at hand to manufacture such articles of beauty as would adorn any home. The majority of the work had been done during the long months of winter. From sheep raised by themselves, women of many racial stocks had carded and spun wool, dyed it with color obtained from nuts and vegetables and woven it into homespun and rugs as durable and beautiful as any made in Oriental lands famed for their tapestries. Lace as fragile as a cobweb, pottery whose glaze and shape is of the first rank was made in New Brunswick and Saskatchewan of native clay. Home grown and woven linen, embroidered in many cases with the stitchery of Sweden, Russia, Ukraina, or Bohemia—hooked rugs according to patterns of homemakers from old Quebec and the Maritimes, carvings on British Columbia fir, portraits done in silk thread on satin, hand wrought metals, inlaid woods the display was a riot of color and a joy to the beholder.

Contrasting methods by which various workers achieved a similar result were shown by the women who gave demonstrations in the corridors. Miss Marion MacDonald in a quiet costume of black and white check red cotton with spotless white starched bonnet and frilled kerchief, carded and spun on a Highland wheel from sheep grown on her family's farm at Wapella the yarn to make the

Scottish plaid of Clan MacDonald. Nearby was an old lady born on the shores of the Danube, whose winding wheel resembled an eight-sided top—she wound the wool in sections according to colors, though it appeared a long distance from the start to the gorgeous rug hanging behind her which she had completed in eight months. Wandering around in couples were Serbian women whose method of winding yarn were most primitive, a stick of about ten inches in length which they twirled in the left hand, blending the carded wool by a deft movement of two fingers of the right. The great rugs of the

Roumanian display had been made by Mme. Magda of Dysart during a period of 35 years. She sat at a great loom, pushing bobbins which resembled a toy boat of a little boy through the warp. By her side was her six-year-old girl filling the bobbins as dexterously as her mother moved them across the loom. Close by a woman dressed in the gorgeous blouse of the Buchowinian peasant spun bright colored wool on a huge wheel. These women used no drawings in their work, the designs being those kept in their mind through generations of peasant women.



IN striking contrast was the exhibition of the work of the Indian of Saskatchewan. Mr. Graham's efforts to keep alive this truly beautiful work has resulted in that province having a magnificent collection. Guarded by scarlet coated Mounties, a Cree teepee held the stage of the ballroom round which sat five ancient braves, clad in all the ancient splendor of deerskin, beadwork and full feathered war bonnet. Their sole interest in life appeared to be their waving eagle wing fans. The contrast in type of work done by the Indian taught the lesson which Murray Gibbon had in mind for the handicrafts—that of retaining the original design and dignity of racial effort. The wonderful tanning and beadwork done by his squaw for the brave in the days of old, the magnificent head-dress and glories worn by the council round the blazing fires on the prairie were shown near embroideries of lazy-daizy stitch and French knots made by children in the Mission schools to whom the buffalo chase and the smoking of the pipe of peace is but a tale that is told. Surely the exhibition should be an inspiration to the children of many racial strains to learn the patterns peculiar to their people. Its beauty and simplicity of design, the warmth and character of its color cannot be equalled by any sold in shops today.

THE fine F. N. Darke Memorial Hall of Regina College was filled for the concerts held four nights during the Festival. The first concert was opened with a fanfare of trumpets of the Mounted Police, sounded above the stage before which gently moved the folds of the Canadian ensign and the Union Jack. On the stage appeared in the highly colored costumes of their people, musicians who sang in their own tongue

Continued on page 106

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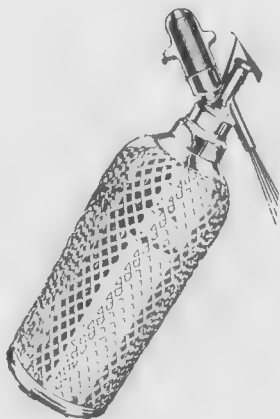
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A Fool's Paradise

Continued from page 27

There where the burn sang and where the moor-game crowed, high up on the hill road, breeze-swept and clean, Ewen McGill was to spend his remaining days.

He wanted to see his Maggie, but she lived across the hill, and it was a long journey for him. She was a widow now, with one little girl, and very badly Ewen McGill wanted to see her—just to see her, to tell her about all the water that had passed under the bridge, and that was all. Perhaps when the longer evenings came he would take his piece with him and make the journey in easy stages.

But Fate deals her hand strangely for those on whom her fingers have fallen, and it was late that evening when McGill started for home by the river road from the sawmill, where he was working a few hours daily when there was water enough to drive the wheel. It was dark and windy and bitterly cold, and Ewen was anxious to get home before the storm broke, for it had been blowing up for snow all day. He was crossing the foot-bridge which spanned the river when he saw a lantern coming towards him. The bridge was coated with ice, and as he groped his way, the bearer of the lantern, not noticing him, began to cross from the other end, so McGill had to step aside to let her pass. As she drew nearer she held up the light, and he saw her face—his Maggie!

Yes, it was she, coming bare-headed towards home, her plaid about her shoulders, the lamplight upon her face, and he saw that all those years—not many, though they had meant so much to him—had not changed her. He saw the flash of her dark eyes as she passed him by, brushing her clothes against him, but there was no recognition in those eyes. McGill stood in the shadow, and she did not even know that he was at home, for as yet her people had not told her, and now he let her pass, while beneath them the cold waters flowed on under the bridge. He let her pass, then she heard a husky voice which used her name—"Good-night, Maggie!"

She flung an answer over her shoulder and hurried on, for she, too, was anxious to reach shelter ere the storm broke.

So his Maggie passed him by! He had seen her face in the lamplight, had felt the touch of her clothing, and she did not know him. Or had she feared to know him?—had she dreaded a meeting such as this, of which he himself had dreamed? He recalled now that she had relatives at a neighboring farm with whom she was no doubt staying, and he might see her tomorrow. It was too late now, but tomorrow he would go to see her; and Maggie, as she hurried on, was striving to recall why she had started and felt afraid when she heard that husky voice. Ewen McGill? It could not be Ewen McGill!

THE wind was bitter cold, the stiff storm wind of the mountains of which Ewen had thought when he lay in hospital, and reaching the road he noticed a car standing in the gutter. He wondered what it was doing without lights in so lonely a place—poachers, maybe, and he failed to connect its presence there with the second incident, half a mile beyond. Here he stumbled over the prostrate figure of a man at the roadside, and in the darkness he stooped to rouse him, but could get no coherent answer. Clearly the road-farer was too hopelessly drunk to be roused, yet if he remained here he would certainly freeze before morning. So Ewen went back to the car and coolly appropriated the rugs from the back seat, then returning to the inebriated pilgrim, Ewen wrapped the rugs over him and around him and bade him good-night. After all, a man's life was worth a couple of rugs, and even if the fallen hobo were arrested tomorrow for having stolen goods in his possession, he could consider it cheap at the price.

Arriving back at his little earth-floored shelter, Ewen McGill stirred the peats and made his porridge, while outside the wind rattled the shutters and whipped an icy blast under the door. He could hear the hiss of the ice pellets, could see the frost formation spreading across the square of glass, and there came to him a thought of pity for those on the hill tonight. Assuredly that wayside hobo would not stir when the morn's morn came, yet for Ewen, carrying his lantern, it would be but a

short step back to him. The cold might have sobered the man by now, and it was not much to ask for a human life—that short journey through the storm. Ewen had not a great deal to show for his past existence, and once he had stood accused of turning aside when he might have raised a helping hand. Tonight, moreover, he had seen his Maggie, and he would sleep the sounder if that fellow-creature were sharing the shelter of his roof.

So Ewen piled on more peats, took up his plaid and his lantern, and went out, little thinking that at that very moment half the glen was scouring the hill for one who was missing.

Down on the open road the fury of the storm passed all belief, and woe betide anyone who lost their landmarks. For a time Ewen could not find the object of his search, for the snow had drifted over him, but here at length he was lying, just as McGill had left him, and in the light of the lantern McGill saw that it was not as he had concluded a road-born hobo, but a man of very different standing. At a loss to account for it, and having failed to rouse the sleeper, Ewen threw the rug aside, then he saw. The man's right ankle was twisted round at an ugly angle, and his stocking was red with blood. What had happened was quite clear. Evidently the man had left the car at the roadside and set off to inspect some drainage work on the hillside, where, slipping on an icy foothold, he had met with this mishap—a compound fracture. Thereafter he had managed to drag himself back to the road, where he was overcome by sickness and fatigue.

WELL, there was but one thing to be done or a life would go west—Ewen must carry the injured man back to his own shieling. He knew that the feat was far beyond his strength, but—what did it matter anyway? He shouldered his load and started up the steep hill path, but very soon he had to rest and he left the lantern behind him because of the weight of it. Another few yards and another rest—but for that wretched cough of his he could have made better progress! He went a little further, but the weight of his own clothing seemed to be dragging him down. He threw aside his plaid and his jacket and struggled on, till the hot blood beat in his eyes, and in the savage fury of the storm he became afraid of losing the path. He could carry the man no further, so he began to drag him slowly, a foot at a time, in savage snatches. The breath came and went between McGill's clenched teeth, he slipped and rose and fell again, clutching at the snow, fighting for a foothold. A life—a human life! He who could leave no corner of the earth more fruitful, could at any rate leave just this, a life to carry on!—and all the shattered remnants of his manhood rose up in a passionate desire to achieve, while goading him on was a memory deeply scarred across his soul, a record more cruelly engraved than he had ever known, the accusation of leaving his fellow-men to die.

McGill knew that his own life was going out, but what did it matter anyway? Here at last he was fighting it out against the storm; against all heaven and earth, amidst the things of Nature he had loved, amidst the manly things which were when the world was young and clean. He was leaving no corner planted, but he could pay his toll in other coin, the oldest coin of the ages, harking back through the long exchange when man stood naked to the soul—a life for a life. Every heaving snatch was like the life blood from his veins, and no man will ever know just what it cost Ewen McGill to get his helpless load up the hill. Many a lone and weary journey he had made, he had tasted weariness such as few men come to know, but this was the last trail, the longest, the greatest trail of all.

So Ewen got him there and laid him by the fire. He dragged himself over to the bunk and pulled the blankets back to cover the injured man. He himself was deadly cold, but what did it matter? for in his weakness he was glorious in the strength of a great and single-handed achievement.

In the ruddy glow of the peat fire Ewen sat and thought—thought how strangely Chance throws her tricks upon the table

of Fate. What mighty force had been at work tonight, to toss a golden coin at a starving beggar's feet? Ewen's eyes were upon the face of the man he had not seen for many years, and even now he heard again the words: "The accusation of cowardice is hardly consistent with his war record."

Ewen McGill had lived his life, and now its glorious memories rose before him. Shuddering cold, his blood tingled at their warmth; infinitely weary, he basked in the arms of a wonderful repose. He, if any man, had lived his life, and the old world owed him nothing. The storms, the dawns and the sunsets, the din of war and of sea, the silence of untrodden forests, the burning glare of eternal snow—he had seen and loved and wondered, and from it all, from the chaos of shattered memories where the trees lay criss-cross over their own dead, where the great boulders were piled high about the ever-sliding scree, from love and shame and recklessness and hope there rose this peace of mind which was beyond all understanding.

So, crouching there, gazing at the face of the man who had been his master and perhaps his truest friend, crouching there wide-eyed while the cold sweat on his clothing stiffened to the lick of the blast beneath the door, Ewen did not heed the light of lanterns at the window, for, after all, it was but a little thing in the face

of that mighty dream that held his soul. But a little thing when the door opened and he felt their hands upon his shoulders, till he heard a voice which called aloud. "Ewen! Ewen! Why, he's starving cold!"

The rest of them had eyes only for the laird, but she pillowed Ewen's head, and he felt her breath upon his cheek. He looked up into her eyes, and for a long time they stayed there, and Ewen had nothing to say. He saw now that her hair was touched with silver, and in that crowded moment, with her arms about him, while the shadows danced in the lantern-light and outside the storm seemed to sing a softer lullaby, Ewen lived all the sweetness and gentleness and love which had been denied him by the breaking of a rotten sheet of ice.

His cold hands touched her cheek, his cold lips touched her forehead. "My Maggie!" he said, but in that simple utterance was a love which knew no borderland.

FROM the peat hags they dragged the fabled logs from where they had lain for centuries past, and at the cross roads high on the hill, standing starkly against the sky, they reared a mighty cross, its arms upflung to storm and sun, and across its coarse-grained base they carved these words:

IN MEMORY OF A MAN
EWEN MCGILL

Fuel for the Melting Pot

Continued from page 104

lovely lullabies, shepherd songs, tales of the chase and the field, while others danced in gay abandon steps of such intricacies as to bewilder staid and unaccustomed native sons and daughters. It was the most interesting to study the similarity of the melody of the folk songs. Two songs sung by Serbians were practically identical with those best known by the French-Canadians. Charles Marchand feels, however, that his own tongue is more adapted to the melody than that of the gallant mountain race. With few exceptions, the musicians were untrained in voice production this giving the listener a better idea perhaps of the form of the songs. The Ukrainian Choir of Saskatoon was perhaps outstanding in this regard—they gave a splendid reading entirely without notes of the thrilling chorales and ornamented music of their race. Of a different type was the Icelandic music by a Winnipeg group of trained musicians, music as dignified, majestic, as was the mien of the singers.

It is difficult to pick out headliners—the standard of dancing was particularly high. Little Josephine Buckowski, a seven-year-old girl, won all by the manner in which she performed the steps of intricate Ukrainian dances—her modesty being not the least of her charms. Four Cossacks stamped and swanked in truly Cossack style, and the group dancing of the Jugo-Slavs, Czechs, Roumanians, Serbs, was splendid. Jean Gauld, the famous Canadian teacher, had trained local school girls in the better known dances of the English, Irish, Scots and Welsh countryside, while the pupils of Regina College under tuition of Eleanor Henderson, E.F.D.S., gave an illuminating performance of the English morris dances, now being revived on village greens of England. The Swedish dancers from Winnipeg made a splendid appeal with their amusing dances which after all are games made for fun as well as exercise and tell a story as they step. Poland's dance, the Mazur, beggars description and performed as it was by the double mixed quartette from Winnipeg was an amazing and breath-taking event.

Denmark, Sweden and French Canada were represented by the only professional artists on the programmes. Sweden's folk song is beautiful and varied, and in the presentation by Selma Johanson de Coster, a dainty girl with a glorious voice, a taste was given to many musicians through which repertoires will be increased. Poul Bai, as a Viking and as a Danish country youth in a good baritone was interesting, and Charles Marchand was—well Charles Marchand, there is only one.

The Great West Canadian Festival not only gave to Canadians of any extraction whatsoever an appreciation of the instinctive culture of his neighbor, but to the participants themselves a feeling of pride in his own attainment.

And the joyous dance of the European will be a leaven to our more sober Anglo-Saxon existence.

Life

By Roberta Edwina Clare

Life is a queer kind of problem

With all its ups and its downs,

It's full of laughter for some folks,

And for others—it's full of frowns.

It's full of sunshine and summer,

It's full of dullness and rain,

It's full of good health for some folks,

And for others—it's full of pain.

It's full of dreams in fulfilment,

It's full of hopes that are fled,

It's full of roses for some folks,

And for others—it's full of dread.

It's full of truth and of goodness,

It's full of lies and of sin,

It's full of the best for some folks,

And for others—the crust is thin.

It's full of gain and of good-luck,

It's full of failure and loss,

It's full of success for some folks,

And for others—it's pitch and toss.

It's full of love and of glory,

It's full of hatred and squall,

It's full of honey for some folks,

For others—there's too much of gall.

Life is a queer kind of problem,

Whether it's poorest or best,

And he who wins in it's tryout,

Must be strong to weather it's test.

MAY COMES LAUGHING

By Alice Gent

Winter dies—her wealth unveiling,

Flowers appear o'er hill and dale,

Soon with mirth our hearts beguiling

May comes laughing through the vale;

Bursting buds and swaying blossoms

Dream of days with sunshine blest,

Leafing shrubs and yearning branches

All are clothed at Spring's behest.

Crimson May and purple lilac—

Gold laburnums drooping low,

Everywhere in lanes and gardens

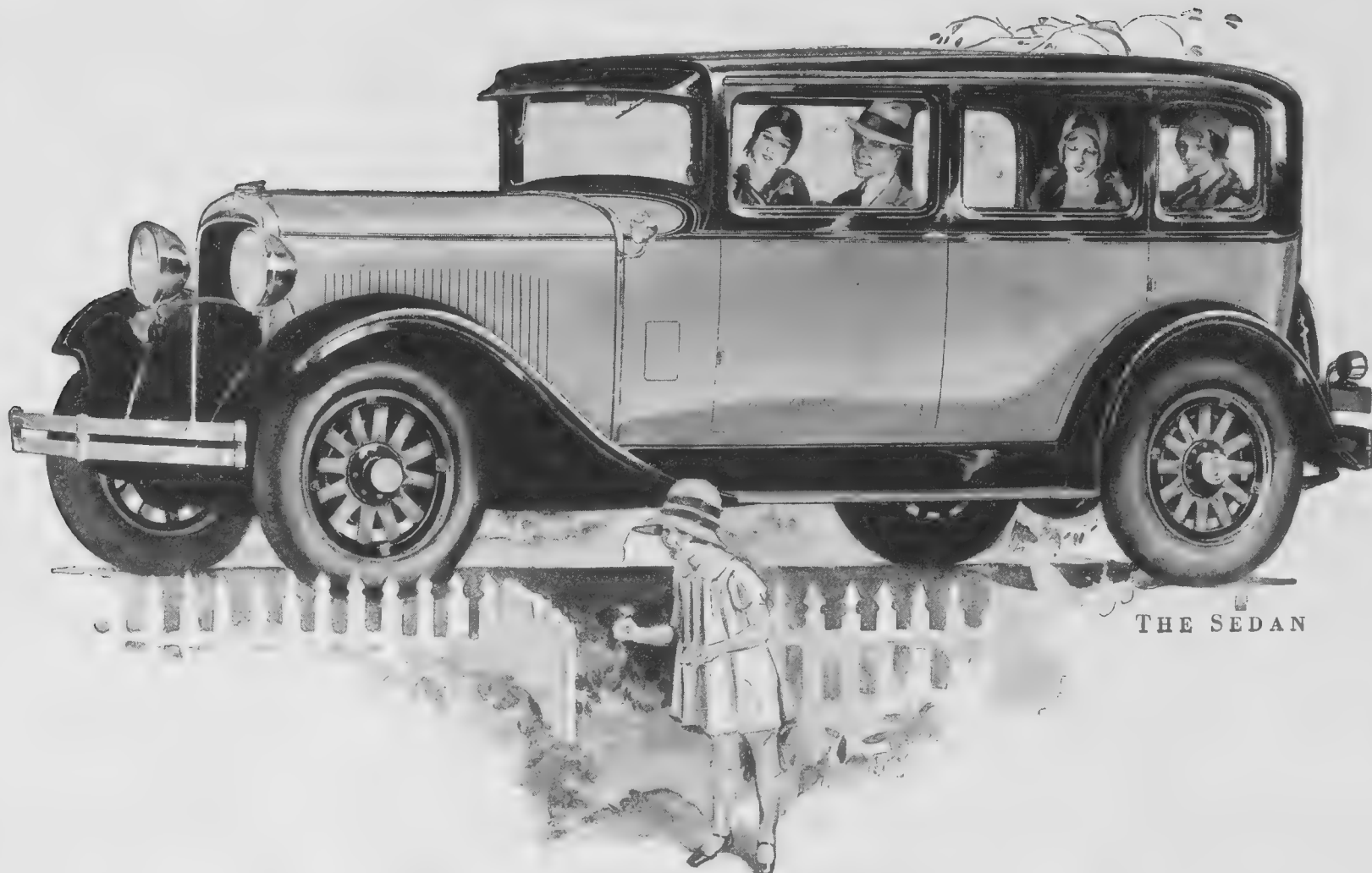
May comes eager to bestow;

Apple-blossoms paint the orchard—

Swinging gaily to their fall,

Laughing still though June pursues her

May speeds on beyond recall.



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NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

A LITTLE CHAT WITH BOBBY BURKE

Dear Boys and Girls—

Do you remember that in February we gave you a different kind of a poem written by some one with a queer name, Wilhelmina Stitch? Today I had a very nice card from this lady, and on one side of it she wrote a letter about the Cosy Corner, and on the other side was this poem called "A Little Child's Prayer." You will find it a little farther down on the page. Isn't it nice to have letters of our own like this?

And so May is here! What a nice month it is, and it has two particularly nice days in it, the 23rd which is Empire Day and the 24th, which is the Queen's birthday, and holiday. Do you know why we have these two days in May? Perhaps I can tell you a little about that farther down on the page too.

And don't forget (as if you could) to look at the note about the Treasure Hunt Diaries. At last our poor hard-working Cornerites are to have their reward, and next summer we promise not to lose the diaries, or whatever we decide to have for July and August.

The other day I went to see a very fine moving picture; be sure you see it when it comes to your town—it is called "The Flying Fleet" and tells a splendid story about aviation and shows wonderful pictures of planes flying like birds and one big plane being wrecked in a terrific storm. Isn't this a wonderful time to live in, when flying is becoming an every day affair, and girls are learning to fly, as well as boys. I was talking to a young girl who has her pilot's license, and she says she doesn't think it's half so dangerous as driving a car, because there is not so much traffic in the air! Another young pilot, a young man, told us some of the many things planes are used for now—carrying supplies to the far north to miners and explorers; watching the forests in the summer time for fires, and then helping to put them out; flying over wheat fields and scattering powder or liquid that will kill rust and other things that attack the wheat; flying around creeks and rivers where the fish come up to spawn, and preventing greedy fishermen from catching them, and so doing away with our wonderful fish; and oh there are so many things that planes can do. You have heard how two brave young flyers rushed vaccine in to the far north this winter to stop the outbreak of diphtheria? Fancy flying in the terrible cold of our north country, there's courage for you. All the brave men did not live in the olden days "when Knights were bold." Perhaps in a few years some of our Cornerites will be flying—who knows?

Bobby Burke.

OUR POETS

In April we published some verses which had won prizes in the March competition. Well we must tell you that there was a mistake about these prizes. Evidently Violet Archibald of Banff, did not understand that these verses were to be written by members of the Cosy Corner themselves. We found, after printing Violet's verse in error, that it was not original, and so the prize was sent to Jack Stockham of Altario, Alta.

You must be very careful that you fully understand the competitions when you try them, for it would not have been fair to the other boys and girls had we not discovered the mistake in time to rectify it. Even editors, who have to know a lot, cannot know all the verses that everyone has written, we can only trust to the honor of our members.

OUR APRIL COMPETITION

The Pussy Willows—The prize in this case has to become three prizes for there are three drawings, (or one painting and two drawings that are equally good) and they will go to Connie Tulloch, 3878-15th Ave. W., Vancouver; Louise Jamieson, Salmon Arm, B.C.; Davidena Boyd, Canoe, B.C. I suppose B.C. has a great advantage over us, because their pussy willows have been out for some time, and ours are only just coming.

Gold buttons go to Bernice Grubb, Wembley, Alta.; Hazel Schneider, Edrans, Man.; Yvonne Graham, 205 Oakwood Ave., Winnipeg; Minnie Rosie Junek, Easterhazy; Gladys Bell, Killarney.

Honorable Mention goes to—Wm. Mahoney, North Bend, B.C.; Ella Knowles,

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE "In Reading There is Knowledge"



A Little Child's Prayer

MY prayer is such a little thing, it might get lost and go astray. Are you, dear God, now listening to what I say? I wish to thank you for the sun that kissed, this morn, my sleeping eyes; for all the happy things I've done since I did rise.

For gift of sound and gift of sight; for feet that skip so merrily; for food and warmth, and each delight You gave to me. I thank You for my mother dear; I thank You for my father kind; and for the star that watches near—behind the blind.

So many Grown-ups show me love, though I'm a child and still quite small. Look down upon them from above—and, please God, bless them all. And now, dear God, I'll say "Good-night," and may Your angels guard my bed until You send Your morning light to wake this Sleepy Head.

WILHELMINA STITCH



Upper Lynn, N. Vancouver; Alice Paterson, Shellmouth, Man.; Ruth Wortman, Glenavon, Sask.; Margaret and Arthur Hamilton, Red Deer, Alta.; Mona Yielding, Vancouver, B.C.; Tommy Christianson, Spalding, Sask.

SOMETHING TO DO FOR JUNE

What kind of birds are building in your garden or yard? Describe the birds and the nests they build, and tell us anything about them you think would be interesting. There will be a prize of a bird book for the best story, and get the stories in before June 1st please.

Several Cornerites have asked what address they should send things to—just Bobby Burke, c/o Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

THE TREASURE HUNT

I just wish you could see the cover of the book sent by R. L. Scouler, 1610-10th Ave. E. Vancouver, B.C. It is made of brown wrapping paper and has pictures of gold coins painted on it and silver coins. It is tied together with braid, and the ends of the braid are finished with red sealing wax, and the words "My Treasure Hunt Diary" are beautifully printed in the centre. The book measures about 8 by 8 inches, and it is delightful. Inside the entries are varied and interesting. I'll pick out a few for you—"I climbed up a tree and saw a wren's nest. The nest had two little birds in it and the mother let me sit and watch them for a minute without any fuss." "On my way home I saw a ground hog." "Today I saw a collection of stamps in an album. They came from all over the world." "I saw a whole tree of nothing but perfectly red apricots." "I saw a wooden gun today made by a boy eleven years old. It had real trigger and it could shoot little bits of cardboard." "I saw a little pony today that was so small it could walk right under its mother without bending its head down." "I saw a finely crocheted bed spread today worked by an old lady eighty three years old." "I saw a grandfather clock today all made of glass, inside and out."

Lucille Sorgard of Iron Springs, Alta. has sent in a very good diary. During her Treasure Hunt she found an old stone Indian Arrowhead; saw a stork; a humming bird, and a piece of petrified wood, as well as other interesting things.

Dorothy Jones of Nakusp, B.C., seems to be looking down all the time. She found several very beautiful and unusual flowers, but most of her hunt seems to have been among weird worms and caterpillars that have all the colors of the rainbow, but she also found some blue clay under the creek bank, and discovered two wasps nests.

Margaret A. Nystrom of Clanwilliam, sends in a neat book, in which she describes several odd insects, a variety of different flowers; (which I have found

difficulty in identifying) odd clouds she has noticed, a storm, some butterflies, a stick insect, and bittersweet winding itself around a poplar tree. (Watch that bittersweet next Fall if you want to see something pretty Margaret.) Margaret has made many of her observations while she was milking the cow, so you see Laura Secord was not the only person who found milking a cow useful for other things than the milk.

Prizes are going out to any of the four mentioned above who have not already received them.

Charles Whitmore, of Wisla, Manitoba, Canada, has just been awarded honorable mention in the St. Nicholas League. His short story, which appeared in the September issue of St. Nicholas Magazine, is as follows:

A CLOSE CALL

"When I was a boy nine years old, my brothers and I had a little fat, mouse-colored pony. Daddy traded fifteen white Pekin ducks and a little red pig for him.

The half-breed said he was six years old. Daddy had not looked at his teeth, but Mother did when we brought him home, and how she laughed, for he had teeth at least two inches long!

It was in December, and as it was Saturday, I went for a ride. That pony could run fast, I tell you, and so I thought I'd race him on the cross-road. There wasn't more than two inches of snow then.

When I came to the corner, that pony gave a loud scream and toppled right over. He fell like a stone, and I was underneath the dead pony. Try as I would, I couldn't get out. I called, I screamed, and finally I cried until I couldn't cry any more. I dug at the dirt until my fingers bled and my nails were worn off to the quick. My hands and feet got cold at first, then they stopped hurting and were numb. There was no house within two miles, and that road led to the lake, so in winter no one came along.

After what seemed a whole day, a sleigh came. I tried to call but could not make a sound. However, a fisherman jumped out and ran up to where I was. Our house was the closest, so he drove his team there on a run. They thawed me out a little at a time, but I was nearly dead.

The fisherman said, "Dat horse she very old ven I haf heem horse ven I leetle boy like dis a vons. Dat leetle boy she had it von close calls. She nearly make dead."

Although only thirteen years old, Charles Whitmore won the Silver Badge of the League in February, and this is therefore the second time his name has appeared among the winners of the monthly contests of St. Nicholas, where the competition is so keen and the number of competitors so large.

"ONCE IN A BLUE MOON"

By Daphne Wallace,

Westboro, Ontario. Box 325

"Look at that lovely full moon!" said Mrs. Myles as she turned to pull down the blind in Sybil's room, one bright June evening, "and it looks rather blue too," she concluded.

"There are only blue moons in fairy tales and you don't expect me to believe in fairies, do you Mother?" asked Sybil indignantly.

"All I can say is that I did when I was a little girl," and Mrs. Myles smiled with the remembrance of her happy times spent with the fairies.

It was not long after her mother had left the room that Sybil heard a tiny voice say:—

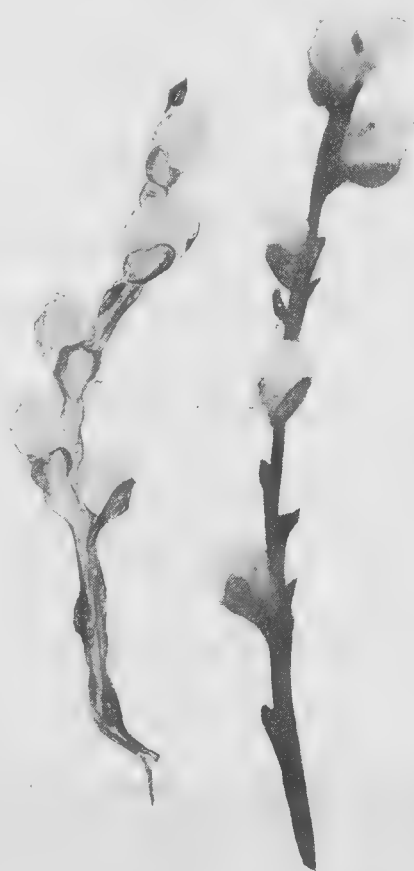
"Sybil, Sybil, why don't you believe in fairies?"

"Because there are no such things," retorted Sybil.

"Well," said the voice, "if you come into the garden at ten o'clock tonight you will see as many fairies at once as your Mother ever saw."

All this time Sybil had been looking round the room trying to catch a glimpse of the owner of the voice. Suddenly she saw a little figure sitting on the window-sill.

"Oh," she said "if you think you are an elf, I don't," and so saying she turned



Louisa Jamieson
Salmon Arm, B.C.
(Age 12)

Connie Tulloch
3978-15th Ave. W.
Vancouver, B.C.

round again in her bed and tried to go to sleep.

Sleep would not come to her, however, and she kept thinking about the fairies in the garden. Why should she not go and see them? She would probably have some fun. Even if that little person was not a fairy, he was a live person. After considering the plan for a few minutes she said to herself, "I believe I will go, it must be nearly ten o'clock now."

It was a very shy Sybil who appeared at the garden gate a few minutes later. The garden was full of little people just as small as the little man, who had paid Sybil the visit, only they were dressed in the most beautiful clothes you ever saw. The elves were dressed in dark blue, and the fairies were dressed in different shades of light blue. The big blue moon shone down upon the party, and the man in the moon smiled as he watched the little people dancing to and fro.

Sybil had stood gazing at this wonderful sight for some time before an elf came up to her and said;

"Will you dance with me, I am the person who sat on the window-sill in your room, this evening?"

Sybil gladly accepted the offer and the two went sailing away into the garden. It must be admitted that Sybil did look rather a giantess amongst so many little people, but nobody noticed this at the time, least of all Sybil.

Soon the Fairy Queen appeared and each one of them went up and curtsied before her at the same time placing a rose in her hand. When Sybil's turn came she made a dainty curtsy. As she placed her pink rose in the Queen's hand her Majesty said, "Won't you stay with me for the rest of the evening Sybil dear." Sybil smiled and said it would be a great privilege to do so.

After this all the fairies joined in a ring round their queen and Sybil, and began to dance. In the middle of the dance, there was a pause. A nightingale came out from some bushes nearby and sang "Tis every blue moon that the fairies come." After this most lovely song the fairies resumed their dance for a few minutes. As the fairies broke the ring, Sybil heard the Queen mutter "Alas 'tis only once in a blue moon."

The fairies talked among themselves for a few minutes and then suddenly they all turned a somersault and were gone. Sybil was left alone in the garden. She turned and went indoors. She ran upstairs and crept very quietly into bed. She thought she heard someone whisper, "Now you believe in fairies" but she never could be quite sure.

Since that night Sybil has had many frolics with the fairies but none of them were as gay as the first one because you see that was "Once in a Blue Moon."

Daphne wins a gold button for this story.

A Mood

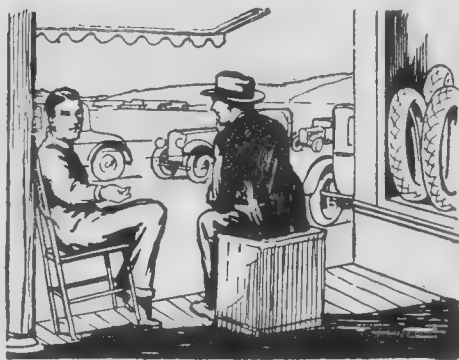
By W. S. Waddell

Tonight the thoughts run through my mind
Like sands that through an hour-glass flow,
And in their passing leave behind
Faint memories, that fade and glow
Like flickering shadows softly cast
By fitful lights that come and go;
Or like quaint pictures, strangely massed
Upon a screen that trembles light
As when a breath of air has passed;
Or in the moon's dim-driving beams,
Leaves, quivering in the breeze of night,
Flash forth a thousand glancing gleams
Grotesquely weird, bewildering sight,
Yet to the charmed senses lend
Emotion of unnamed delight . . .
A dream of love, an absent friend,
The stir of hopes long hushed in sleep,
Sorrow and joy that softly blend—
A thought that is for thought too deep.

In Our Street

By Brand Storm

The smell of spring gets in the air
For reasons that I do not know.
I would discover how and where
The smell of spring gets in the air.
I look for crocuses but there
Are only ashcans, row on row—
The smell of spring is in the air
For reasons that I do not know.



Cars that pass

YES, sir, when there comes a lull in business on a warm, sunny afternoon, I do like to sit out here under the awning and watch the cars go past. There's a lot to be learned just from watching people drive. I like to guess where they come from and what they're like. Of course, I like to think of them in terms of tire customers, too.

Take that fellow coming now. He has slowed down to about 30 now, but I'll bet he was doing 45 right up to the town limit. He's a salesman—goes through here once a week—and his travelling schedule calls for some tall hustling. He's a lad who certainly needs **Goodyear Heavy Duty Tires**. They'll stand up under the kind of driving he does, just the same as they'll stand up under heavy loads or on bad roads.



Here comes San Priestman. Look at the mud! Poor old Sam lives away back on the sixth concession, where they never heard of anything but dirt roads. I think Sam would rather starve than drive to town after a hard rain. But I guess he had to come in today. That means ten or twelve miles over mud roads and his car looks like it. He must have been sliding all over the road.

You know I've tried to sell Sam on **Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires**. Some day he'll skid into a ditch and break a wheel and then he'll take my advice.

That **Goodyear All-Weather Tread** certainly does grip the road. The sharp, diamond-shaped blocks resist skidding. You'll notice there are sharp edges facing every direction in which you can skid. Goodyear has spent a fortune making tests to arrive at the most scientific non-skid tread.

There's a lot to a tread design. Once upon a time we thought any kind of big nobs on a tread made a good anti-skid. But Goodyear found out that rounded corners do

not give protection, that some designs put a rumble in the car, that others wear unevenly. The **All-Weather Tread** was designed to eliminate all these things—and it does. It's the best non-skid ever designed—yet it is quiet and does not "cup".

Tires for Everybody

Look at this old wreck coming now! Built in 1918 and still going strong. I've forgotten that fellow's name, but he lives over east of here about 20 miles. He bought that car new and he's been driving it for close to eleven years. I don't think he has driven 20,000 miles in the eleven years.

He drives more now, though. The thing that used to worry him was tire costs. He'd ask the price of a good tire and then he'd take one look at his car and decide it was too much. So he'd go looking for a cut-price tire or a second or a re-tread. Naturally, he got just about what he paid for. His tires only gave him a few thousand miles and he was buying a new set every year or so.

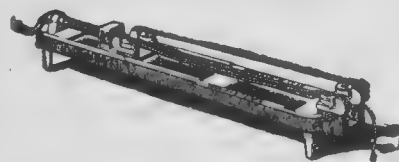
One day he stopped here to have a blowout fixed. The tire was pretty badly shot. I told him he needed a new tire and he said he'd buy one if I had anything else except those "high-priced Goodyears".

I didn't say anything but I brought him out a good, husky, fine-looking tire. When I told him the price, he said: "Fine! I'll take it." Then I told him it was a **Pathfinder**—built of **Goodyear Supertwist** cords and made by the same men who make all **Goodyear Tires**.

Well, sir, he's tickled to death. He's bought three more of those tires since and he's getting real value for his money now.

You know, the **Goodyear** line is a complete line. The **Goodyear** people know that everybody doesn't need the same kind of tire. For some people price is most important; for others non-skid quality is important; still others need the most rugged, heavy construction. **Goodyear** meets everybody's needs and gives me a complete line of tires to sell.

Hitting the Bumps



Whee! See that fellow hit the bump at Canal Street. It's a shame for the town not to fix that hole. It starts a lot of tires on the road to ruin.

I've got a machine inside that shows what happens. Come on in until I show it to you.



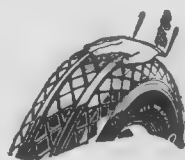
This is the machine. It is for stretching tire cords. Now I'll put an ordinary tire cord in. When your car hits a bump of any kind, the cords in the tires stretch like this. Then the strain is gone and they ease up like this. Now notice after I stretch this cord three or four times, it starts to sag lifeless. After a tire made from ordinary cords hits enough bumps, a "lifeless" spot develops, ready for a blowout.

Now watch me stretch one of these cords further. See, it breaks. When that kind of a tire hits an extra bad bump, some cords break and soon comes the blowout.

Now watch what happens to a **Goodyear Supertwist Cord**. See how it springs back after stretching—just as full of life as ever. Now notice how far it stretches without breaking. This cord is the reason **Goodyear Tires** don't blow out unless they've had a really serious injury.

I've found this cord-testing machine the most convincing proof of **Goodyear** quality. I'm always glad to show it to anyone who comes in.

I'm always glad, too, to show the other **Goodyear** test—the tread test. Press the palm of your hand on this **Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tire**. Feel it grip your hand. That's the way it grips the road.



The GOODYEAR

Selected Dealer



Wheat in the Blade

IF there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones", as we read on a page of one of Shakespeare's plays, may we not find in the wheat plant more lessons of similitude to human life than the old but ever-memorable one written by Paul in the great Epistle? As May advances, the new life springing from the seed wheat planted last month will cover great expanses of the West with a shimmer of green. That new life must face its troubles and adversities—weeds may injure it by their evil companionship, there are disease germs which may weaken or even destroy it, there are possibilities of disaster from drought and from hail. It has to travel its Pilgrim's Progress before it comes in due time to its fulfilment in fields of gold rippling under the summer breeze and ready to be harvested. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear." The loyal soil keeps faith, and its yield brings to the grain growers prosperity which expands in ever-widening circles through every part of the Canadian business world.

Was Mr. Edison Jesting?

MR. EDISON, on his eighty-second birthday, was interviewed once more about most of the profoundly serious problems of life. Many of the questions put to him were, as usual, beyond his power, or any other man's, to answer. In attempting to answer one question, he said that he had never yet met a happy man. If the great inventor was speaking seriously when he said that, how many simple folk there are in the world who could enlighten him! Happiness grows by the wayside of life, on byways as well as on highways, and is always in sight of all travellers along the way and within their reach. Sometimes our eyes are shut to it by pain or calamity, but a worse blindness comes from seeking it too far ahead. The saddest of all losses is to have lost the opportunity for happiness day by day.

The Gold That Grows

IT has been calculated that if all the wheat produced in the world in a single year were heaped in one pile, and all the gold mined in the world in the same twelve months were likewise piled together the wheat pile would be seven times as valuable as the gold pile. Western Canada produced last year a total of 412,945,000 bushels of wheat, which realized, according to the Dominion Government statistics, \$400,572,000—a low return, on account of the effect of exceptionally adverse weather on the grading in some sections. The quantity of gold mined in the whole world is seldom more than \$400,000,000 worth a year, and often less. In ancient times the value of gold was measured by wheat—wheat was the standard. And, if it comes to the extreme test, wheat is still the standard of value. There is more fact than poetry in saying that Western Canada's main product is the gold that grows.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

What Does "Canada" Mean?

JACQUES CARTIER, in his narrative of his second voyage across the Atlantic and up the St. Lawrence, in 1535, wrote: "The natives here call a town Canada". ("Kanatta" is the Iroquois word.) Then there is a Spanish legend that mythical Spanish navigators sailed up the St. Lawrence before Cartier and in their double disappointment on finding that it was not the passage to the Orient and that the Indians knew nothing of gold deposits, exclaimed "Aca nada!"—that is, "Nothing here!"—and that the Indians repeated those two words, as they remembered them, to Cartier. The Philosopher would prefer to believe in the Spanish story, because it is the more amusing. But a legend must be more than merely amusing, in order to inspire belief.

Enduring Good Will

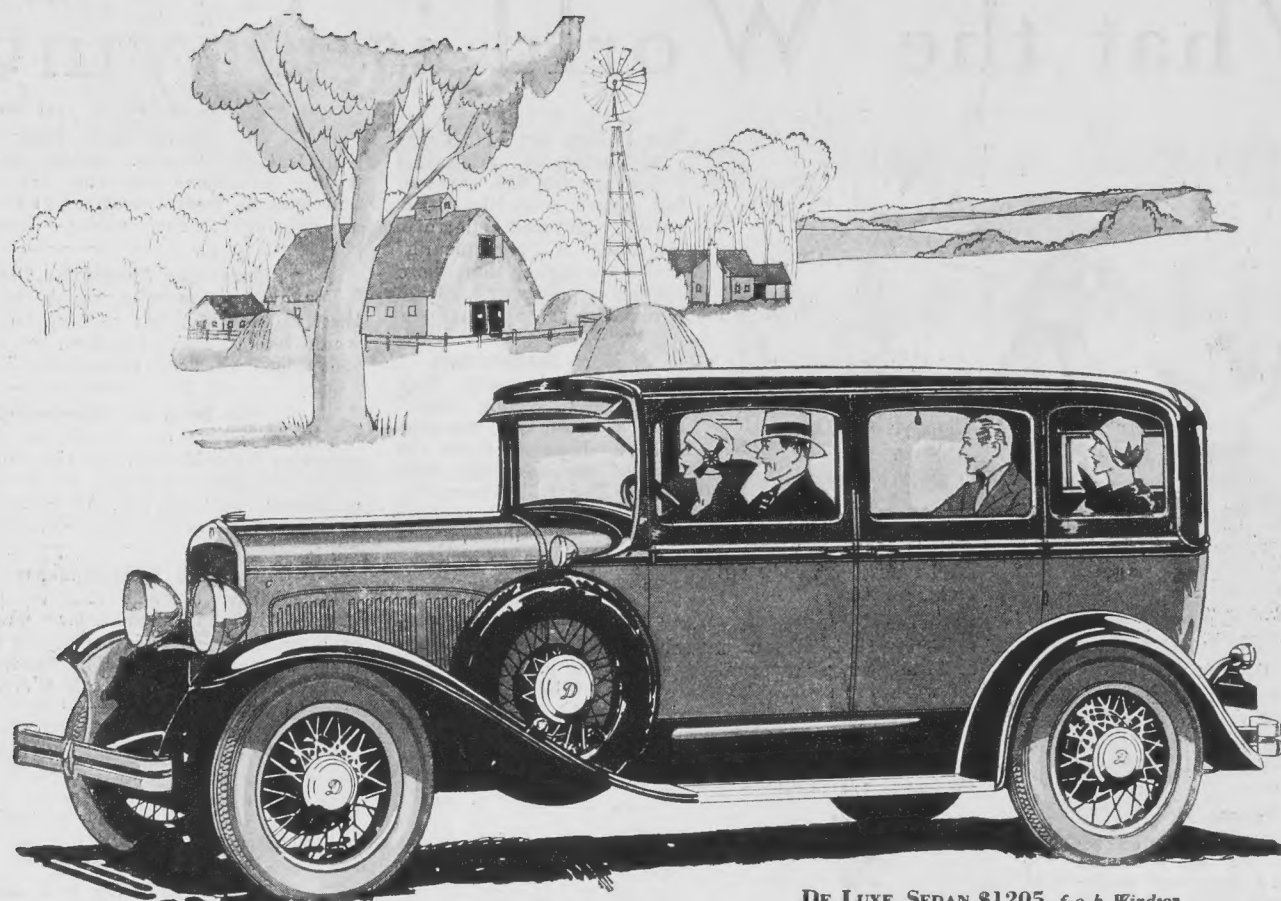
IN searching through old international records it has been found that in 1850 the United States Government built a lighthouse on a very small island, a mere rock, in the upper Niagara river, not far from Buffalo, which turned out years later to be a Canadian rock. By agreement between the two Governments it was declared a United States rock, and the beacon light still shines from it every night, "like a good deed in a naughty world"—a symbol of the good will between Canada and the United States, which has endured through all the differences of opinion and of policy that have cropped up between the two countries.

Good Morning to the World

ONE of The Philosopher's memories is of visiting a friend who in the hope of recovering his health was living in a cabin on a mountain side, from which there was a far-flung view of valleys and other mountains, with snow-capped peaks on the skyline. "Every morning when I come out of my cabin," he said, "I fill my lungs with the crisp air and say 'Good morning!' to the whole world." One does not need to live on a mountain to do that. It can be done just as well in a closed-in valley. Every morning anywhere the day can be begun by lifting the arms, expanding the lungs and saying "Good morning!" to the whole world. Would it not be worth doing—not in any silly, sentimental way, but with brisk cheerfulness?

In Regard to Bunk

THE chief concern of a great many writers who consider themselves serious thinkers is the amount of bunk there is in the world. The greatest need of the present time, they say, is a "debunking" crusade. But is not a good deal of the crusading of these writers just another form of bunk? Bunk will not stay completely out of any human concern, just as flies will not stay out of bakeshops, where the air is warm and congenial and they find at hand so much on which to live and thrive. It is highly probable that there will always be a fairly large amount of bunk in this world.



DE LUXE SEDAN \$1205, f. o. b. Windsor
(wire wheels extra)

The Blue Ribbon Car of the Low-Priced Sixes

DE SOTO Six has broken all sales records for any first-year car.

The motoring public has accepted it as the highest value per motor dollar among the low-priced sixes.

It is acknowledged to be all that a car at so moderate a cost can be, stylish, fast, powerful, dependable,

mechanically sound, unusually safe—with hydraulic four-wheel weatherproof brakes.

An amazingly easy car to ride in—a brilliant performer—De Soto Six is a thrifty car to maintain.

This is the motor world's opinion and you will share it once you see and drive the De Soto Six yourself.

Touring, \$1075; Roadster, \$1075; 2-Door Sedan, \$1075; Business Coupe, \$1075; 4-Door Sedan, \$1120; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), \$1120; 4-Door Sedan De Luxe, \$1205. Wire wheels extra. All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

DE SOTO CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
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WINDSOR, ONTARIO

DE SOTO SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

What the World is Saying



The Kid: "Gee, Pop! Th' old gent's hair musta all backfired an come out on his chin!"

But How Could He Do the Latter?

TODAY a nagging mother may be conceived of as one who interferes with her child's activities so that he does not develop into a free, self-reliant, wholesome man or woman.—Portland Oregonian.

If She Had Used Her Rolling Pin!

The fact that a North Bay Woman put a hold-up man to flight with a pie has a moral for all women: Learn to make pies, and make them large and juicy.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Many Millions Choose to Chew

More than one thousand million packages of chewing gum were manufactured in the U.S. in twelve months. America has such vast open spaces that parking problem has not yet become really acute.—Punch.

A Mere Trifle, Of Course

A big radio-movie entertainment corporation merger is spoken of at a capitalization of \$600,000,000. But what is six hundred million nowadays!—Wall Street Journal.

To Cheer Him Up on his Way

The Government report makes it clear that the pedestrian is not to blame for motor accidents. This should be a great solace to him as he whizzes along in the ambulance.—London Opinion.

Ten Knots Is Good Going

The New York clergyman who recently married ten couples in an hour must have worked at a pretty fast clip. There is an old saying about time and tide. Were ever ten couples tied in so short a time?—Ottawa Journal.

Why Not Have Rubber Lamp Posts?

To obviate temptation and the stirring up of baffled desire on the part of some drivers in some American cities, we read that pedestrians are forbidden to lean against indestructible lamp posts.—Hamilton Spectator.

It Didn't Take the First Time

Among the recent divorce cases at Reno was one in which a man was divorced for the second time from the same woman. If that couple seek divorce at Reno a third time, it may begin to be said of them that they are getting the divorce habit.—Seattle Times.

Churchill, Man., to Chihuahua, Mex.

It is expected that the Hudson Bay railroad will be completed during the coming spring, giving the tourist agencies a chance to run excursions from the igloo of the Eskimo to the halls of Montezuma.—Boston Transcript.

Places of Refuge to Jump To

A gentleman suggests that two feet be cut off the sidewalks to make more room for automobiles. It might also be wise slightly to widen the window sills in the interest of pedestrians.—Montreal La Presse.

Much Peep, But Little Pull?

Just how much would some of the politicians who roar loudest about "the rights of the peep!" in the control of public business be willing to give the said peep?—Detroit Free Press.

Household Hint

A block of cement, four feet by six feet, set up in front of you at the breakfast table will keep the grapefruit juice from hitting your wife in the eye.—Medicine Hat News.

Ten Dollars for Five Cents

A "perfumeur" advertises a package for \$10, containing chypre, rose, lily of the valley, violet and heliotrope. Naturally a "perfumeur's" prices are higher than those of mere perfumer's.—High River Times.

A Mere Inadvertence

"Chicago Assassin May Have Shot Wrong Man," says a newspaper headline over a dispatch from the city of the erstwhile celebrated Big Bill Thompson. But apparently nothing much can be done about it.—Boston Transcript.

An Unfinished Job

The bore was telling his audience that he was entirely a self-made man. His end came when someone suggested that he had knocked off work too soon.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

How About a Wintergreen Flavor?

The only suggestion we should like to offer to the Postmaster-General in regard to the present postage



Conscientious Cop: "Cui it out, Romeo! Whaddye think parks are for, anyhow!"

stamps is that he might make the reverse side more tasty to the tongue.—Prince Rupert Empire.

How About Long Hair, Short Skirt?

Conventional conservatism and extreme radicalism are not to be found in the same person. Or to put it in another way, in the form of a question, Could there be a more unnatural combination than a white collar and a red shirt?—Ottawa Citizen.

And Saxophonists and Tromboners?

"Cornet players," says a prominent physician, "are seldom affected by lung troubles." We feel confident, however, that there is some special punishment reserved for them elsewhere.—Nelson News.

Three Hearty Cheers from Mr. Jiggs

A Russian has crossed a radish with a cabbage, which moves a newspaper correspondent to remark that "the cabbage was crossed with corned beef a long time ago." And the hybrid has never lost in popularity.—Keewatin Enterprise.

Ye Ed Makes a Judicious Suggestion

An exchange complains that it is often difficult to distinguish between mother and daughter these days. When in doubt, it is more tactful to select the mother as the daughter.—Brandon Sun.

Sheiks Show Their Spirit

In Irak six Persian officials have been killed while trying to enforce the new law requiring the Arab tribesmen to wear trousers. The he-men of the desert are fighting for their skirts.—Brandon Sun.

Something Should Be Done About It

For every man who would rather make the songs than the laws of his country there are a dozen who would like to make the laws for the people who make the songs we hear nowadays.—Montreal Herald.

Or Drop In Unexpectedly to Tea

We see where an aviator has been carrying nitroglycerine from Montana to the Calgary oil fields. That is not the kind of fellow we should care to fly with, or indeed, to have him fly a course, with that load, directly over our domicile.—Vermilion Standard.

No Such Punctiliousness in Chicago

In Albania, it seems, it is considered a violation of the proprieties to shoot a man when he is accompanied by a woman. There is something in the assertion that there is more politeness in Europe than on this side of the Atlantic.—New York World.

Toronto Will Stand No Nonsense

Some French scientists think that the Martians may be shooting missiles at the earth in order to attract our attention. So far as Toronto is concerned the infringement is probably covered by local by-laws.—Hamilton Spectator.

Evidently Still an Amateur

A witness named James Thompson in an inquest held by the Hackney coroner said that he had driven a motor-car a hundred miles a day for eight years and had never knocked a man down. What many motorists will not be able to understand is that he actually seemed to be proud to have missed all the opportunities he must have had in that time.—London Opinion.

Something No TaxpayerLaughs Off

A man will go out and buy half a dozen cigars at ten cents each, lose one of them and break two in his pocket and laugh it off. But let his taxes be increased by 60 cents and he loses nine hours sleep and does enough grouching to postpone a war. Taxes are regarded as life's worst calamity.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

She Forgot to Keep Her Score

A North London woman is alleged to have chased her husband all over the house with a golf club. It is not stated how many she went round in.—Yorkshire Post.

To Support Home Industry

Hereafter, it has been decided at Washington in regard to the enforcement of prohibition, aliens convicted of bootlegging will be deported.—Buenos Aires Prensa.

Many Have That Delusion

A man found wandering by the police in Toronto was under the impression that he was an actor.—Hamilton Spectator.

Neither Do the Women

Men no longer hide behind a woman's skirt.—High River Times.



Wife: "They say she has perfect proportions." Hubby: "I don't doubt it."



Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

"Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPAUSE
PARIS



Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.



FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

Madame Payot's discovery

Madame Payot, in her appropriately modern background on the rue Riche-pause, Paris, tells of this discovery on complexion care:

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin, that some of my treatments in consequence seemed to have no permanent effect . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc."

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

In the leading beauty salons of every Canadian city this very same treatment has long been recommended. Lovely Canadians travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of London; to Pessl, of Vienna; to Elise Bock, of Berlin; they visit the salon of the exquisite Lina Cavallieri, in Paris—and everywhere, everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Madame Payot prefers a soap with an olive oil base because it gets down into the pores, releases accumulated dirt, dust, oil, make-up and leaves the skin fresh and radiant with delicate color.

Her 2-minute treatment

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in Canada, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.



Retail Price
10c

4316

The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Canadians alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30, p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



WHAT better index is there of the good taste of a hostess than carefully chosen appointments for her table's pride and adornment.

And even her personality can be expressed as subtly in her silverware as in her room decorations. For instance, the BIRD OF PARADISE design—sophisticated, brilliant, gay. Charming as Venetian lace, wearing its charm in the modern manner, a distinctive design that in itself confers distinction. Other expressive designs of kindred beauty—at your jeweller's.

.....

Bird of Paradise Teaspoons are six for.....	\$ 4.25
Double Vegetable Dish.....	22.50
Complete service for six.....	34.25
Bird of Paradise 3-Piece Tea Set.....	50.00

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED

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Also Makers of Tudor Plate



The Bird of Paradise Design

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